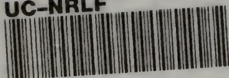
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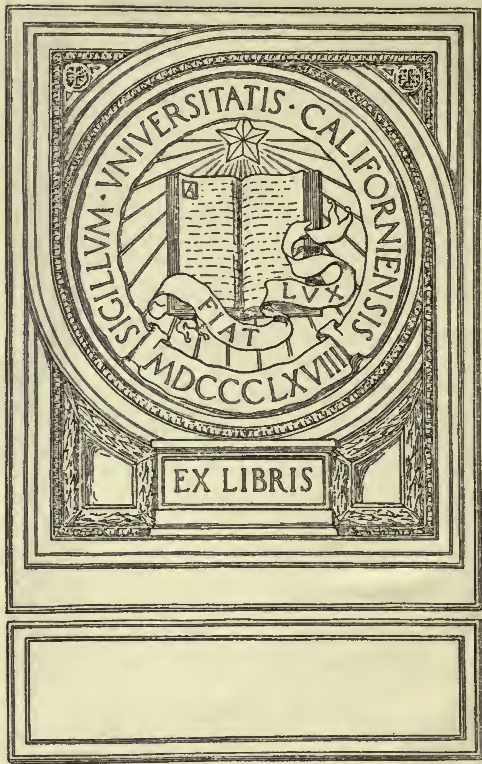
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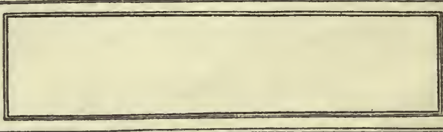

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CONSERVATIVE SCIENCE OF NATIONS,

(PRELIMINARY INSTALMENT,)

BEING THE FIRST COMPLETE NARRATIVE

OF

SOMERVILLE'S DILIGENT LIFE

IN THE

SERVICE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

IN

BRITAIN.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,

"ONE WHO HAS WHISTLED AT THE PLOUGH."

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PREFACE.

Since the introductry chapter of this volume was printed, the Author has thought it best to avoid topics, which, if brought under discussion by a stranger in Canada, might have led to controversy without any good result. Of these, the question of a Public Bank is one, a Mint another. In May 1844, he, as a writer on commercial subjects, was sent from London to Liverpool to hold a conference with the head of the eminent American firm of Brown, Shipley, & Co.; Mr. Brown and his political friends feeling it necessary to lay before the electors of South Lancashire an account of the circumstances which induced the British Government, in November 1837, to negotiate for Brown, Shipley, & Co. a loan of two millions sterling with the Bank of England. By that loan, the borrowers, having taken advantage of it to the extent of one million, were enabled to stand and flourish, while many mercantile concerns of less magnitude fell, and were extinguished in the ruin of that year's panic. The firm which was thus endowed with a giant's strength, used their power with instincts attributed to giants. Their own bankruptcy might, in its temporary consequences, have been a greater disaster to the manufacturers who held their American bills, or who had passed them to the smaller banks; but, weighed against higher principles of commercial morality and of policy, the incident, with all its correlatives, stood out, as it yet stands, a proclamation that a lofty and comprehensive system of Conservative Economy has yet to be applied to Commercial Finance in Britain. It suggested a course of investigation to the Author, the evidence collected in which will be systematised in some other volume.

The Author has also avoided most of the dogmas of Political Economy. They would have been useless without many chapters of illustrative argument. In previous literary productions, he has written the history of Trade-Guilds, Chartered Commercial Companies, and brought out of past time the old controversies about Balance of Trade, Reciprocity, Free Trade, and Protection. History has no evidence, nor logic any absolute law, to decide between Free Trade and Protection.

It would be alike presumptuous and futile to urge abstract principles on all communities alike. If the Lancashire masters of to-day were situated as their manufacturing predecessors were in 1785 and in 1787, they would again pay fees to some great barrister to plead at the bar of the House of Commons, as Erskine then did with a success which defeated the free-trade policy of the young Prime Minister Pitt; they would again, in protectionist joy, make holiday for a week, and burn Pitt in effigy in St. Ann's Square in Manchester, and break the windows of Pitt's adherents, for proposing, as he and the Tories did in 1787, to relax the Tariff under which French manufactures were excluded from Britain, and from British colonial markets.

The Author takes leave to refer in this place to his Agricultural writings, which are but briefly hinted at in this volume,—subjects more directly personal forming the theme of its pages. Having been bred in the toils and joys of agricultural and rural life, its associations have for him a charm beyond all other subjects of literature. Dullness departs from his pen when homesteads, harvest fields, ploughmen and ploughs, carts, horses, lowing cattle, dairy pastures, and well-stored barns, stand in his way for description. Over a space of ten years, between 1840 and 1851, he examined and described the various soils and customs of British agriculture in almost every parish of England, and in portions of Scotland and Ireland. Many thousands of readers followed him in his travels to enjoy the grassy meadow, the foot-path through the woods; the songs of birds, the fields of growing wheat, the wayside flowers, the village incidents and the quaint church-yards; the parks and mansions of the landed gentry; the cottage dwellings and farmery buildings of the tillers of the soil; their rent, tenure, wages, food, and customs of work; their vernacular tongue, wise sayings, rugged ballad-songs; their cricket matches on the common, and their bell-ringing,—the music of the bells rising over the breezy uplands to die away in shepherds' ears.

The Author hopes to gather friendly readers for his travels in Canada. While introducing himself with this book through city, town, and township, he will endeavour to become acquainted with the varying soils, modes of culture, relations of culture to climate, to markets, to natural resources of the district, and to the ameliorative changes already effected or likely to be accomplished. When he has become familiar with Upper and Lower Canada, he may—other circumstances being favourable—originate and edit a Canadian Agriculturist, which will invite to its pages intelligent and experienced farmers, to interchange facts with one another, and which will at the same time convey to the Old Country such exact information as may induce thrifty families possessed of capital, to seek this noble Province as their future home.

SOMERVILLE'S

BOOK OF A DILIGENT LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

General. Perpetual Youth of Nations. Logic of Revolutions in France and Britain. Independence of the United States not a Revolution. Conservative Science. Grand Destiny of the British Aristocracy in the House of Lords as Leaders of Humanity and Social Progress: their lead now in the direction of a complete development of the Rights of Man.

Youth, beauty, vitality, strength, are ever present with the human family. Nations never decay but by waste of the elements of public wealth, nor submit to extinction but by human fault.

The instinct of self-preservation, natural to individuals, should give birth to a vital political economy in nations, worthy of being called Conservative Science.

This volume is intended to answer the purpose of a First Book of Reading in the Study of Conservative Science. It will treat of the logic of revolutions, and insist that, in nations where the displaced roots and branches of political power remain, and must of necessity remain, after a revolution, as in France and in Britain, they retain vitality and may return to their place by the force of laws abundantly dispersed through human nature, and accomplish a result inexorable as destiny. That result is military despotism. A crushed monarchy and aristocracy, with all the sympathies and adherences of their misfortune, can only be suppressed by a vehement and gloomy tyranny. And if they arise out of the trodden road-way of rebellion, as very likely they may from the popular abhorrence which sets in against the power that is dancing or preaching on their grave, they in turn, by the logic of neces-

sity, cut down, hack, crush, and grind into the offended earth that rebellion which, for a while, was uppermost; and which, by the pressure now above it, may possibly spring to life again.

The independence of the United States affords no contradiction to this dogma of Conservative Science. Those great colonial provinces separated themselves from a monarchy and government seated four thousand miles away. The rejected servants of the distant monarchy packed their apparel and goods and travelled to Canada, or returned to England, or fled and left their all.

This book will exemplify the expansive vitality of British institutions; guarding the examples, however, by the assertion, that the aristocratic element in those institutions seems to be only workable in the nation where it is a natural growth out of old feudalism. But a voluntary surrender of some portion of personal liberty, as in Britain, is the true sign and substance of freedom anywhere. The races and nations who surrender no impulse of personal freedom for the common advantage, have a political horizon always contracted to their short sight; revolt or revolution lying just beyond it; a central despotism pressing them outward and over that line of vision into the darkness of chaos and chance.

This book asserts that the human being is prime constituent of public wealth; and that the guardianship of human happiness is the true function of any Political Economy, worthy of being called a Conservative Science. And in the examples of the expansive vitality of British institutions, the pleasing, grand, yet to many readers the paradoxical and doubtful fact, will be established, that the hereditary House of Legislation and highest Court of Justice in Britain, the House of Lords, is now the most vigilant guardian of human rights and progressive leader of popular freedom existing in the world; and more, while it is further removed from the friction of sordid conflict and electoral collusion than the House of Commons in Britain, or the elected Legislatures of the British Colonies and the United States, it is more severely, though not so immediately, responsible to public opinion than any of them. The candidate for a seat in a representative assembly may, by interchange of corruption, or by exercise of virtue and honour, lose his election, or he may secure it. His responsibility to public opinion is comprised in love of political life and chances of re-election. The Representative Assembly is an aggregation of political atoms like himself. No other kind of representative legislature is practicable in new communities. To endow a new assembly of new nobles with large territory, titles, and heriditary functions of privilege, to legislate for a new country, would be a farce partaking so largely of insanity, that no practical people have proposed it. Yet such a house of legislature would be more submissive to

the public which made it, and which, by revolt, might at any hour destroy it, than is any assembly subject to dissolution and re-election. The political representative may miss his re-election, but he looks forward to the next vacancy to be restored to the lost position. The new house of hereditaries would lose territory, title, and power. Hence to retain power, they would be degraded to despicable servitude. Without as much independence as might protect their honour, they would be devoid of influence and every useful adjunct of authority.

The Monarchy and House of Lords in Britain are portions of one institution. They inherit together the traditions of chivalry and priveleges of honour, which all mankind admire in some form, either as tomahawks and human scalps, as blue ribbonds and stars, as buttonless coats and broad-brimmed hats, as crusaders in Europe, or pilgrim fathers in America. British monarchy and aristocracy have antecedents of dignity which are a heritage of independence. Yet, having inexpressibly more to lose, if extinguished in revolution, than the members of a representative assembly can lose by missing re-election for a year or term of years, they are obedient to the logic of history and contemporary events. Since a few of their number leading a majority of the rest perilled the existence of the whole order, the trembling throne, all the relations of Society, and constitutional liberty itself, in 1832, they do not prolong resistance to such consolidated public opinion as assumes the force and dimensions of national will. They are responsible in the heaviest bonds ever conceded to public opinion. Their revenues are larger, their estates more fruitful of future wealth, their traditions grander, their functions more exalted, their present enjoyments more luxurious and refined than were ever before inherited by aristocracy. Those are their bonds of responsibility to the people. No House of Representatives in all this world shares such a reciprocity of confidence with democracy. But the British Lords possess, as a legislative house, a moral attribute which the elected representatives of democracy cannot collectively exercise, however amiable and generous they may be, as individual men. Thus:

Industrial progression being the life of new communities and of the democracy in old ones, capital is the life of industrial and mercantile enterprise. Capital, though its achievements lie in the direction of civilization and a higher human destiny, is in its immediate influences cruel and cowardly; always trembling for its own safety, frequently in a panic, ever selfish and sordid, if any sentiment of humanity bar its way. Democracy is led in politics by its industrial progression, by the instincts and panics of capital. It is so in Britain. It is so everywhere. The House of Lords are not wholly detached from those influences,

but they are far enough removed from the immediate vengeance of offended capital to make terms for humanity. They have constrained railway companies to give the public a cheap train twice a day, and exacted compensation for accidents to life or limb which occur in the pursuit of gain. They have protected the otherwise helpless workers in factories by compulsory regulations of hours of work, and by defences against machinery. A catalogue of the enactments which they have initiated, and which the House of Commons have in their democratic or capitalist sections resisted, would be out of place in this incidental glance at their relative positions. The legal decisions of the House of Lords, as the court of last appeal, have a dignity peculiarly their own; the option of justice always conferring on humanity and weakness the benefit of a doubt, or any item of unappropriated liberty discovered to lie in the course of new decisions. They have ceased to be conservative by resistance. They are conservative by prescience,—the guides and guardians of progress. Many concurring events, products of a progressive age, have given to their legislation an impetus, and that impetus has taken a bias which is their own, and which may at no distant time carry the age with it. That bias is to humanity, to the extension of the rights of man, and the rights of man's labour. What if they bring to a close the black, devastating, gigantic series of commercial panics and the harvests of fraud? What if they enfranchise all the people, to include every rural labourer? What, if, under their prescience, and in opposition to moneyocracy and mediocracy, the national debt of Britain be converted to a National Bank, every man, woman, and child in town and country being invited to become contributaries to its capital by their largest deposits and smallest savings? When the grandeur and philanthropy of such progress towards the rights of man, as these, are popularly understood, they will be conceded to the people, but only if the House of Lords, through their territorial influence in the House of Commons, take the initiative. All functions of money which require it to be kept together in masses of cash to sustain the credit of its portions and its whole, point to the entire nation of Britain, or whole Federal Union of America, as the true contributaries of credit.

Two events, more than any other in the history of the peerage, have modified the legislative action of the House of Lords, and both have occurred within the last thirty years. The resistance to the Reform Bill, and manner of accepting it in May, 1832, is one event; the surrender of the Corn Laws in 1846 is the other. In the latter, the author of this book exercised a considerable influence, for the promotion of harmony, more than becomes him to write here, if the testimony of his contemporaries and of eminent statesmen be admitted. In the first, the

crisis of 1832, it was he, and he alone, who gave the gathered storm that direction which conducted it to peaceful serenity, and saved the unwilling aristocracy from the odium of a conflict of blood, perchance from the swift vengeance of a sword-smitten nation and the irretrievable disaster of revolution. Is it a small matter if a considerable portion of this book be occupied with the narrative of those events, and the rest with the development of that conservative science, to the practical solution of which the author has devoted an intensely diligent life? He vindicates the genius of matter of fact, the conquest of labour and capital over rude matter, the acquisition of private property, the spirit of honest commerce, and the accumulation of profit as consistent alike with generous sympathies, a refining ideality, and an exalted faith in things not seen.

The book claims for Conservative Science, the high function to teach, not alone as Political Economy, in its heartless divorcement from human sympathies, has taught how to produce and accumulate insensate matter as public wealth, but how to diffuse as well as produce in completest abundance the stores of that wealth among the producers; and how, among all the people of a nation to dispense the elements of human happiness.

The book presents the reader with incidents of life sufficiently remarkable to relieve it from dullness; yet the author fears, indeed he is painfully sensible, that in too many pages of the personal chapters he disturbs or wholly dispels that charm of modesty which literary art so easily attaches to personal narrative, if the writer's theme be other than his own vindication,—the vindication less than to assert that he has been, though not a prominent, yet one of the most efficient and persistent actors in behalf of public safety in times of exigency and peril, a teacher of Conservative Science to statesmen and people, the unpaid worker for his country always. But offensive as the frequently recurring image of Ego cannot fail to be, it seems unavoidable. This, though more than a personal narrative, is yet the first complete record of the incidents which connected the writer with the service of public safety in Britain about the Reform Era, 1832-34, and which gave him sufficient influence with the leaders of popular commotion in subsequent years to save the soil of his native land from that direst calamity of nations, a war between social and political classes. It is his present object to relate the occasions of exigency and the measure of his influence, with as much of his conservative economy and dissuasive argument as may seem to remain applicable to other times, other countries, and more especially to Canada.

Taking up what the title-page initiates, this is a "Book of a Diligent Man's Life"; a life persistently devoted to public well-being, to the removal of antagonism between the extremes of society; a life of trust in

the good which resides in everybody, in all social classes, all political institutions; a life of fidelity to an early inheritance of toil, sometimes of prescient impulse, always of action and enthusiasm; a life of cuffs, rebuffs, cold thanks, of results less than thanks; but of high faith, unwavering in trouble or in joy, that the Supreme God knows the man was, and still is, working honestly for a purpose recognised in Heaven as a necessity on earth,—the purpose, a triumph of the future.

And what is that purpose? It is to retrieve Political Economy from a chaos of crudities, in its austere materialism, as hitherto expounded; to exalt it to a new vitality; endow it with new functions; to demand, that as guardian of public wealth, it obey the absolute logic of its position, and take cognisance of the prime element of wealth, the human being; that then it be guardian of the elements of human happiness; conservator of the conditions which determine a perpetuity of life and power to nations; and, by God's permission, to discover where lieth the beginning of that sublime harmony, which now issuing out of the opposing forces and seeming discords of all physical, moral, and spiritual nature, arises before the eye of faith in present glory to the Supreme, indicating, by the law of progression, a grander future to the human family on earth.

The highest achievement of knowledge is to discover how little is known. Ignorance lives contentedly without a boundary to its vision. The want of scholastic education is a blank indeed. The author laboured for bread when eight years old, and was but seldom at any school within doors; though in one sense all his life has been a school. If he possessed as large a measure of presumption as, by a deficiency of what is called self-esteem, he is unprovided with, it would not carry him, for any useful object, farther than that threshold of society, where nakedness of scholastic attainments now leaves him. The classically learned are not so lofty in their own estimation as they are in his. They read in the original when he must use a translation. But he has read mankind in the original. He has read the inner heart of national life and well-being in its language of actualities. He thinks it probable that a forecast of the sciences, now in process of development, was given to the ancients and may be disinterred in the mythologies, such as the affinities of planetary systems, their repulsion and attraction, the vast orbits upon which families of suns and planets travel through the universe, the embracing of our parent earth with comets which have written the date and order of their contact in the great epochs which geologists are groping in the dark to read. If the mythologies do not contain some such hidden lore, it is difficult to reconcile the labour lost on their study with any utile object of education, though the literature in which they are preserved is a key,—the key to society and public life. If the civil wars of Greece

and Rome were applicable to modern politics, and therefore educational for modern statesmen, their history might usefully occupy the years of youth; but the present writer takes leave to assert, that the events about to be related and the inferences to be drawn in this book,—the perils of Britain during eight-and-twenty years,—are, beyond all comparison, more instructive to statesmen, merchants, philosophers, and ministers of religion, than any pagan lore. Still he reveres the erudite scholars who bring to light the poetry and life of antiquity. He admires their submission to that mental discipline which such learning involves, and he rejoices to behold the sports, whether gay or grim, of the university,—sports which, modifying the intellectual austerities, give vigour of body and mind to upper-class manhood. Will they add to their university education such instruction, so grave, so urgent, as this First Book of Reading in Conservative Science offers them?

The author's antecedents are indicated in the following summary: though not the extent, depth, width, and intensity of his application to know the actualities of men and things; nor the incessant effort, the delightful hope, frequently the lofty ecstasy, of his speculative inquiry into the laws of physical nature in relation to moral discords and the one transcendant universal harmony.

He has been Ploughman, Quarryman, Private Dragoon, Sergeant of Fighting Highlanders; Author of Histories, Biographies, Narratives, Tales (many of these, unfortunately for his present reputation, published anonymously); Collector of Facts for Legislators; Commissioner to discover the cause of English Incendiary Fires; from London and other newspapers to trace causes of agrarian offences and social suffering in Ireland, 1843, 1846, 1847, 1848; Inquirer into the condition of Agriculture and Farm Tenure in England; Joint Inquirer into the effects of Potatoe Blight on the Food of the People, 1845-6; Occasional Arbitrator between Employers and Workmen; Historian of Trade Strikes, of Wonderful Workshops, and of Remarkable Farms; Biographer of the greater Pioneers of Commercial Adventure and Industrial Civilization in recent centuries and present time; Historian of "Free Sea"; Political Economist; Analysist of Disputed Problems in Social Mercantile and Financial Science; Analysist of the Philosophy and Practice of Banking in relation to the Causes, Currents, and Prevention of Commercial Panics; Expounder of the relative forces of conflicting elements in Rent as affecting the general Store of Public Wealth; Historian of Fiscal Systems and Romantic Incidents in Schemes of Finance; Writer on Military Strategy, and on a Military Education of the People as indispensable to the defence of Britain; Accusing Witness of evil done by Atheistic and Infidel leaders of the working classes in Britain;

Inquirer into the logical relations of some intellectual tangents in Scepticism.

An obituary notice written by the author at Quebec in an hour of anguish, is reproduced here, because it has been a subject of animadversion, and is yet true in letter and spirit. It errs only in this, that the writer's imputation of a country's ingratitude refers to his well-known services to public safety in the years of commotion and peril subsequent to 1832; and to his manifold literary works and large expenditure of time and money, all directed to give stability to his country's institutions, and to exalt the disaffected classes to a practical acquaintance with a true Conservative Economy:

"DIED.—At Quebec, at 10 A. M., on Sunday, 29th May, Emma, wife of Alexander Somerville (formerly in the Scots Greys, and known in the literature of political utility as the "Whistler at the Plough"). The 29th of May is the anniversary of Mr. Somerville's punishment in 1832, when he was flogged for saving the people of Birmingham from massacre, and for refusing to disclose the names of other implicated soldiers, though offered pardon if he would do so; by which act he and they saved the throne and anti-reform Lords of Parliament from the curses of a sword-smitten nation, and caused the Reform Bill of 1832 to pass without bloodshed, except his own. Making allowance for longitude, his wife died at the hour when he was tied up to receive two hundred lashes,—an hour at which she annually suffered extreme pain ever since they were married, and since she became aware of what her husband had undergone for an ungrateful country; the memory of which has been all the more poignant to her and to him, that he, as a political man of the people, has made many sacrifices in the cause of order and public safety since, when a less conscientious course would have been more profitable. She was born in London, 4th April, 1825; was daughter of the late Francis Binks, of Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, many years a Freeman of the city of London, and of Hannah Story, his wife, now of Foots Gray, Melbourne, Australia. Mrs. Somerville was taken ill on leaving Liverpool for Canada, 2nd July, 1858; had a premature birth at the end of September, and soon after sank into consumption, which proved irresistible to medical science, though she was under the constant care of the eminent physicians of the Quebec Marine and Emigrant Hospital. She has left six young children to mourn, with their father, for a loss which can never be repaired to him or to them on this earth."

An extract from a prospectus of the present volume is also presented here for the object which it explains:

" Mr. Somerville in recent years became involved with insolvent publishers and their publications, which stripped him of literary and other property, to retrieve which he toiled until his health for a time gave way. In July, 1858, having been in the previous May and June an in-patient of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, suffering from a sudden and severe mental shock, arising out of a deceptive agreement to go to Australia, he came to Canada with his wife and six children, their passage taken to Toronto. His wife quitted England in the good health which she all her life enjoyed; but, though of a cheerful temperament and full of hope that, under God, she would see her troop of little boys grow up to be men of Canada, she sickened in the ship, and could travel no farther than Quebec. That sickness, and a painful childbirth, were followed by consumption, which resisted all medical science. On the 29th of May, 1859, eleven months from the day of quitting her native city of London, she died,—her death the saddest calamity of her husband's life.

" From the near approach of her death, which during nine months seemed no more distant than the morrow, Mr. Somerville could not leave Quebec to pursue employment elsewhere. He lectured on several occasions, and, though solaced by the presence of some whose kindness defied the inclemency of storms, he failed to augment his limited fortunes. So long as he could conceal his proverty, it was concealed. He preferred the early dawn to bury a still-born infant, his band of little children the sole funeral company, that he might hide from Quebec, which he did not then know, the fact, that the poor rude coffin was made from a board gathered from the waifs floating on the river tide.

" He now discloses the adverse circumstances of his emigration, to explain why he solicits subscriptions to the volume which this sheet announces for early publication."

CHAPTER II.

General—continued. A grateful Record, for the use of Emigrants yet to arrive in Canada, if, by God's dispensation, they need medical treatment at Quebec. A letter to the *Quebec Chronicle*, June, 1859, on the crisis of 1832. Letter to the *Quebec Mercury* on what are the functions of Conservatism.

I present two letters in this place, which were written in the week following my wife's death. The first, dated June 3, to the Quebec *Chronicle*, was courteously set in type, but the hostile comments of the Quebec *Mercury* of June 4 induced me to withdraw it before publication, my condition of mind not being such as to accept at that time the controversy which was likely to arise. The letter to the *Mercury* lay about the office of that paper unpublished, until I took the manuscript away.

To the Editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle.

JUNE 3, 1859.

SIR,—Will you permit me to express more fully, than was incidentally done in the notice of my wife's death, which appeared in your paper on Tuesday, thanks to the visiting Physicians, the resident Medical attendant, and to the Commissioners and all others connected with the management of the Marine and Emigrant Hospital of Quebec, for their generous promptitude and unremitting anxiety to relieve my wife's sufferings from 13th of October, 1858, to the 29th of May, 1859? I desire to publicly record this gratitude, that strangers may have confidence in the management of that Hospital. It was God's holy will that my poor wife should not come forth alive; but all that high medical science and careful nursing could do for her, was done. Let me be explicit. Mr. Buchanan, chief government officer for the protection of emigrants, when he learned that my wife required medical aid which I could not pay for, though he did not know the fact until we had been nine weeks in the city, sent me to Dr. Sewell, who is, with him, a Commissioner of the Hospital. I found Dr. Sewell at his private residence. With the generous zeal of his profession, and of a genial and compassionate individual nature, he hastened to the poor sufferer, in our humble lodging in the Lower Town, and did what seemed requisite there. He advised her removal to the Hospital, where she would have the advantage of proper nursing. Neither he nor Mr. Buchanan knew that I was a person who

at any time would or could write a line to a newspaper in acknowledgment of what they did. Consequently their kindness was that which awaits any afflicted family of strangers. Dr. Jackson, Dr. Painchaud, Dr. Landry, and Dr. Rowand, attended her, as visiting Physicians of the Hospital, in the order in which I place their names; each gentleman more solicitous if possible than another to give her relief and arrest consumption in its progress. And Dr. F. E. Roy, resident Physician and House Surgeon, always there, always vigilant, and ever courteous; I would offend my own sense of justice as long as I live were his name omitted in this memorial of gratitude. It is the more necessary that I, a Scotchman,—my wife having been an Englishwoman, and my children all English-born,—make this record, seeing that all the physicians named here, except Dr. Sewell and Dr. Jackson, are Franco-Canadians. I believe in their high attainments, I know their kindness, and saw it manifested to all patients alike. I know what hospitals are in London and Edinburgh and elsewhere;—that at Quebec is equal to any of them. Also, let me add, that to the Reverend Charles Hamilton, B.A., incumbent of St. Peter's parish church, and the other clergymen who, in absence of the regular chaplain, ministered the saving truths of our Christian religion for so long a time of suffering, I record her thanks and my own, in obedience to her dying request.

Will you correct an error of the press which obscures the meaning of a sentence in the obituary notice of Tuesday: "Anti-reform *laws* of parliament" should have been printed "anti-reform *Lords* of parliament," the Reform Bill of 1832 having been repeatedly thrown out by the House of Lords. It was on the last defeat that the perilous crisis of May, 1832, occurred, when *The Times* newspaper threatened the army, on which the anti-reform Lords relied, with a street war of *brickbats* from the roofs of houses, a popular incitement equally criminal, and unpractical as that for which the Editors of the *Nation* and other Irishmen were transported in 1848. I name this to show what the state of excitement was in Britain in May 1832, when the great *Times*, which always represents the sentiment of the day, be it right, wrong, or wicked, took to the doctrine of brickbats. Five years after, when I had become practically acquainted with war in the field, in the street, and in every form of devastation, with Sir De Lacy Evans in Spain, whose high testimonials to my share in it, are now with me, I published my *Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare*, exposing the impossibility of mobs warring with regular soldiers, so long as the soldiers are faithful to orders. That they may be always faithful to orders, such perilous hazards should never be incurred by minorities

so disproportionately small compared to the nation as were incurred by the anti-reform minority in Britain in 1832. The letters of Warning to the Lords, written by me in 1832, contained the following quotation, as expressive of the loyalty of the Scots Greys, in which I served :

> "The King's name is a tower of strength,
> Which they upon the adverse faction want."

We declared, that if called out to act against window-breakers and rioters, we would firmly obey orders, and implored the people to abstain from disorder. Our swords had been rough-sharpened for use upon Birmingham. The commander had been written to, "Could the men be relied on?" and answered, so he stated to a Court of Inquiry after my punishment, "They are firm as rocks." But, unknown to him, our letters had reached the King and leading anti-reform Lords, one of which was afterwards published. The fact then became known that all the army was not firm, and the active hostility of the Peers ceased. The King's Secretary, Sir Herbert Taylor, wrote to Earl Grey, stating that such was the case, which letter may be read in my book, Autobiography of a Working Man, a copy of which is in each of the garrison libraries of the British service.

Those events gave me influence in subsequent years, which I used in favour of law and order, and peaceable legislation in favour of the people. My pen, whether in Canada or elsewhere, belongs to that cause whose object is Christian civilization and avoidance of war; but it is not at the service of those who would take peace at any price. Six years ago, I incurred the unforgiving hostility of the Manchester party of peace at any price, by a publication which warned Britain as to the alliance then believed to be, as I pray it may be, perpetual between Britain and France. My book bore the following lines from Shakspeare:

> "For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
> (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
> But that defenses, musters, preparations,
> Should be maintained, assembled, and collected."

In 1834, time of trades unions and the conspiracies which they concealed, and in 1837, 1839, 1842, and 1848, years of dangerous agitation in Britain, I voluntarily incurred expense of money and time, and literary effort, to save the people from a disastrous conflict with the army, and to shield the conservative classes from its lasting odium, if not its instant danger. I never received a sixpence, nor six-penny worth, in return, except in a conscientious belief that I had done right. I had, in my married life, my happy-minded wife to give her cheerful

concurrence. When the heart of great London palpitated in fear on the tenth of April, 1848, she saw me spend over £20 in printed warnings to the leaders at the dreaded day, and approved what I did. Other publications for public safety cost me several hundred pounds. When she was stricken with her fatal illness, and I a stranger in Quebec, in the face of winter, with a family then in danger of perishing from want, I memorialized one or two personages in England, recounting those facts and stating our circumstances. My eldest boy posted the letter containing the memorial, and broke his arm by a fall two minutes after he had done so. That omen was not then understood. Receiving no reply, another letter was posted. Neither have been acknowledged. God, who had willed that my wife should die, consummated that great calamity at the hour of the anniversary of the day in 1832 on which I had risked death and accepted torture in behalf of the internal peace of my country. I do not now misunderstand why I was driven to America against my desire and contrary to all my plans and efforts. Looking back on the people for whose political exaltation I had toiled till my brain was worn, and on a country which I had served for the sake of its domestic tranquillity, too conscientiously for my own prosperity, I one day forgot God, who had been my stay in the hour of torture, and in the deadly forlorn hope of bloody war, and in the still darker hour of conflict with the Manchester political "liberals," who wounded me with a sting more cruel and deadly than the lash, and, giving way to dejection, contemplated all future usefulness with despair. But lo, an inward light, a flash of hope and a vision of the future, were unfolded in an instant of time! They came unasked by me, and have not departed; but they remain only on conditions. Those conditions, by God's help, I will fulfil.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

To the Editor of the Quebec Mercury.

JUNE 6, 1859.

SIR,—Your comments of Saturday on the obituary notice of my wife, and on an episode in my personal history, induce me to rejoin a few remarks about Conservatives, of which I assert myself one, second in love of native country and its institutions to no man in Quebec or out of it, in Canada or in Britain, whether he be bound to his Queen and country by pay, or, as I have been, by the undetachable cords of patriotic principle. But if Conservatives have no stronger bond of cohesion, no

loftier principle, than fear of the unenfranchised people one day, and a greater dread of some external enemy another day, I am not in that sense a Conservative. If they, when called Tories, never erred in policy, not even in bringing on the perilous crisis of May, 1832, then may government by military despotism be right, and France and Austria be worthy of imitation in Britain. But I assert, that Conservatism has a higher principle of action than to be afraid and to obstruct. Its duty is to be prescient of the future as well as vigilant over the present. Above all, its duty is to deduce a logical education for its own benefit from the history of the past.

Of difficulties in governing Canada, on which you remark with emphasis, I do not, as a stranger, presume to speak beyond this, that the unenfranchised working class of Britain does not inherit an enmity of race, language, and religion, against the throne, church, laws, and constitution. If you see no difference between the French Canadians who are enfranchised here and the unenfranchised men of Britain, I do.

You date the difficulty of Canadian government from the advent of the Whigs to power at the Reform era 1830, 1831, 1832, and rail at me for being their ally while I call myself a Conservative.

Sir, the difficulty in governing Canada dates from the 13th of September, 1759. Difficulty of government is a penalty of conquest everywhere. Not all the wisest or sternest Tories ever born to the inheritance of power, could govern Canada by a compulsory sword and proscription of race, as you seem to desire, in presence of the United States and of free institutions in Britain.

As for Radicals, Whigs, Tories, and any such party alliances, I never was of them. Mine has not been a life of small politics. Much of my literary life has been spent and my brain worn even to incapacity for literary labour, in rescuing the science of Political Economy from the soulless materialism which had made it, in mouths of Whigs and Radicals, odious to the People. It has been my self-imposed task to humanize and christianize Political Economy. I assert man to be the primary element in national wealth.

It has been part of my task to urge, that the British people should be educated in the use of arms, to be ready at any time for national defence. The objection of conservatism to educate the people in the use of arms, has hitherto been a dread of the arms being used to extort political enfranchisement. To this I urged, let the people be enfranchised and you remove that cause of fear. What happens in this year 1859? British conservatism, which, with its many excellencies, has a basis of perturbation, with a very frequent absence of prescience, is now panic-stricken and arms the people, still denying them political enfranchisement!

Besides contending for a military education to the youth of Britain, and teaching a humanized system of Political Economy and a harmonious reliance of social classes, I have analysed the cause of commercial panics, and logically deduced simple and safe means for their avoidance, by which communities may be saved from a periodicity of devastation, second only to the scourge of fire and sword. Who are they that oppose such a reform of the laws of banking and of commerce in Britain? Not the conservatives of the peerage, but conservatives of the sordid instincts, to whom even the territorial Peers are in many cases bondmen and victims.

I will not fatigue you, nor occupy space, with a summary of the many times, before my mental health broke down by excessive labour, when, in years of dangerous agitation, I have used a very considerable political influence in behalf of law and order; and the peaceful discussion of questions which have ripened to acts of parliament, sanctioned by Queen, Lords, and Commons. I hope soon to publish such a narrative in Canada, with letters from eminent persons, statesmen, generals, and magistrates, living and deceased, such as the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Panmure, late Sir Robert Peel, late Earl of Ellesmere, Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Drummond, M.P., Sir John Pakington, now first Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, now Attorney General, and others to whom these names may serve as indexes of opinion, all voluntarily testifying to the utility of my publications.

You being Editor, I have assumed, according to the custom of the press, that you penned the article of Saturday, which referred to me, though in fact I know you did not. The writer must have read the book which relates the Scots Greys case in detail, for the notice of my wife's death, which is his text, says nothing about "rough-sharpening swords." That book would tell him and you that I hold no such opinion as that soldiers may determine what they shall do or not do. On the contrary, I have told soldiers that it would be a black day for Britain when they were, as individuals or as bodies of troops, to determine the policy of the country. I have again and again told the leaders of political agitation, that revolutions must of necessity be followed by military despotism, adverse to civil liberty. I and they who acted with me in May, 1832, risked our lives to prevent a collision which might have led to revolution, well knowing the punishment of our conduct to be death. This you might or may have read in the book "Autobiography of a Working Man," a copy of which was purchased by the Horse Guards authorities for every garrison library, and of which Quebec has one. You may have seen in that book that the officers of the court martial which flogged me were censured, though you suppose they must have been acting correctly; and that the commanding officer was reprimanded by the King, the reprimand read at

the head of every regiment in the British service. But that book contains also a lesson to conservatism when it verges on destructivism, as in May, 1832. Whether Whigs be good or bad Governors of Canada, good or bad lords and gentleman, is not my question. Whether their reform bill was good or bad, was not the great constitutional issue of May, 1832. The constitutional issue was this: The King and forty-nine fiftieths of the population of Britain and Ireland demanded that the bill should pass and become law. That fractional minority resisted King and people, and threatened the country with military coercion. I tell you, Sir, that when any such minority in the state, though it may be legally in possession of power, exposes the army to a collision with a nearly unanimous and excited nation, it perils the constitution and the very fabric of society. Such a minority is no longer conservative. Its resistance has become an agency of destruction. The man daring to prevent its next act in the sequents of obstinacy, does, though at the peril of his life, what one would do in rolling a live shell out of a magazin eover which stood the assembled nation, the church, and the throne,—their fate possibly involving the monarchy and all other monarchical institutions. History has no political lesson if it do not sustain this conclusion. I have spoken of this matter oftener in Quebec in six months, than in England during the intervening twenty-seven years. I never allowed that event to be made traffic for my benefit or that of others, nor do I now.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

The foregoing, written early in June of this year, 1859, is singularly strengthened by an article which has only now, middle of September, come under my notice in the great Conservative organ, the *Quarterly Review*, dated July of this year. In the article " Invasion of England " the writer says, " Those who remember the troubles of 1819–20 look with dread at the idea of putting arms into the hands of the people. Times, however, have changed, and this country must now be governed with and through the people. They may be guided, but hardly opposed.

CHAPTER III.

General—continued. Military testimonials from Spain. Bravery before the enemy a common quality of soldiers; kindness to comrades and cheerful obedience to superiors, my highest praise. Episode with Mr. Cobden. Peace Society's seditious placards, 1852-3. A delightful recollection of Mr. Bright. The contrary. Freedom of the press.

With such pretensions to public consideration as are indicated in the foregoing chapters, and as the remainder of the volume developes, it is only just to my readers that I thus early in a demand upon their good opinion, enable them to concede or qualify, or wholly withhold it, upon the authority of others rather than by my own assertion. And first of military service after the events of 1832.

I may remark that General Sir De Lacy Evans, who commanded the British Legion, in which I served, in Spain, in 1835, 1836, 1837, had, from the period of his entering the British army in India, about 1807, to the close of the campaign of Waterloo in 1815, and evacuation of Paris in 1818, performed more of the harassing details of active service than almost any contemporary soldier. His name appears eleven times in the Gazette praised by superiors for prodigies of departmental achievement, and rare wisdom in executive strategy, in the short space of three years, and that at a time when great events gave great soldiers to Britain almost to abundance. No other commander could have done more, and few so much, in Spain, in behalf of constitutional government, with his imperfect resources. And yet, by the military estimate of old French generals of the first Empire, who stood beside the Pyrennees spectators of our compaigns, he and we did marvels in Spain. When Sir De Lacy Evans returned from the Crimean war and received the thanks of parliament, in 1855, he referred, in his address to the House of Commons, to the coldness and calumny with which he and his British Legion had been received, through the poison of political antagonism, on their return from Spain in 1837. He affirmed, that, severe and difficult as service had been in the Crimea, the campaigns of the British Legion in Spain had been more severe and the obstacles overcome more difficult.

Can I be pardoned for this preliminary reference to that service? It interprets the full meaning of the three letters here offered. That of Colonel Hogg was originally two, one written to supplement an omission in the other.

MILITARY CERTIFICATE No. 1.

BRYANSTONE SQUARE,
London, November, 1847.

(Extract.)

"MR. SOMERVILLE,—Sir, I should be wanting in every feeling of justice were I to hesitate, under the circumstances referred to, in bearing my unqualified testimony to your brave, zealous, useful, and exemplary conduct while serving in the auxiliary legion under my orders in Spain. The position which you filled was no sinecure in that service. The reports respecting your conduct and character in that corps were uniformly to your credit and honor. . .

(Signed) DE LACY EVANS,
Lieut. General.

MILITARY TESTIMONIAL No. 2.

From Colonel Gilbert Hogg, K.S.F. (now, 1859, Chief of Constabulary in Staffordshire, England).

"I have much pleasure in stating, that the conduct of colour-sergeant Alexander Somerville, late 8th Highlanders, British auxiliary legion, was such as to merit my most unqualified approbation. His name was forwarded by me with others to the general of division as worthy the notice of His Excellency the lieutenant general for gallantry before the enemy. I might stop here were it not that justice demands I should state more fully the character of this individual. I have a perfect recollection of a mutiny at St. Sebastian in the different Scotch corps: on that occasion, as on others, the conduct of sergeant Somerville was conspicuous, and deserved the highest praise. He never neglected his duty, and ever evinced a desire to secure order and good conduct among the men, where his influence was considerable. On the line of march, he was enabled, from his powerful bodily strength, to bear the fatigue with comparative ease; and at the halt, his exertions were unceasing in promoting the comforts and providing for the wants of the men. His conduct naturally attracted my particular notice, and I have satisfaction in now recording it.

Given under my hand and seal this 26th day of February 1841.
Gilestown House, Strokestown, County Roscommon, Ireland."

MILITARY TESTIMONIAL No. 3.

From Lieut.-Colonel Martin, K.S.F. (now, 1859, Governor of County Gaol, Preston, Lancashire).

"LONDON, December 6, 1838.

"MR. SOMERVILLE,—Sir, as to your character during the period I served in the 8th Highlanders, I always considered you a particularly steady and well-behaved man; extremely attentive to your duty, kind to your comrades, and obedient to your superiors: for which reason I considered it my duty to point you out as a proper person for promotion. Your commanding officer, Colonel Godfrey, had a very good opinion of you, and also Colonel Ross. The gallant but unfortunate brothers Major William and Captain Robert Shields [both killed on the field, and at whose side in action I generally was], who commanded the grenadier company to which you belonged, always spoke highly of your conduct as a non-commissioned officer and soldier in the field.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. MARTIN,

Lieutenant Colonel, K. S. F.,

late commanding 2nd Lancers."

I declined a commission on two or three occasions, partly because some good non-commissioned officers accepted promotion and were sneered at by the men who had been their comrades; and partly because the many casualities in the field brought young gentlemen into the service as officers, to instruct whom in their duties I was frequently selected as a sergeant of practical and theoretical knowledge.

In some future chapter it may be more appropriately related than here, what was the peril of interfering to stay that mutiny at St. Sebastian, disarming as I did the armed anarchy of a thousand angry men by the power alone of a good name, the name of a non-commissioned officer who had drilled many soldiers and never ill-treated one. But I cannot now pass from those military testimonials without remarking, that I attach less value to them as certifying personal bravery in battle, than I do to their assertion that my "efforts were unceasing at the halt" (on the long and killing marches among the mountains of Northern Spain), "in providing for the comforts and wants of the men"; and that I was "kind to my comrades," "obedient to my superiors," and "ever evinced a desire to promote order and regularity among the men." Bravery before the enemy is a common quality. All our Saxon-Celtic races are brave, whether Scotch, English, Irish, or Welsh. Anything to the

contrary, I rejoice to write and declare, is an exception to a very wide rule. But unvarying, self-denying kindness to soldiers, continued through personal toil and exhaustion, united with that love of order and that firmness which exact obedience and tolerate no irregularity, is not a common quality among non-commissioned officers, nor among any officers. It is oftener found among the high aristocracy of Britain, than among officers raised from the ranks or drawn out of the "bran-new" middle-class gentry. The latter may be brave, but they are usually too proud to be efficient officers. Hence the British soldier of the ranks evinces a marked preference for gentlemen of high birth, and sneers illiberally at the unhappy comrades who are occasionally advanced to commissions, to live with gentlemen of fortune on inadequate pay, they without fortune and without sympathy. The British rank-and-file may be unjust to themselves in this. I do not excuse them, and only record a fact in their paradoxical character. But I claim a right to say, that a secondary consideration for self, as certified by the officers who saw it in Spain, under toil and exhaustion in every vicissitude of extreme heat, excessive cold, unsatisfied hunger, or in the carnage of battle, has been the key-note, the leading tone, of every variety of my enthusiastic devotion to realities, and of my revolt from men who only play with politics and public affairs.

I claim also whatever credit, and accept in sorrow whatever blame, may attach to this other series of facts,—that, as in war I never levelled my fusil at an enemy and drew the trigger, but with the intent to kill him, so I never wrote a sentence on political subjects, nor spoke one in a debating society or elsewhere, that I did not believe to be true, and demanded at the time by the interests of truth. But I will carry to my dying hour a deep sorrow for having treated Richard Cobden with the bitterness of an enemy in a pamphlet published in 1853. I had cause of difference with him. We differed as to the policy of national armaments sufficient to defend British territory and British interests at home and abroad. The Peace Society in 1852, without leave asked of me, had issued throughout the kingdom a million of handbills and placards bearing my name in connection with a rude woodcut representing a soldier undergoing the punishment of the lash. Those placards were intended to deter recruits from entering the militia which was then in process of organization. I held that the militia was necessary. A gentleman who is now, September 1859, one of Her Majesty's cabinet ministers, asked me in 1852, when the militia bill was under discussion, to assist him by suggestions, as he intended to oppose it in the House of Commons. He was one whose good opinion I was willing to retain, but I told him that my settled convictions were on the other side, that I could not conscientiously devise agruments against the militia bill. And so we parted, he

never to speak to me more; I suffering public odium because my name was on the seditious placards of the Peace Society, and subsequently incurring something like persecution from the Manchester party of peace at any price, because I wrote to Lord Palmerston, as Home Minister, disclaiming connection or sympathy with the placards. His Lordship read my letter in the House of Commons. What was the result as affecting my pecuniary interests? Here is one instance. Some friends were then endeavouring to sell manuscripts and copyrights of my books in Manchester and Liverpool by alloting them as prizes to subscribers of five shillings. Mr. Ireland, co-proprietor and manager of the Manchester *Examiner* newspaper, the journal of the anti-militiaists whom I had just offended, had kindly taken charge of my interests in that city. When the time came to say what had been done, he sent me this letter:—

"MANCHESTER, 22 Market Street,
May 6, 1853.

"DEAR SOMERVILLE,—I have this day forwarded the accounts. I regret that so little has been effected; but I assure you it has not been for want of effort. I do not hesitate to say, that, but for your letter read by Lord Palmerston, several hundred shares might have been taken up here; but that letter, be it right or wrong, has injured you very much.
Yours sincerely,
A. IRELAND."

The full effect of this intimation was that the manuscripts and copyrights were parted with for an amount which, when costs of sale and debts to printers connected with them were paid, left me less than nothing. With that result I returned to London, and resumed that species of literature of Political Economy which in its money returns is as yet a barren gift of destiny to me and mine. I also laboured at "Popular Fallacies about the Army and the Aristocracy," and at the "History of Free Sea,"—the latter a defence of British power in the Mediterranean, in correction of Mr. Cobden's historical errors and anti-British fallacies,—for neither of which could I then find a publisher.

The hostility of the Manchester party, as indicated by Mr. Ireland's letter, and as carried much farther by some whom I will not now name, ruffled my philosophy out of its usual good humour. My work "Internal Enemies of England" was the fruit of that disquiet. It went off in a kind of hurricane; sixteen thousand copies were sold in a month at one shilling each, so I was told. But I had parted with the M.S. and copyright to the printer for a trifle, as, before it went to press, it seemed doubtful to him as to me whether it could be circulated at all otherwise

than gratuitously, as many of my smaller works had been when I had a purpose to serve or principle to vindicate.

Mr. Bright was handled unkindly as well as Mr. Cobden, but rather as a representative man than an individual. My conscience is at ease as regards Mr. Bright. I had prepared another work, in which his supposed inconsistencies of character and of political action were gathered together and rather grotesquely grouped. It had been announced for publication as a pamphlet, when a gentlemen of Lancashire offered £10 for the manuscript, to be published in a Liverpool newspaper. I was in urgent need of money for my family, but on the day that the work was ready in London to go to Liverpool, I met a member of the House of Commons, who hinted Mr. Bright's "misfortune." I had not heard of it. "Well," said he, "Mr. Bright is not sound about the head." I had expected to hear of that at some time. I knew his head to be like my own, if like mine excessively overworked. On going home I told her whose warm heart lies cold enough on the rock of Quebec this day, "You must make up your mind to be disappointed about that £10 I promised you: John Bright is suspected to be wrong about the head. As yet it is not published, but I fear it is too true." "It is a mercy, Sandy," replied my wife, "that the manuscript is not out of your hands." "It *is* a mercy," I rejoined. "May my hand wither rather than that anything written by me should further afflict or disturb him."

In that season of his eclipse, 1855-56, a similar dimness too truly approaching me, and from a like cause, overwork, I prayed God for his recovery; and as I breathed that desire of the soul, the sweet memory of an hour of prayer which I once had with him and his household came over me like a holy vision. I had been one of the platform strangers at an annual social party in the People's Institute at Rochdale in the winter of 1849, at which Mr. Bright was chairman. Other strangers, who like me came from a distance, were carried to other houses of the local gentry, while the chairman pressed me to his house. We talked pleasantly about books and children, no words of political acrimony disturbing Mr. Bright's inner circle. In the morning at first daylight, his household, comprising wife, one child, and five female servants, were in the usual manner assembled to worship, domestic work in kitchen or elsewhere being suspended for about an hour. We sat in silence for a brief space, which was broken by Mr. Bright opening the scriptures, from which he read two or three chapters from the Gospels, making some remarks, but not many; after which, he spoke a few words of admonition, applicable to all hearers. When he ceased reading and speaking, each of us was left to private communion with God, in perfect silence, for a space of ten or fifteen minutes. All remained seated until

he, by closing the bible, indicated that the servants might rise and leave. Soon after, they brought in breakfast, and the pleasant conversation of the previous evening was resumed. During the day we visited the Rochdale schools, of which Mr. Bright is a liberal and careful guardian.

As a farther proof of the tenderness I observed towards him in his illness, I may name an article which I furnished to the *Illustrated London News* describing Wensleydale. I stretched a point to connect Mr. Bright's recreations in youth, and at that time as an invalid, with the district, and to pay a compliment to his intellectual power, in the hope that such tenderness from one whom he and his political friends had grievously wounded in spirit, and injured before the world, might be a medicine. How differently did they treat me, in addition to what they had done about the Militia, when, on the 18th of August, 1856, Lord Kinnaird published my illness and its consequent poverty in the London *Times*. I had no thousand hands, nor any hands, to spin for me and my children when my brain was worn and the machinery of mind had become unworkable. Lord Kinnaird, wholly unknown to me until I saw the newspaper, reminded the wealthy men of commerce and manufactures how much they owed to me, and asked them to give a little from the large benefits of free trade for my relief and comfort. The whole of the money placed in his lordship's hands in answer to that appeal, was less than I paid for the printing of ten thousand copies of Somerville's *National Wealth Tract*, No. 2, which was devoted solely to the defence of the aristocracy on philosophic and practical grounds, and distributed at my expense, by post and parcel, amongst political leaders of the disaffected people from Cornwall to Inverness, in presence of the revolutions of Europe then (1848) in progress. (See Mr. Cobden's letter on the Siege of Paris in next chapter, referring to that Tract No. 2.) The whole amount received by Lord Kinnaird in my day of darkness was less than the tenth part of the cost of "Somerville's Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare," distributed by me, and at my expense translated into Welsh, in 1839, 1840, and 1842. It was less than a fifth part of my expenses directly out of pocket in bringing the Kilkenny "outrages" so conspicuously before the late Sir Robert Peel when he was prime minister in 1843, as to cause him to issue the commission of inquiry into the Law of Landlord and Tenant, with the Earl of Devon at its head, and defend his action in that matter by quoting my work, *A Cry from Ireland*, in the House of Commons February 14, 1844, with these words of comment amongst others: "Sir, I have read that work [which Lord John Russell had quoted the same evening], and I should think it impossible for any man whatever to read it without being shocked with the manner in which some landlords have perverted their

power, and the power of the law, to harsh purposes." The money contributed was less than a twelfth part of what the printing and distribution of that work cost me in the winter of 1843–44; each member of the House of Commons, peer of parliament, bishop of the church, and newspaper editor of the kingdom receiving a copy free by post or parcel or delivery, not a hundred copies being sold in the trade. It was equal within twenty shillings to the amount paid by me for "Warnings to the People" in presence of the dreaded "Tenth of April," 1848; money paid, with my wife's cheerful concurrence, she believing in my mission before the world; paid out of my literary earnings to comfort the palpitating heart of West-End fashion and of London city wealth, on that day when even Prince Louis Napoleon took a baton to help England to keep the peace and the Queen her throne. It was less than a twelfth part of the money which I paid for travelling expenses alone, to say nothing of lost time, and the cost of witnesses brought to London at my expense in 1848, to save the working classes from the disastrous consequences of the great Chartist Land Scheme and Labour Bank absurdity. (See Chartist letters in next chapter.) It was only about double the amount which I had expended in that cause of the people up to the time when the Society of Amalgamated Engineers withdrew from the bank £620, at my instance, they being about to risk twenty-six thousand pounds in the scheme. My friend Mr. Crockett, an engineer, now of Quebec and then of Manchester, thought me the enemy of the working man at that time, as did many more; but he admits now that the Land Scheme and Bank were based on fallacies destined, by the force of sound principle in all the sequences of money, to collapse in disaster sooner or later. The amount was equal to about a half of that which an arbitrator, chosen by the late Anti-Corn-Law League, awarded me for work done for them at the personal instance of Mr. Cobden, the arbitrator telling me privately that he was surprised they had ever resisted payment of such a claim.

Finally Lord Kinnaird was admonished by Mr. John Bright, M.P., who for his health was at the time enjoying the mountain breezes of my native Scotland, while I, by illness and by taking bills in payment for literary work,—the bills dishonoured,—was driven from my comparative comfort at the foot of Haverstock Hill, London, into poor lodgings in a crowded street of Islington, my children almost without bread to eat. Birmingham, which I had saved from the sword in 1832, made Mr. John Bright its member of parliament at this time, while still an invalid, his recommendation being eloquent declamation against the aristocracy, and it did not contribute a sixpence for my comfort, probably because it was one of the aristocracy who asked for aid in my behalf. But neither did that

upper section of society respond to the appeal. True, I did nothing to take advantage of Lord Kinnaird's letter in the *Times*. Seeing the coldness of the country, I assumed an attitude of disdain.

Mr. Bright's sense of propriety will appear more clearly in the fact that his personal hostility to me dates from about a quarter to ten o'clock on the evening of 21st February 1853. At twenty-five minutes to ten he repeated, in part, his eulogy of a previous evening when he extolled me in the House of Commons as an amiable person; a man who had rendered my country eminent services; a man who was an honour to literature. When he ceased that eulogy, Lord Palmerston rose, replied to his statements about the seditions anti-militia placards, and, reading a document written by me in which I disavowed those placards in spirit and in object, concluded by saying, "That letter does Mr. Somerville much credit"; at which, said the reporters, (the *Times* printers omitting to insert the remark,) both sides of the House cheered.

The offence thus given by me to Mr. Bright and the peace party, because I presumed to differ from them about the military defences of the kingdom, remained a fact with life in it when I was writing for an Edinburgh daily newspaper in 1857. An advertising linen-draper of that city had paid some pounds a week for advertisements in that paper, but withdrew them, giving, through his foreman, a reason to the out-door clerk, that I, the temporary editor, having a grudge against Mr. John Bright, had assailed this linen-draper, our patron. Up to that time I was not aware that one of Mr. Bright's sisters was this man's wife, or, if I ever heard of their alliance, had forgotten it. But the two were thus related. What can this, the very dwarf of small incidents, have to do with a book in Canada? This: Since I began writing the present work in my Patmos near Quebec, Mr. M. Davidson, of St. Foye, has brought, at the trouble of several miles of travel to himself, a copy of the Liverpool *Mercury*, containing a paragraph quoted from the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, noticing the death of my wife. All that portion of the obituary paragraph referring to my public services is omitted, and a heartless sneer substituted to the effect that "change of place with Mr. Somerville does not seen to have led to change of circumstances." The article which informed the *Scotsman* of my wife's death was published here on the day she was buried, and it stated that, owing to her illness of nine months and the presence of death at her chamber-door all that time, I had been unable to proceed to our original destination, and could not leave Quebec in pursuit of employment elsewhere. But there remains to be told something more, which concerns Scotsmen in general, and all persons who profess an interest in freedom of the press and integrity in its writers.

The *Scotsman* had called that linen-draper, his next-door neighbour, a "snake in the grass." And on prosecution for damages, a jury awarded no less a sum than four hundred pounds. As their neighbour, I took no notice of the uncouth controversy, "snake or no snake," until after the *Scotsman* had paid his fine of £400. The libelled draper funded that money, its interest to provide copies of the New Testament and the Psalms of David in metre, to be given in annual prizes to the children who attend certain of the public schools in Edinburgh, "forever." While the city council had the gift under prolonged discussion, I deemed it a duty to say, in my editorial discretion, that the perpetuation of an unseemly feud between two citizens was an improper gift to posterity; that to connect its memory with annual prizes to children, darkened the wisdom of the city; and that to connect the memorial of the "snake" slander with the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Divine Songs of our worship, was a scandal to the religious reputation of Scotland. The scandal was consummated. The city council accepted the gift. The draper's foreman declared they would not continue to advertise in a paper in which the opponent of his master and of Mr. John Bright was a writer. I left the employment; taking care, however, to obtain a certificate that I left in consequence of "other editorial arrangements being made," and from no other cause.

The *Scotsman* might have known from his own career, and from the logic of all human affairs, that a public writer who is ever guided by a sense of right and wrong, is very likely to fall into adverse circumstances. Knowing this as he did, he might have saved his sneer at change of place bringing to me no improvement of fortune.

This chapter of cloud may scare the reader with the fear that he is to have nothing but sadness and murmurs of sorrow in the rest of the book. Not so. Mine has been a cheerful life. Even when residing in Manchester and buffeted by reverses such as break hearts, teaching Political Economy to those who would not hear, I reached a high level of intellectual joy, extending over years. I wish my pen, by some witchery of words, could communicate the after-glow of the joy to such readers as may hang with expectation on my story at this distant time, and in this distant land.

CHAPTER IV.

General matters continued. Extracts from letters and reviews in testimony of useful work. What I did in Britain at the expected "rising" which was to supplement and consummate the troubles of Canada in 1837-38. A counsellor at law in Quebec, 1859; his misinformation about the Reform crisis of 1832, and refusal to permit his readers to know the truth. He charges Lord John Russell and General Sir Charles Napier with a complicity for revolutionary objects. The absurd accusation rebutted. Facts about the revolutionists of 1816-20, and their counsel, Sir Charles Wetherall and Mr. Copley, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst. The Bristol riots, and crisis at Birmingham, glanced at. Prescient Conservatism educates itself from the facts of the past.

While preparing these introductory chapters, and questioning if it be necessary on this early page to repel or to allow the entire book to refute charges made by an English journalist of Quebec in an hour of misinformation, and persisted in during weeks of obstinacy, all evidence to the contrary withheld from his readers, he telling the English in Canada that I, a stranger on the Rock of Quebec, who had the day before buried my wife in her poor grave, was a man who had endangered British safety by sympathising or uniting with "Radical mobs and their excesses,"—while questioning how to treat this matter, a circumstance has occurred to determine a further notice of that obstinate reversal of truth. It is the receipt of the *Quarterly Review* bearing date July 1859, of which presently. Noonday is not more directly opposed to night than I have been to "Radical mobs and their excesses," on all occasions both in fact and in spirit, as soldier and as civilian. But I have been more than opposed to them. I have restrained them in days of peril by personal influence, and afterwards by assuming the functions of an expounder of conservative science. I gave the Quebec journalist testimonials bearing evidence against his assertion from several eminent persons, living and deceased; and as the Editor was a Freemason, and had with other brethren, so I learned from his own journal, been toasting to the health of Lord Panmure, who it seemed was initiated into the grand Fraternity at Quebec, I handed to him this extract from a letter written to me by that nobleman, when bearing the name of Fox Maule, in 1846. It was this:

1. "I have always admired the tone and spirit of the articles signed 'One who has Whistled at the Plough,' and look forward to a reperusal

of them in a volume with pleasure, as to anything else which Mr. Somerville may write and publish."

I also gave him the following. Richard Cobden, Esq., M. P., 1842.

2. " You do quite right to treat the landed aristocracy with respect in your anti-corn-law arguments. Your letters from the rural districts are a theme of praise everywhere."

And from the same in 1846:

3. "I know nothing in our literature, which, for graphic narrative and picturesque description of men and things, surpasses some of the letters of 'One who has Whistled at the Plough.' "

And this also from Mr. Cobden, referring to my efforts in behalf of British public safety in the year of revolutions, 1848. He is referring to the mutual carnage of the Republicans in June of that year:

" SATURDAY NIGHT, 1st July.

4. " MY DEAR SIR,—I have just read your second number. You have touched delicate ground, in dealing with the question of the *productive and non-productive classes* [This was a mistake of Mr. Cobden: Adam Smith had so divided them, and I contended that their are no non-productive *classes*, though there are many non-producing *individuals*]; but, upon the whole, I think you have been happy in your mode of treating the subject, and especially so in making a useful earl redeem the idle, fox-hunting peers from sweeping condemnation, and holding out an example for them to follow. [The title mentioned by Mr. Cobden is omitted, as other noblemen equally useful as that earl in producing national wealth, might be named.]

" I write to suggest that you make the striking events of the day the pegs for your arguments. What a lesson is there for you to moralise on in Paris! Turn it to good. Trace the blood of generals, citizens, and workmen, which crimsoned the streets of Paris,—not forgetting that most sublime of modern historical incidents, the martyrdom of the good Archbishop. Trace it up to the innocent but ignorant authors of the tragedy. It was Louis Blanc, honest enthusiast as I believe him to be, and his followers, who really dug the trenches, raised the barricades, and converted the streets of Paris into a field of battle; they who taught the working-men that a government can feed and employ the people, instead of teaching them that, as a fundamental condition of freedom, it is for the people to feed and cloth themselves,—ay, and to support and pay the government; they it was, who, by appearing to have deceived the working-men, but who in reality were self-deluded, that provoked the terrible outbreak which led to such havoc and slaughter.

"Nothing but the inculcation of sound views of political economy can preserve *us* from the danger of similar calamities.

"Let your next number be the 'Siege of Paris.' Show, in your own familliar way, what are and what are not the functions of a government of free men.

Believe me truly yours,

RICHARD COBDEN.

A. Somerville, Esq."

And the certifying extracts which follow were offered to disprove what the writer in the *Quebec Mercury* asserted, only one of which he noticed, —that of the Chartist Richardson.

From a Committee of Chartists on the Lowbands Estate, Red Marly, near Ledbury.

5. "MR. SOMERVILLE,—Sir, that we should address you may appear strange; but convinced as we now are that your past exertions (in 1847, 1848, 1849) prevented many hundreds from suffering as we have suffered, we sincerely regret the course we pursued towards you." [Author was hunted out of Manchester for his life, and driven from employment there, because he taught the Chartists that their great Land Scheme was founded on economic errors].—"W. A. HOW, H. T. ASKARD, P. H. O'BRIEN, School-master, 5th August, 1850."

John Frost, convicted of High Treason, 1840.

6. "John Frost told me [late Henry Hetherington], before the rising at Newport, that but for Somerville's 'WARNINGS TO THE PEOPLE ON STREET WARFARE' [which had been translated into Welsh and extensively circulated] the insurrection would have begun as soon as the London Convention of 1839 adjourned."

7. *Mr. Richardson of Manchester*,

formerly a Chartist Delegate, deputed, with Dr. McDowall of Manchester and Dr. John Taylor of Glasgow, to plan how Woolwich Arsenal might be taken by the Chartists, 1839.

"SOMERVILLE'S WARNINGS TO THE PEOPLE ON STREET WARFARE changed my opinions about physical-force movements."

Committee of Glasgow Cotton-Spinners, 1839.

8. "Your 'STREET WARFARE' warned us in time. Those tracts saved some of us from the gallows, we now believe."

John Graham, Esq., Glasgow.

9. "Somerville's 'STREET WARFARE,' in 1839, did more to arrest the Physical-Force Movement than anything I know."

Glasgow Citizen (Newspaper), 1848.

10. "Working men, read this 'Working-Man's Book' [Autobiography of present author, published to counteract the revolutionary movement of that year]. He tells you truly that 'Liberty' is not born of revolutions; that it comes not in shape of the demon passions of distrust, jealousy, violence to private property, nor aggression on personal rights."

Late General Sir J. C. Napier, 1839.

11. When he commanded Midland Districts:—"Somerville's 'Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare' had a good effect on the physical-force Chartists. That they were ably written, and evinced correct strategical knowledge, I dare to testify."

Charles Knight, Esq., the eminent London publisher, 1848.

12. "But there is an able, courageous, manly Reformer,—'One who has Whistled at the Plough,'—who thus writes amidst the loudest din of the movement: 'Let Britain retain her first place. She will retain it if she avoid those prodigious calamities, wars with national neighbours, and the more terrible calamities, revolutions [like that in France, then in progress], in which the young, the vicious, the ignorant, are alike armed with weapons of bloodshed to menace the men of experience, virtue, and wisdom. Britain has her warlike politicians who cry for revolution by force of arms. Heaven help her and them, if she had such a revolution as they desire.'"

Lord Robert Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury, 1857.

13. "I have recommended Mr. Somerville's works to be entered in the catalogues of the 'Pure Literature Society.'"

The late Earl of Ellesmere, 1855.

14. In relation to "Popular Fallacies about the Army and Aristocracy":—"Mr. Somerville,—I know no subject better suited for your pen, as I know no one who can treat it so well, than that you have just chosen."

Right Honourable Lord Palmerston.

15. "I think that letter does Mr. Somerville great credit."

[On reading author's protest against the unwarrantable use of his name by the Peace Society in their seditious Anti-Militia placards, House of Commons, Feb. 21, 1853.]

Right Honourable the Earl of Ellesmere.

16. "I consider the advice given in the matter of the Militia, commendable and useful."—January, 1854.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M. P.

17. " I quite agree with Lord Ellesmere on the merits of Mr. Somerville's advice about the Militia."—1854.

John Swain, a Lothian Ploughman, then in the Militia.

18. " You have removed the doubts I had about entering. Your hint that the letters written to me may be printed for the information of militiamen, young soldiers, and young men in general, has pleased many of my comrades as well as myself. We knew the aristocracy were brave and highminded, but we did not know that so much could be said from history on their side of the present question. Strange thing, it seems, that the newspapers should lay all the blame on them for what they call 'routine' and 'division of responsibility in military affairs,' while the blame belongs to the excessively liberal politicians of the last 200 years. Your account of how the standing army arose, and how, for the sake of civil liberty, the authority over its constitution and movements was divided, was new to me, and, I need hardly say, to all my neighbours and comrades." February, 1855.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

19. " I read, last summer, the 'WHISTLER AT THE PLOUGH' with much interest. I can have no doubt that Mr. Somerville's works have been productive of much good."—1854.

The Earl of Devon.

20. " Having been a subscriber to some of Mr. Somerville's works, I am well aware of their useful tendency."—1854.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

21. " Your object (in *Working Man's Witness*) in defending Christian faith, is a noble one, and too much needed, I fear."

Late Douglas Jerrold, 1853.

22. " Somerville's dissection of Commercial Panics points to the one effective cure for those blackest of the plagues of nations." [Review of Somerville's " Roger Mowbray, Merchant Prince of England."]

London Examiner, 1848.

23. " Mr. Somerville writes plainly and forcibly, and with a power of interesting his readers. His narrative of the affair in the Scots Greys is told with a painful and a terrible minuteness, which will not be without its good effect."

London Economist, 1848.

24. "The well-known author of this work, who has attracted much public attention, and has acquired a well-merited reputation, has done the public a great service by publishing his Autobiography. It adds one, in the first part, to the many genuine and affecting pictures we now possess, of the difficulties with which the virtuous poor manfully struggle in order to bring up a family decently; and it is full of rich instruction on the manner in which those difficulties that all share, knit the hearts of the young and the old in one common bond of affection and virtuous help. The rich who pretend to pity such people, should study the book, and learn from it how superior in dignity, how far above them elevated in manhood's best virtues, are such cheerful, struggling, virtuous, God-fearing families."

There were also testimonials of military service in Spain bearing evidence of a severe, almost terrible fidelity to duty as a soldier, which the reader may have found in Chapter III; and the following, referring to my return from Spain at the end of 1837, describing the purpose to which I turned my military experience and knowledge of civil war.

The year 1837 was one of American and British commercial panic; of compulsory short time in factories, of trade combinations, and of political conspiracies in England. In the West of Scotland combustibles and explosives were thrown into factories and dashed through windows of private dwellings of the master class. Arson was the result in several instances; assaults to the danger of life in many; and assassination in open day in at least one. Canada was either in rebellion or in that condition of disquiet which some called seditions commotion, and which required little more to be civil war. The British Government beheld the perturbation of Canada with apprehension, and despatched troops to repress the incipient revolt. English revolutionists beheld the distraction of Canada with dismal joy; so did the leaders of the formidable combinations at Glasgow. The following was forwarded to the Quebec representative of the upper-class English in the second week of June, 1859, in proof of what I did for public safety in 1837. It was cut from one of my books, which bears the title of "Internal Enemies of England," but, like all the foregoing testimonials and quotations, save the least useful one, it remained unnoticed.

Alexander Somerville in 1837, year of difficulty in Britain and Canada.

25. In 1837, I had just come from a country devastated by intestine war. I heard the factory-people of Glasgow told by the English delegates

who represented the disaffection of Lancashire, Nottingham, London, and other great hives of deranged industry, of the 'glorious revolution' they might effect with arms, though they knew not the use of any arm nor power of discipline beyond their practice of marching in double files to their cotton-mills and from the mills home. I heard them urged to the trial of physical force, and inflamed into a belief in success by Feargus O'Conner, by the Rev. J. S., by Mr. Beaumont, a gentleman of territorial fortune in Northumberland, by Dr. John Taylor, of Glasgow, and others, all as ignorant of arms as they. I had seen the fertile soil of Spain laid waste by the contending armies of civil war; the corn-fields a desert; vineyards blasted and forsaken; commerce scared from Spanish cities; industry diligent only in destruction; roadways trenched up and barricaded; bridges thrown down; villages unroofed; streets battered to rubbish-heaps; the combatants firing upstairs, down stairs, out of windows, in at windows, the houses afire on their families of wives, mothers, children; the houses blown into the air by shells, and falling in crashes of wreck on living and dead. I had seen churches desecrated; property of non-political as well as of political partizans confiscated; neighbour slain by neighbour, brother by brother; all that was good in Spanish nature burned out by civil war, the diablerie of the Spaniard only remaining. And I had wistfully said or sighed in hours of thoughtfulness, "Oh, happy Mother Country of mine, where men, if not perfect and angelic, have yet a nature and conduct far above the devils! blessed soil of Britain, not forgotten of God and given over to that worst curse, a nation gone mad against itself, but long delivered from this distraction! May Providence cover you with ever-enduring industry and peace! May the God of our fathers be guardian of your freedom, and give your sons and daughters a perpetuity of their reason!"

The weekly number of my *Narrative of the British Legion in Spain* was widely circulated in the great factories, and other aggregations of industry, as well as in lesser workshops. Many of the workpeople had relatives slain or who otherwise perished in our Spanish campaigns, and they looked to me for information as to time and manner of their death. In each mill two or three or more men took charge of the sale of my work. These men with others I met once a week. Believing, as nearly all seemed to do, that a "physical-force rising" would take place in England "if Canada broke out," and if imitated in Scotland, (iron-working Wales was said to be ripe for it,) those men naturally asked my opinion.

I answered by depicting prostrated Spain, where an appeal to arms was so frequently made to settle political differences, each appeal to force resulting (logical sequence of violence and revolution) in military des-

potism. All revolutions had so ended, and must of necessity terminate thus. The war of independence in America, I told them when they quoted it, was not a domestic revolution. It was the separation of a whole people from a government seated four thousand miles away. The suppressed and displaced elements of old government did not remain in the United States, to return to life and power as they do after the revolutions of France, as they did in England in the seventeenth century, and must by necessity of circumstance do in Britain in the nineteenth, if revolution should turn British society bottom upwards for a time. Military despotism as the fruit of revolutions, is not alone a possible or probable result; it is an absolute, an imperative necessity in the logic of events. It becomes a necessity either to keep discomfited royalty, aristocracy, and their adherents down, or, they being resuscitated, military despotism is a necessity to crush and grind into the earth the democracy, which had before trodden on them.

"I depicted the ruin that must overtake them by even attempting their intended insurrection; how their pikes and hand-grenades, their ginger-beer bottles of explosive chemicals, would, with themselves, be scattered as rubbish in the first hour of artillery-fire. I pointed to the time lost for self advancement and mutual improvement; urged that by associated savings they might form companies of associated capitalists, and in time be their own master employers, instead of wasting their substance on perilous demagogues and unprofitable agitation. I implored them to renounce their tinder and match of civil war, and all their schemes of revolution as alike feeble, futile, and wicked."—*Internal Enemies of England*, published 1853, pp. 23, 24.

The Quebec journalist, who is a "barrister and counsellor-at-law," as I learn from a pamphlet reprinted from his paper, out of all these documentary extracts thought fit to notice only that marked No. 7, which refers to the proposition of the Physical-Force section of the Chartists in 1839 to surprise Woolwich arsenal. He quoted that *one* to enable him to sharpen on it this point,—that my political life had been "spent as the associate of English Chartists who earned thirty shillings a week by agitation." I very humbly asked permission of the editor to rejoin in the fewest possible words, that no man had estimated the plans of the Physical-Force Chartists as more impracticable and wicked than I; yet that for British workmen, women, and children to be sabred by dragoons, bayonetted by infantry, blown to pieces by artillery, at the Chartist crises of 1837, 1839, or 1842, would have been more than a punishment to them. The slaughter which certainly awaited them had they begun, would have left in the heart of the nation a living canker of hatred between classes, and among the working-people against

all existing institutions, to eradicate which philosophy and all other argument would be applied in vain. I pointed out what the late Earl of Ellesmere had said in approval of my work "Popular Fallacies about the Army and the Aristocracy," and that he at least, with the magnificent inheritance of the Bridgewater estates, was not an agitator on thirty shillings a week. I pointed out what the late General Napier, who commanded the Midland Districts of England during the Chartist troubles of 1839, had said in approval of "Somerville's Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare." Also that a military officer of rank in Quebec, British and Protestant in his sympathies, had attended my lecture relating to Birmingham and my court martial of 1832, and that at the conclusion he approached me with a friend, also a military gentleman, and asked to shake hands with, as he was pleased to say, "one who had the manly fortitude to reveal a chapter of national history so imperfectly known yet so pregnant with instruction both to rulers and the ruled," or words to that effect.

This letter, after some abbreviating excisions to avoid farther controversy and ensure early publication was inserted; but with the astounding remark attached to it, that the reference to Sir Charles James Napier was a farther revelation of what Lord John Russell and the revolutionary Whigs intended to do with the army in 1832. I had said not a word nor anything that could bear the most slender inference of any complicity between the Whigs and General Napier in 1832.

Is this perverse "barrister and counsellor-at-law" worth so much remonstrance? Yes, and more. He is author of a work bearing this title, intimately related to the future welfare of Canada: "*Thoughts on the Position of the British Inhabitants composing the Minority in Lower Canada, brought about* [What is brought about?] *by the Maladministration of Justice, and the Tyranny of the Majority in that Province; and the Remedy therefor.*" He is also Secretary to the "Quebec Literary and Historical Society." If, on a question of history so grave as whether an eminent statesman and a great general officer were in complicity for unconstitutional objects in 1832, he can regard historical accuracy as so worthless, and Quebec society so blind, that he may assert as fact or probable inference, that which nothing under discussion justified nor suggested; and if, out of twenty-six items of evidence, he, through some incomprehensible eccentricity, could suppress all but one, and that the least useful, admitting that one only to throw it at the head of a stranger whom he deemed too weak and too hopelessly depressed to vindicate himself and the public interests of truth, how much of his political assertions, his literary and historical effusions, may the public admit or doubt?

But this is a book of the good which resides in everybody. Good will be found in this counsellor-at-law. In the course of the developments of political and legal life, he will be a judge, possibly enough chief-justice, dispensing final doom upon the transgressors of two races, two languages, and the several creeds of Canada, from his exalted seat on the rock of Quebec. Sir Charles Wetherall did not reach the higher judicial benches: he was only Recorder of Bristol. But Mr. Copley, who was with him in the defence of Arthur Thistlewood, gentleman, James Watson the elder, surgeon, James Preston, shoemaker, and Thomas Hooper, shoemaker, arraigned at Westminster Hall on a charge of high treason, June 9, 1817, became Lord Chancellor and a very eminent peer. He is now the venerable and venerated Lord Lyndhurst. Our Quebec counsellor-at-law, when amusing a dull hour about the small agitators at thirty shillings a week, about Mr. Richardson's visit to Woolwich Arsenal in 1839, and my "Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare" of that year, which General Napier approved, went on to say that the affair reminded him of an incident reported in some trial of a man who went at the head of a mob and summoned the Tower of London to surrender. The Quebec counsellor-at-law here blundered by chance upon the first event of a series the most profound in modern constitutional history. The man who summoned the Tower to surrender was Thistlewood, afterwards hanged for treason. In my *Working Man's Witness of Evil done by Atheists and Infidels, as Leaders of the People*, this event is described in the series of "Dark Passages in the Popular Agitation of 1816"; one of the least reputable passages being the conduct of Mr. Charles Wetherall and Mr. John Copley, through license of their fees, in bespattering Tory Ministers with false accusations which history can hardly wash away, to the effect that they themselves made the traitors whom they sought to punish.

The high treason of 1816 did not consist in the mere summoning of the Tower by a man at the head of a mob. It was comprised in the previous subversion of certain soldiers of the garrison by actual gifts and further promises to them and to all the army in London. The summons of Thistlewood was the announcement that the insurrection had begun. Subordinate men were hanged for their smaller share in that day's work; the leaders escaped through being arraigned on the charge of high treason, and through the ingenuity and reckless denunciation of the government prosecution by Mr. Wetherall and Mr. Copley. In this, these barristers and counsellors-at-law exceeded even the wide license of counsel: they imputed the deepest baseness to Lord Liverpool's government and its Attorney General; and agitators of that day—popular writers such as Mr. Cobbett—took up those accusations and intensified

public indignation to such a force of vehemence, that *habeas corpus* was suspended; the "Six Acts" of Sidmouth and Castlereagh were passed to gag the press, and to prohibit public meetings. Thistlewood and other associates returned to subvert the army. They were hanged and beheaded. The Manchester Massacre of 1819, not yet forgotten or forgiven, occurred. Mr. Wetherall and Mr. Copley, as if to repair in some degree the damage they had done the government and public safety by the unnecessary course taken at the elder Watson's trial, June 9, 1817, (Thistlewood and the rest at the bar, but not then tried,) became more imbued with Toryism than all other Tories. Mr. Wetherall, better known as Sir Charles Wetherall, when the Reform agitation came to a head at the advent of the Whigs to power in November, 1830, was Recorder of Bristol. His name had become odious to the people. Being accustomed to enter Bristol as Recorder in high judicial parade, and to harangue the grand jury, and incidentally the ordinary jury and auditors, against the Reform agitation, the new Whig government desired him, in October 1831, to refrain from a public entry, as the authorities of Bristol had appealed to the Home Secretary of State to prevent it. On the 20th of that month the King prorogued Parliament, and, being favourable to Reform, was applauded as seldom a Sovereign of Britain had been before (the popularity and charming courtesy which surrounds Queen Victoria always, being a new and subsequent attribute of monarchy). At the King's approach, many of the anti-reform members of the House of Commons and the greater portion of the anti-reform Lords, rushed in disorder through the lobbies, fleeing the King's presence. The report of that discourtesy, to give it a mild name, added to the excitement of the country. Nine days afterwards that most unteachable of obstinate Tories, Sir Charles Wetherall, entered Bristol, in defiance of the government, because it was Whig, in defiance of the King's Secretary of State, and of the popular sentiment. His presence initiated a succession of riots, "Radical mobs and their excesses" with a vengeance. They began on Saturday, continued all Sunday, and were suppressed only on Monday. The Mansion House, Excise Office, Bishop's Palace, and some other buildings, were plundered and set on fire. Toll-gates were destroyed; prisons broken open with sledge hammers, and felons set at liberty among the mad populace. The mob increased in madness as it grew in magnitude, and as the fuel on which its fury fed increased in quantity. That fuel was plunder in shops, liquor in vaults and cellars. One hundred and ten persons were injured less or more in life or limb, sixteen fatally before the riot was suppressed. Of the sixteen found dead, three had fallen by the military. The remainder died of apoplexy by excessive drinking in the Bishop's cellars and in other houses which they plundered.

Complaint was made, and sustained by proof, that the military had been remiss in the first instance. The colonel commanding committed suicide under the imputation of neglected duty. This event, when the crisis came in May of the following year, through a successful anti-reform motion of Lord Lyndhurst (formerly Mr. Copley and co-worker with Sir Charles Wetherall, as we have just seen), led to vigilant precautions among military commanders everywhere, and especially at Birmingham, to have swords sharp, and men sure. Lord Lyndhurst, by his hostile motion in the house of Lords on May 7th, 1832, brought on the crisis. That treason which he had ridiculed to the great damage of all executive government in 1817, and of which he had repented in his intensified Toryism, namely political and pecuniary tampering with the soldiery,—that treason which occurred within and around the Tower of London when Thistlewood was alive in 1816–1819, and upon which the Quebec Tory journalist blunders by chance in 1859, as something which was once a jest at some trial that he had at sometime read of somewhere,—that sternest fact and darkest incident in the approach of revolution and intestine war recurred at Birmingham in 1832, under circumstances of national commotion vastly more dangerous. It was I, the man who writes these words, that then arrested its progress and its peril. It was I, who, in a moment of prescient impulse, opposed by vehement argument the soldiers who took the pay of the Birmingham Political Union; it was I who did that on one hand, and on the other sent letters to the King and to the commander of the forces in London, warning them that the garrison of Birmingham could not be relied on. The King's letter to the Anti-Reform Lords, and their cessation of hostility to the national will, was the direct result; and the new Magna Charta became law without bloodshed,—the blood from my devoted back excepted.

I have been told by a gentleman who knows Lord Lyndhurst intimately that he looks back with sorrow on the extreme course he pursued in urging on that crisis of peril in 1832. Be that as it may, his lordship, during most of the intervening years, has been a practical conservative of distinction, if the definition of conservatism be the right one which I have already given in this book: That it be prescient of the future as well as vigilant over the present; above all, that it derive for itself lessons of education out of the facts of the past. The best illustration of this, in Canada, is the practical reproof which the future chief-justice receives from the present Governor-General. That distinguished conservative does not attempt to govern by penal laws, by proscription of race and creed, and by a two-edged sword.

CHAPTER V.

General—continued. First of the series of dark passages in popular agitation, leading to that in which the author saved the country. The Spa-Fields leaders of the people in 1816. Thistlewood, the Watsons, Preston, Hooper, Henry Hunt, Richard Carlile, Harmer of the Weekly Dispatch. Plans to revolutionise London. Plunder of gunsmiths' shops. The Tower of London summoned. The trials for treason. The six Black Acts.

This chapter presents one of the dark passages in English domestic history which led many persons less or more guilty to the scaffold between 1816 and 1820; which led to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, to much governmental odium not yet washed away, and to legal defilement flung in the face of the Tory Government by barristers of their own party. It is the chapter of English political history which first brought Mr. James Harmer and the *Weekly Dispatch* prominently before the world, and in which the event of summoning the Tower of London occurred. It is reproduced from Somerville's "Working Man's Witness against the London Literary Infidels," published 1857.

The Spa-Fields Leaders of the People in 1816.

Let us look into the dark passages of political commotion among the working multitudes of the British islands, matchless in a world of workers for their industrial genius and for loyalty to hard toil. Let us observe them in years of bad harvests and scanty food, and in seasons of commercial panic, depressed wages, and closed workshops. We may in this inquiry perceive why the working producers, so intimately related to national wealth, paralysed by frequent derangements of commerce, continue to be devoid of influence over its laws and politics. We shall also discover proof of this direst of human calamities, (may a knowledge of its past and present magnitude redress it in the future,) that while infidel and atheistical usurpers of popular leadership have rendered all movements for a comprehensive political enfranchisement impossible, by alienating Christianity from popular claims, they have succeeded in disfranchising an appalling proportion of the people in their highest privileges,—their hope and trust in eternal salvation.

The summer of 1816 was wet, the harvest late, grain damaged, prices high, wages depressed, trade prostrated. There was also the revulsion

from five-and-twenty years of war to new conditions of peace. In that quarter of a century the application of machinery to the displacement of manual labour had been largely extended. Many thousands of soldiers, sailors, artizans, and labourers, lately employed by the exigencies of war, were then discharged. Agriculturists were in grief about the harvest, manufacturers about their unsold goods and extinguished profits, the people about their scanty food and low wages, and magisterial power beheld the frequent disturbance of the peace with alarm. From Cornwall to Inverness there was commotion. The least distressed of the people petitioned for parliamentary reform; the unemployed and starving demonstrated their sufferings in riot and in the plunder of shops containing food.

In London the "Spenceans" passed resolutions against private property in land, against large farms, and against machinery. Mr. Watson, senior, surgeon by profession, become a disciple of the literary infidels of the time, and carried his son, aged twenty, with him to the tavern parlours, where such topics as "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason" were discussed. Young Watson, who was impulsive, talkative, and impatient of the surgery and drug-shop in Hyde Street, looked forward to higher fortune,—that of a general of revolution.

Mr. John Castle having attended some of the Spencean debates at the "Cock" in Grafton Street, and indicated himself to be a "sound infidel" by giving as a toast, "May the last of kings be strangled in the ——— of the last of priests," he was accepted by Watson, senior, and Preston, as an acquisition, and introduced first to the Spenceans assembling at the "Mulberry Tree," Moorfields, and soon after to their secret committee, in house No. 9 Greystoke Place.

In "popular" history, it has been usual to refer to Castle as merely a spy, instigator, and betrayer of those with whom he associated at Greystoke Place; the hired and trained servant of the Tory Government, as was asserted and insisted on by Mr. Wetherall and Mr. Copley (Sir Charles Wetherall and Lord Lyndhurst). He was doubtless as bad a villain as ever turned up in political turmoil, but he was not the originator of the plans and plot of revolution. The Watsons, with John Harrison, a discharged artilleryman, Thistlewood, and Preston, had devised their plans before they knew Castle. They admitted him to assist in the execution of their project,—not to aid in its device.

Watson, senior, having ascertained that Castle was a "sound infidel," and therefore trustworthy, proceeded to confide to him the plans of revolution. On the 26th of October he submitted the plans of a machine for disabling cavalry; it had projecting scythes at the side, and was to be pushed against them on wheels. He also showed a plan

of the Tower of London, describing how it might be taken; also a plan of the approaches to the different metropolitan barracks, the first intended for attack being that near Regent's Park, then occupied by artillery. The guns were to be captured and brought into Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and St. James's Park, under command of John Harrison, general of batteries and heavy guns. Thistlewood was to be commander-in-chief; the elder Watson second, Harrison third, Castle fourth, young Watson fifth, and Preston the sixth and last general, "because he was lame in one leg." A committee of public safety was also sketched out, being the ministry intended to succeed the government then existing.

Printed papers were distributed among soldiers, offering them a hundred guineas down, or double pay for life, if they took side with the insurgents. The money was to be obtained from the "Old Lady" (Bank of England), as soon as the "Old Man" (the Tower) was in their possession. A corps of gaily-dressed females was to be raised to appear before the soldiers, with the double purpose of fascinating by their blandishments, and preventing them, with the appeal of "You would not kill women," from shooting the insurgent males formed behind the female line. This part of the scheme was more especially intended for the cavalry and infantry stationed at Knightsbridge, whose quarters could not be invaded by the chemical stench and destroying fire applicable to Portman Street and King Street barracks. Barricades were to be erected at west end of Oxford Street and Piccadilly, with two pieces of artillery behind each, to obstruct the advance of troops from Hyde Park and Knightsbridge. All streets on the north side of Oxford Street and Holborn, as far as Farringdon Street, were to be barricaded by such materials as hackney and other coaches arrested in the hour of insurrection, iron railings, and paving stones. The horses taken from gentlemen's carriages leaving the theatres and the late haunts of fashion, were to be mounted by the insurgent civilian cavalry. Harrison and Castle were commissioned to get 500 pike-heads forged. They found a blacksmith named Bentley, working in a cellar in Hart Street, who undertook to make them, in the belief that they were spikes for a railling to be placed around a rabbit-warren. Thistlewood gave Castle money to pay Bentley for 250, of which 198 were afterwards found in the house 30 Hyde Street, where Watson, junior, had his surgery.

In pursuing the narrative of disclosure as made by John Castle, the co-conspirator and co-atheist of Thistlewood and the Watsons, let me repeat to the young reader that this revolutionary conspiracy caused the Act of *Habeas Corpus* to be suspended; the liberty of speech, of printing, and of public meetings, to be seriously restricted. It made the very name of Reform odious, and a term of suspicion to the wealthier

classes of society, without whose concurrence and aid no parliamentary reform could be accomplished. The conspirators sat in council on a chest, a form for a table, at No. 9 Greystoke Place, Fetter Lane, London, from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., on the 3d of November, 1816, (Sunday). They were, Arthur Thistlewood, gentleman, in tightly fitting pantaloons, Hessian boots, blue dress coat, and white cravat; Thomas Preston, shoemaker, in his leather apron, poor and lame; the Watsons, father and son, well-dressed surgeons, but poor in pocket, vehement and eloquent in speech; John Harrison, labourer, a discharged artilleryman, with a grievance; and John Castle, a jobbing smith. Being asked what they said relating to the barracks, Castle replied:—

We, Watson, senior, and I, said we had been to look at the avenues, and thoroughly investigate both the Portman Street and King Street barracks. Thistlewood and young Watson told me they had been to the barracks before.

What passed as to the object of your inspecting the avenues? It was done to get a regular calculation made as to the quantity of combustibles that would be needed to set fire to the barracks. We appointed a general meeting of the committee for Sunday, to arrange the whole plan; and we met accordingly, all six.

Detail what passed. First, a large box was brought down stairs to sit on. We had no chairs. We had something like a public-house stool for a table. Before we began to converse, all the house was searched to see that there was nobody in it who might overhear us. Thistlewood produced a map of London; and the best roads for collecting the men and attacking the barracks were marked out, and every man was appointed to his station.

What were you to do? I was to set fire to the King Street barracks; I was to stop there, either to take prisoners or to kill all that might attempt to escape. We were to be armed with pikes and different weapons such as we could get. The elder Watson was to set fire to the Portman Street barracks; the materials were to be pitch, tar, rosin, turpentine, and spirits of wine. We were to make the different attacks together at a given hour,—one o'clock in the morning. Saturday night was thought a good time, as many people would be in the streets, and many drunk. We were to stop all persons we met, and make them join us; to stop all gentlemen's carriages, and carts, and take out the horses; to mount the horses and form a cavalry with them. After I had set fire to the King Street barracks, and had seen the whole in flames, I was to meet the elder Watson at the top of Oxford Street, and Harrison was to join us with the artillery from the Prince Regent's Park. As soon as he had joined, a volley was to be fired, to let the others know we had got possession of the artillery

What was to be done with the artillery? Two pieces were to be taken into the Park to fire on the cavalry if any of them should attempt to come across. They were to be protected by a party of pikemen left there for that purpose. All the avenues on the way from Portman Street were to be barricaded, to prevent the assembling of any cavalry that might be out of quarters. From Oxford Street we were to go down Park Lane and barricade the different entrances to the Park. The turnpike gate at Hyde Park corner was to be barricaded and chained. A party was to be left there to fire upon the soldiers if any advanced that way. We were then to proceed to Charing Cross and barricade Westminster Bridge. When Thistlewood and young Watson had taken the two pieces of artillery in Gray's Inn Lane, (Bunhill Row,) they were, in coming along, to attack all oil-shops, gunsmiths' shops, and all other shops where they could find either combustibles or arms. They were to blockade all the passages from Gray's Inn Lane to Great St. Giles's. There Thistlewood was to make his grand stand, with the two guns pointed in different directions. Young Watson was to leave him at St. Giles's, and proceed up Oxford Street, barricading the avenues on the right, and then they would have been barricaded on both sides.

Where were the combustibles to be deposited? Young Watson and I were directed to look out next morning for a house fit to lodge the combustibles in, between King Street and Portman Street barracks, so that there might be a ready communication to each. We were to take the house for an oil and colour shop, in order that there might be no suspicion in putting in the combustibles. Thistlewood said, "Never mind the price of the house; take one at any price, as we never intend to pay for it."

Was anything said about who else were to be appointed besides the six generals you have named? Yes, it was agreed that we should appoint a committee of public safety. Thistlewood proposed that this should be done, in order that there might be a government ready to act after we got the better of the soldiers, or they joined us. The greater part of the names were proposed by the elder Watson and Thistlewood. Thistlewood desired the elder Watson to calculate how much it would come to, provided the soldiers should choose to accept of the hundred guineas each rather than the double pay. He did so, and said it would come to about two millions; but that he said would be nothing, as the national debt would be then wiped off.

In answer to questions from the bench, on a subsequent day, relating to this part of the plot, Castle said: The money was to be paid when we got possession of the Bank; that was settled at a consultation between Harrison, the two Watsons, Thistlewood, and myself. *The whole notes in circulation were to be destroyed, and all payments were to be paid in*

cash. It was agreed upon that we could find plenty of plate in the noblemen's houses, and we were to coin money, with the impression of a cap of liberty. The generals were to give an order for the value on Thistlewood. If the order was not accepted, the things were to be taken by force. Somerset House was to be our head-quarters. . . . . .

Leaving the pikes, the conspirators, and plans of revolution, let us endeavour to catch a glimpse of Henry Hunt, who is to be chief orator at the Spa-Fields meeting. To reach him we should first find Richard Carlile, who has not yet become the celebrated atheist. He is a journeyman tinsmith, working in Union Court, Holborn Hill. Here he is, in the shop of Messrs Mathews and Masterman. In person, Carlile is shorter than the height called middle stature; he is broad in body, rotund in head, robust in health, florid in complexion, his speech the dialect of Devonshire; the purport of his talk, the hard times, and injustice inflicted on working men by kings of nations and masters of workshops. While hammering and soldering his tins, he composes a complimentary acrostic on the name of Henry Hunt, and sends it to William Cobbett for insertion in the *Political Register.* Mr. Cobbett resents the indiscretion of a working man preferring to praise Hunt as a patriot instead of himself, by exposing the bad grammar of the effusion. The tinman writes again, this time a letter, not in praise of any one, but of bitterness against all ruling powers, from the Prince Regent and Earl of Liverpool, down to the foreman of the tinsmiths in Union Court. This he carries to the *Independent Whig*, a popular journal of the time, whose editor rejects it with the remark, "a half-employed mechanic is too violent." He pens another letter, and carries it to Covent Garden, with the purpose of presenting it to Mr. Hunt in person, at the Bedford Hotel. Henry Hunt, gentleman patriot to the working classes, arrayed in blue dress-coat, white waistcoat, and elegant top-boots, proud of his small feet and handsome figure, fluent in speech, narrow in intellect, needy in pocket, cunning in expedient, the engaged lion of the forthcoming Spa-Fields meeting, is within the hotel, sipping his wine after a gentlemanly dinner. In a humour of haughty pride he sits, talking of "the starving people of England," and holding that people in greater contempt than perhaps any other man within low-water mark of the British Islands. The operative tinsmith outside, now aged twenty-seven all but a few days, who within the next three years will publicly and repeatedly blaspheme Almighty God, will publish and sell the blasphemy, and defy the Attorney-General of England and the judges of the King's Bench to their face, stops now and doubts if he may take courage and enter this presence. For two hours he walks in Covent Garden Market, as he subsequently relates, doubting if he may presume to intrude on this idol of the working classes, the proud,

tribune Henry Hunt. When he has hesitated two hours, he enters, and is affronted for his presumption.

In this sketch I have followed Mr. Carlile's own description, given me about 1833–34. At that time also I learned from other sources than Castle's own evidence, that he had spoken truth at Watson's trial in 1817, about the conspiracy to subvert the army.

If you would discover the region of Spa-Fields, go northerly through Clerkenwell, locality of shoemakers, watchmakers, working jewellers, and fancy cabinetmakers. On the western slopes between Sadler's Wells, Reservoir above, and Bagnigge Wells Road below, you find an intricacy of squares, crooked streets, and lanes, now densely peopled, and occupying the ground which was Spa-Fields, olden locality of archery butts, milk cows, buttercups and daisies, dances on the green, working men's assemblies, and a famed rural tavern called "Merlin's Cave." A thin corner public house, pinched for want of space, between two narrow streets, is the "Merlins Cave" of this day.

On a chilly Thursday, 15th of November, 1816, many thousands of working and out-of-work men assembled in front of the "Old Merlin." That meeting being a success in respect of numbers, another, to be held on the 2d of December, was then designed, to give birth to the insurrection. Harrison ceased to attend the secret committee. Hooper, a shoemaker, and Kearns, a tailor, took his place. The latter made greatcoats to each of the conspirators, to hide their weapons. Friday, 29th November, the guns and sabres of Exeter 'Change, and large knives in the shops of the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, were estimated. Pistols and ammunition were purchased. On Sunday, 1st December, the elder Watson said his son James had brought great news: he had discovered that he could himself bring *fifteen thousand* men to join them, and that he knew where there were *fifty thousand* stand of arms belonging to the East India Company. Thistlewood remarked that they must alter their plans; and it was settled that Preston should collect as many thousands as possible in the morning, by going round to the public houses, giving intructions to their confidential friends, and appointing them captains. Young Watson said, "All the old soldiers who are with us will want commissions: what are we to do with them?" Thistlewood replied, "They must fight hard till they get the best of it." Castle was directed to go to London Bridge to meet the smiths, as being best known to that class of workmen; and then to proceed to Tower Hill, where he was to meet young Watson and his party, then to attack the Tower. The pistols were then loaded, and the cockades prepared. A piece of white calico was patched upon their ensign, and this inscription written for it by Watson the elder, "The brave soldiers are our friends: treat them kindly."

The public meeting was advertised for one o'clock on 2d December; but to avoid the presence of Hunt, the conspirators resolved to begin at twelve. Old Watson addressed the assembly in language not to be mistaken; such as, "This day we are called upon to take other measures than to sign petitions, and England expects every man will do his duty."

Young Watson, it must be conceded, though a fool was not a knave and a coward, who, like certain leaders of the Physical-Force Chartists—London and provincial—in 1848, exasperated the ingnorantly disaffected mobs to violence, while they skulked out of danger themselves. He had resolved to challenge the hazards of insurrection in his own person. Succeeding his father in the waggon, he inflamed the people by talking of Wat Tyler, what Lord Mayor Walworth did to Tyler, and what Lord Mayor Wood should not do to him, Wat Tyler the younger. He came to a climax thus:—

"If our old idiot Sovereign Lord the King, and his ministers, will not give us what we want, what then? shall we not take it? (cries of Yes.) Are you willing to take it? (We are.) Will you go and take it? (Yes.) If I jump down among you, will you follow me?" (Cries of we will, and vehement cheering.)

Thereupon he leaped from the waggon, his father, Thistlewood, and Hooper following; lame Thomas Preston getting down by another man's assistance. Castle, as previously arranged, was in the vicinity of the Tower. "Seizing a tri-colour flag, (evidence of Dowling, reporter for *Observer* newspaper,) young Watson went out of the field at the head of the mob." After some collisions with constables, the current of the mob rolled through Clerkenwell to Smithfield. From thence one portion of it followed Thistlewood and the elder Watson, by Little Britain, direct for the Tower; the other portion following young Watson through Cow Cross to plunder Beckwith's gun-shop in Skinner Street, Snow Hill. Arrived there, Hooper halted the mob two doors from Beckwith's house, and, pointing to it, said, "That is it: now, boys, do your duty." Inside were Edward Hone, shopman, John Roberts, apprentice, and Richard Platt, a young man there on business. With a pistol in his hand, young Watson entered, and, stamping twice with his feet, exclaimed, "Arms! we want arms." Platt laid hold of him with both hands, and demanded to know who he was.

"He looked first at Mr. Beckwith's shopman, (Platt's evidence,) and then at me. He cocked his pistol and raised it, and was in the act of directing it against my breast, as I supposed. I remarked, from the turn of his hand, the direction it was to take; I therefore struck out my left hand, wishing to catch the muzzle. Upon my doing so, he drew back the pistol from me; then bringing it down to his side, shot me in the belly,

the ball entering about four inches from the navel. He ran towards me again, and I, supposing the pistol might be double-barrelled, closed with him, and endeavoured to catch the pistol a second time. I pressed him up in a corner against the bench, and he endeavoured to strike me with the butt-end of the pistol. I said to him, 'You have shot me. Why do you shoot me? I am one of you.' I then exclaimed, 'Send for a surgeon.' The young man said, 'I am a surgeon myself.'" . . . .

In Cornhill, Lord Mayor Wood, Alderman Shaw, and a young man named White, seized Hooper, and locked him and themselves within the area of the Royal Exchange. They sent to Gray's Inn Lane for a troop of hussars stationed there. The mob continued to plunder all the gunsmiths' shops in the way down the Minories, the incidents of attack not greatly dissmilar from those in Skinner Street. Thistlewood advanced to the railings on Tower Hill, and summoned a sentinel, at too great a distance to hear what he said, to surrender; but Thomas Edmunds, private in the Coldstream Guards, being on the ramparts, heard him say, "Soldiers, open the gates; we will give you each two hundred guineas." Being called to parade, he heard no more. Thomas Darlington, a private, heard these words, and in addition, "double pay for life. We do not take the soldiers for enemies, but friends. You have been fighting for the rights of your country and you have no rights yourselves." John Haywood, a stock-jobber, saw Thistlewood at the railings. He wore a great-coat and top-boots. He flourished his sword, and said to the soldiers on the ramparts that he would make the privates captains, and double their pay, in case they would come out and join the mob.

An alarm of dragoons charging down the Minories, and the helter-skelter rush of the mob, caused Thistlewood to vanish. At half-past six in the evening, he, with the two Watsons, Preston, and Castle, were in Watson's room, 1 Dean Street, Fetter Lane. Thistlewood said they were going into the country. He was now satisfied that the people were not ripe enough to act. At eleven o'clock that night, Charles Meyell, one of the horse-patroles, was on the road near Highgate, four miles from London; he saw three men approaching, and, having heard of a robbery committed by footpads in Essex, said to them, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, where are you travelling to?" On which one replied "To Northampton." The patrole remarked that it was a late hour to start for Northampton. He who had spoken held up a bundle to show that they were travellers; in doing which, he exposed the butt-end of a pistol which he carried in the breast of his coat. The patrole seized it, and also the man, who proved to be the elder Watson, and called to some watchmen for assistance. Thistlewood and young Watson, the two companions, presented and snapped their pistols at Meyell, but both missed fire. They

ran away, the patrole after them, leaving Watson in charge of two men. Hearing a scuffle, he returned and found all on the ground, one of the men trying to wrench from Watson the blade of a sword with which he had attacked them.

On Monday, June 9, 1817, the elder Watson (his son not captured) was arrainged, with Thistlewood, Preston, and Hooper, on a charge of high treason. Watson's trial was taken first. He was vigorously defended by Mr. Wetherall and Sergeant Copley, as has already been stated. At the close of a trial which lasted eight days, Watson was acquitted, and the rest discharged from custody. The verdict acquitting Watson, and the discharge of the other prisoners, is reported to have been rapturously applauded by the multitude assembled in Palace Yard. The liberated men were conveyed to the house of a notorious enemy of the Bible and Christianity, in Wych Street, and there joined by Harmer, attorney for the defence,—who on that success founded the *Weekly Dispatch*,—Wooller, Sherwin, and other persons of similar sentiments.

Thistlewood addressed the crowd from the window, saying, "My feelings have been much overpowered by being so suddenly set at liberty after the anxiety I have experienced. I have tried to do my duty. My life shall be devoted to your cause." (Vehement cheers.)

That life was soon after hazarded, and lost upon the scaffold, with the lives of several more, involved in the "Cato Street conspiracy."

The last thing heard of James Watson the younger, was, that he had "retired on a competency" derived from the sale of atheistical and immoral books.

Yes! there is money to be made at everything, but in serving the cause of truth and honor and the public well-being with unswerving fidelity. I have devoted my life to that cause; and the result is that I am an exile, with my six children, on the Rock of Quebec, father and children without a native land.

Such is an abbreviated narrative of the attempt to seduce the garrison of the Tower of London in 1816, which the counsellor-at-law of Quebec referred to as having heard of as a jest in some trial somewhere. These are the facts as they came out at the trial; but in after years I learned that the progress made with the soldiers was more advanced and more dangerous than was then disclosed.

CHAPTER VI.

General—continued. Certificates from Manchester testifying to fidelity to hard work in Literature. Of exertion and pecuniary sacrifices in diffusing a Humanized System of Political Economy. Functions of Political Economy. Somerville's National Wealth Tracts. Political Economy leaves Protective Tariffs to be determined by Local Wants and Legislative Wisdom.

Still I must prolong this introduction, in a land where I am a stranger, that others may bear testimony to the quality of labour which I have voluntarily performed in the service of public safety; and to the character which I earned in years of intense application, before my health gave way. This relates to industry, and fidelity to employers.

Literary Certificate, No. 1.

"Examiner Office, 22 Market St.,
Manchester, 18th February, 1849.

"My Dear Sir,—I lose not a moment in replying to your letter just received. I can honestly say, and Mr. Ballantyne (chief editor) cordially joins with me, that you never disappointed us in any work you undertook to perform for our paper. I was rather surprised that you was able to furnish us with the 'Letters from Ireland' [during the famine of 1846–47] in the undeviating, regular way in which we received them, considering your distance from home, and the out-of-the-way districts into which you penetrated, and all the chance of remote posts; not a letter but came to our office with unfailing punctuality. And this is true with regard to all the work done for us. Your conduct was always strictly honourable, punctual, manly, and straightforward, and we feel at all times pleased to see you and converse with you. We often admired the power of application and fertility of ideas which the large amount of work you were in the habit of doing proved you to be master of. It gives us the utmost pleasure to bear this testimony to the industry and abilities of one whose writings will, we are sure, survive when much that is contemporaneous with them will have been swept into oblivion.

(Signed,) Alexander Ireland."

Literary Certificate, No. 2.

Circular of Alexander Ireland, Esq., co-proprietor and manager of the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, 1850.

Extract.

"I need not occupy your time in recounting the services which Mr. Somerville, in his various writings, has rendered to the public on questions of financial science, commercial reform, and in disseminating sound views on other social questions; nor in reminding you of the great personal exertions and sacrifices he has made in combatting the doctrines of the Physical-Force Chartists, and in exposing the delusive Land Scheme of Fergus O'Connor. Suffice it to say, that a good deal of the embarrassment under which he now labours has had its origin in his effort to spread in this district sound politico-economic views by means of National Wealth Tracts and other publications, through which he has lost much valuable time, which to him, as a literary man, is capital, besides contracting an amount of obligations which threatens to overwhelm him.

"For your satisfaction, I may state, that during the last three years I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Somerville, and can vouch for his untiring industry, perfect sobriety, and general frugal habits of life." This being signed by "Alexander Ireland," was endorsed by the following:

"We are acquainted with the circumstances detailed above, and believe the statement to be a correct one." Signed, John Bright, M.P.; George Wilson (chairman of the late Anti-Corn-Law League), Robert Hyde Greg (manufacturer, formerly M.P. for Manchester), William Rawson (now deceased, treasurer of the late Anti-Corn-Law League), Salis Schwabe (Manchester, German merchant, now deceased), Henry Ashworth and Edward Ashworth (manufacturers of Turton, near Bolton). A sum of about £60 was obtained by Mr. Ireland through that circular, and paid by him to one of my printers, a Quaker, who also retained the entire impression of the work which he had printed.

Some influential manufacturers objected to my system of Economic Science. They asked, "What has Political Economy to do with human happiness? Why subscribe money to assist our enemy? Mr. Somerville tells our workers that the human being is the primary element in national wealth; that 'the ministrations which exalt man's spiritual nature and purify his life are elements in the sum of public wealth.' This is a system of public nonsense. We should extinguish it while yet in the bud, rather than give Somerville funds to extend it." And they acted accordingly. The tracts were commenced thus in 1848:

To Believers in Political Economy. — SOMERVILLE'S NATIONAL WEALTH TRACTS are an effort, by *One who has Whistled at the Plough*, to render Political Economy intelligible and agreeable to those classes of society who know least of it,—those who produce much and consume little, and those who consume much and produce little. Though success will depend on the manner in which this desirable task is executed, it will at first, to a considerable extent, (almost entirely, at first,) depend on the personal interest which believers in Political Economy who do not themselves require teaching, may feel in it, to induce them to purchase these tracts for the use of their doubting neighbours, and especially for their own children and young people.

To the General Reader.—These tracts will carry the reader through the green lanes into the meadows, the corn-fields, and the farm yards; over the stiles, across the brooks, up the villages, through the church-yards; among the cottage houses, the wooded parks; around the mansions; upon the railways and highways; into the towns, the factories, workshops, sale-shops, warehouses, banks, docks, ships; upon the rivers and the sea-tides; on shore again, into the mines; again among the ringing hammers, the clamouring looms, the heaving pistons, the world of wheels; and to the working man's town habitation, thence out to the green meadows to moralize on capital and labour. Each tract will be complete in itself.

LITERARY CERTIFICATE, NO. 3.

[Letter from Major-General Perronet Thompson, M.P. for Bradford.]

"BLACKHEATH, May 22, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—The plan of your Tracts is, of all possible ones, the best calculated for good. It gives you the opportunity of writing continually on subjects of present interest, and of supporting what may be proved to be novel and right, and correcting what may be wrong. You will thus find yourself occupying the place of a learner, as well as your readers. The 'Letters from Ireland' have placed you in a very high rank among political and economical writers; and your acquaintance with the thoughts and feelings of the industrious classes gives assurance that your powers will be employed for their advantage.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

T. PERRONET THOMPSON.

To Mr. Somerville, author of the National Wealth Tracts."

LITERARY CERTIFICATE, NO. 4.

[From John Bright, Esq., M.P. for Manchester.]

"LONDON, May 29, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to learn that you are intending to bring out a Series of Tracts, by which you hope to make the principles of Political Economy familiar to the bulk of our population. I believe the upholding of those principles is of vital importance to all classes in this country; and that, if there be any one class which has a stronger interest in their observance than another, it is that most numerous portion of the people whose existence depends upon the reward, or wages, received for their daily labour.

"If you succeed in convincing them that non-interference by law with labour and with prices, whether of labour or of other commodities, is the true policy both of government and of people; and that the honest way to comfort and competence, *and the only way which is open to the millions for whose instruction you write*, is by industry, frugality, and freedom, you will have rendered a service of the greatest magnitude to your countrymen.

"I hope your Tracts will have that wide circulation which I feel great confidence they will deserve,—and am, very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

To Mr. Alexander Somerville."

In the foregoing, Mr. Bright said: "If you succeed in convincing them (the workers) that non-interference by law with *labour* and with prices, whether of *labour* or of other commodities, &c." In these words he confounded two very different things as one. He meant by *labour* the *person*,—the personal health, life, and limb of the factory worker, as well as the skill which brought forth the products of the spindle and loom at which the worker was employed. I separated the *person* of the worker from *work* and *skill*.

This was the commencement of what may be called my economic heresy at Manchester. In the rise and progressive supremacy of the mill system in Lancashire and the West of Scotland, the sacrifice of human life has been too great in the face of a world of witnesses for the human being to be reckoned as a part of national wealth by mill-master politicians. Too many thousands, and tens of thousands, of displaced hand-loom weavers have pined to death; too many hundreds of thousands of short-lived mothers, in the seventy years of unrestricted hours of labour, have staggered dizzy-headed among whirling machinery, the milk running from their breasts as they tenderly touched and cared for

the remorseless iron shanks and cranks, their unsuckled babes, the while, left in cheerless homes, stupified by drug-cordials and dropping into merciful graves,—graves always open, deep, wide, ready to receive the many thousands of factory infant lives per annum, over the amount of baby deaths due to ordinary mortality. Too many millions of the offspring of factory working mothers—fathers grown too big to be admitted to work—have been stupefied in brain and cramped in limb in their child-life to survive to adult age; or, if surviving to be fathers and mothers of a generation still lower in the descent of decrepitude, have died of old age at thirty-five, of extreme senility at forty. Too vast in magnitude was this factory sacrifice of human life in the ninety years of cotton mills, for the Manchester political "liberals," as they call themselves, (economists I dare not call them,) to admit the human being to be an element in public wealth. But Political Economy, elevated to a Conservative Science, is severely logical. It rebukes the Manchester "liberals," who, in the presence of graveyards gorged with the factory dead, have remorselessly contended against legislation for protection of life and limb in factories and mines. Political Economy, severely logical, rebukes them, and recognises both the human being and the elements of human happiness as constituents and objects of public wealth.

Political economy vitalized to a Conservative Science, teaches that Public Wealth comprises personal numbers, health, food, clothing, housing, furniture, industrial education, books, and all accessories to intellectual vigour and enjoyment; the ministrations which purify and exalt moral and spiritual life; the instruments and agencies of production, as tools, machinery, locomotion, exchanges, money, and credit. The latter so intimately related to the ministrations which purify and exalt moral nature, that even the trade-mark on a bale of goods, the value of a bill of exchange, or of a bank-note, and the credit of a whole nation may be affected through conformity or neglect of those purifying ministrations. Security from enemies is another element in Public wealth, and security includes freedom to produce, to possess, to buy, to sell; freedom from the foreign invader, from the domestic monopolist.

A nation's domestic production may be affected to temporary derangement, even to extinction, by the importation of commodities from foreign sources. Political Economy does not, under all or any circumstances, teach the admission of foreign goods to the subversion of domestic production; nor does it forbid it. It consigns to the wisdom of government and legislation, the task of judging whether the foreign import will be a benefit or a disadvantage. If an article in common use be imported, society may derive a benefit through that article becoming more abundantly supplied; but if a portion of the population be consigned to

penury, and to such deterioration or extinction as not to be available for national defence or other supreme exigency, Political Economy reminds the legislator that the human being is the primary element in national wealth. But the smuggler modifies all fiscal wisdom. Protection to domestic manufacture ends soon after the profits of the smuggler begin.

Political Economy is that conservative science which teaches how to take lessons from matters of fact; such as the depopulation of the Highlands of Scotland, the partial depopulation of Ireland, and the deterioration of the cotton-working population of Britain below the physical standard of healthful life, the standard at which men can bear arms for public defence. It takes cognizance of the startling fact, that the antagonism between the masses of the working population and the owners of accumulated capital in Britain has been so pestilent, that the workers could not, in some of their years of suffering, have been safely trusted with arms, nor trained to their use for public defence. But Political Economy at once offers redress by teaching, not alone how wealth may be produced and accumulated, but how diffused in abundance to all who produce and earn it. It will be my duty and delight in some chapter near the close of this volume to show how wealth is to be diffused without offence to equity, and how harmony is to be established and sustained between capital and labour; therefore by what process the working multitudes of such a country as Britain may be safely entrusted with arms and beneficially trained for national defence.

CHAPTER VII.

Quarterly Review of July, 1859. Account of Edinburgh riots of 1831, by Miss Fraser Tytler. Author's account of the same in a former work. His position as a working man in 1831. An incident of the previous year in a stone quarry. His vindication of the rights of labourers against the tyranny of stone masons. He meets his fellow stone-hewer of 1830 on the ruins of Coldingham Priory, 1857.

In a previous chapter, the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1859, was alluded to as having suggested an immediate disposal of the Quebec charges of sympathy or complicity with "Radical mobs and their excesses." The article "Invasion of England" had led my hungry spirit to the old Quarterly.

Being there, its fragments from a biography of Patrick Fraser Tytler, Scottish historian, presented a subject to which this book is related. Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, sister of the historian, has described the political riots of April 4, 1831, which occurred at Edinburgh. I depicted the same twelve years ago in the *Autobiography of a Working Man*, as the first popular tumults which I had witnessed, and which, occurring shortly before I entered the Scots Greys as a recruit, had given a tone to my thoughts by which I have been ever since governed.

The account written by Miss Fraser Tytler may be read with mine. The two opening sentences of the Quarterly Reviewer, and some remarks of the Lady-writer, point to the political riots of that time as to indexes of convulsion which were not far removed from revolution,—a fact that I also assert of the whole Reform era, 1831 and 1832. I assert, however, that in May, 1832, Revolution with all its appalling sequences had arrived, and that I, under God, alone averted its horrid presence.

Of the historian, the Reviewer says:—

"He returned to Edinburgh to find troublous times. Here is a little bit of *history* as important in its way to us, and as pregnant with consequences, if we could see them all, as events of higher dignity and antiquity. The painter is Miss Ann Fraser Tytler:—

'In December, 1830, there was a change of Ministry, Brougham being made Lord Chancellor, and Lord Grey, Premier. All the Whigs came in. My brother lost his office, and in consequence was obliged to let his house. It was fortunate he was beginning to gain by his works. He had then just completed in ten weeks his first volume of the Scottish

Worthies. He was also going on with his History of Scotland, which was so highly thought of, that he had at that time applications from various quarters to undertake new works. But those were gloomy times; and the disorderly state of the lower ranks was becoming quite alarming. On the 4th April, 1831, shameful riots took place in Edinburgh, and my brother was in much alarm for the safety of his wife, who had been confined only a few days before.

'The second reading of the Bill for Parliamentary Reform having been carried by a majority of only one in the House of Commons, the friends of this measure instigated the people to illuminate. The magistrates at first refused, but afterwards weakly yielded to the solicitations of the mob; and the consequence was that the Tories had scarcely a pane of glass left in their windows. Ours were completely smashed. The yelling was tremendous, and the crashing of the windows was so great, that we thought every moment that it was the street-door they were forcing. Then, as they moved on, the shout from a thousand voices of "Now for the other Tytlers," carried dismay to our hearts; and the houses of both my brothers, and also of my uncle, Colonel Tytler, shared the same fate. Such a spirit of disorder was abroad that even the houses of the other party were not respected. Joseph Bell had 102 panes of glass broken. Their fury at all of the name of Dundas was unbounded. Mr. James Dundas, St. Andrew's Square, was dying at the time. His daughters had bark laid before the door, the bell tied up, and even the house illuminated; but all would not do. In vain the man stationed at the door warned the mob that a dying person was in the house. They only shouted the louder, and battered every pane of glass in their fury, even in the sick man's chamber. The same scene was acted in Melville Street also. Mr. William Bonar lay in the same state of danger. With both the agitation was so great as to produce delirium, and both died the following night. Many said we were on the brink of a revolution. Nothing was talked, read, or thought of, but those subjects.'

Somerville's account of the same occurrences, Auto., p. 118, ed. 1854:

"The majority of *one* for the second reading of the Reform Bill was celebrated throughout the kingdom by a mixture of illumination and darkness, lighted windows and broken glass, bell-ringing and prohibition of bell-ringing, by rejoicing and rioting strange to behold and still more strange to think upon. There abounded in all extravagance the Liberal joy that Reformers were triumphant, associated with the most resolute tyranny to compel Anti-Reformers to put on signs of rejoicing when they felt no joy.

In Edinburgh the Lord Provost, as head of the city magistracy, and the rest of the Anti-Reform corporation, were solicited by the inhabitants

to proclaim a general illumination. They refused; but seeing, as evening approached, the general preparations for a display of light, and observing the threatening aspect of the street multitude, they assented, and proclaimed accordingly. To many householders, willing to be guided by them and by them only, the published authority came too late. They knew nothing of it and remained in darkness. Others deep in political grief at the majority of *one*, resolved to keep their houses in gloom and to sit within and mourn. Unfortunately for those of darkness and sorrow who lived in Heriot Row and Abercromby Place (spacious lines of first-class houses fronting the macadamized roadway newly laid with loose stones and the Queen Street Gardens with their iron railings), the Lord Provost lived there. Stones were thrown. His glass was broken. The sound of crashing glass and facility of obtaining missiles to throw whetted the appetite of the ten-thousand-headed mob; a little taste of window-breaking to it being not unlike a little taste of worrying to the wild beast. And so to the work of destruction the mob rolled like a sea, and roared like storms upon rocks and seas. It proclaimed itself the enemy of Anti-Reformers and of glass. Like tides about Cape Wrath where contrary winds meet conflicting currents, this human sea, storm risen, rounded the Royal Circus, Moray Place, Queen Street, Charlotte Square, St. Andrew's Square, through the prolonged streets which unite the western and eastern boundaries of the New Town; and, with wrath where it flowed and wreck where it ebbed, bore upon its surf the seaweed that knew not whither it was carried.

I was a piece of the seaweed. I was now for the first time tossed upon the waves of a popular commotion. At the beginning there was a pleasing sensation of newness. Even the first sound of breaking glass was not unmusical. Combativeness and destructiveness were charmed. But as the stones went dash and the glass fell smash; while crash came the window-frames; dash, smash, crash, from nine o'clock to near midnight, reflection arose and asked seriously, severely, what this meant. Was it Reform? was it popular liberty?

Many thousands there may have asked themselves such questions as I addressed to myself; yet still the cry was, Up with Reform light; down with Tory darkness. And unilluminated Tories, master and servants, male and female, aged and young, even infant Tories in their mothers' arms, came to the windows with lighted candles, all they had in their houses, twinkling feebly on the face of night to let the mob see that Toryism could smile, was joyful; happy, very happy, at the advent of Reform and the majority of *one*.

But those signs of truce came too late. Reform would hold no truce until Anti-Reform windows were broken."

Such was my account of the first "Radical mob and its excesses" which I had seen; a description written and published twelve years ago. Does it indicate sympathy with the excesses of that mob?

The next paragraph of that book, shows that if I did not sympathise with "Radical mobs and their excesses," I had not the same motives for political grief which the Edinburgh Tories had; driven out of place, as they were in 1830, by Whigs who had not tasted public emolument for the space of forty-seven years, the brief bite of the year 1806 excepted.

"As the wages of six shillings a week (in Inverleith Nursery Gardens) gave me nothing to buy clothes after victualling myself for seven days and procuring books, stationery, and other things which were necessary for the tasks of study which I had set myself, I asked leave to go from the Nursery at the beginning of August to the Berwickshire harvest, obtained leave for a month, and with six other men left Edinburgh on the 3d of August to go to St. James's fair at Kelso, forty miles distant, to be hired as shearers."

Of that nursery ground which I had entered as a labourer eight months before, but with the hope of learning arboriculture as a profession, it was written in another paragraph of the *Autobiography*, when indeed I had no forecast of a necessity to give proofs of my personal character among strangers in Quebec in the year 1859, p. 117:

"To me individually the employers, father and sons, were just and even kind. When I was about to leave them finally (the end of harvest and my return to Edinburgh giving no hope that I could struggle longer on six shillings a week), the elder Mr. Dickson gave me a written testimonial of character, which, considering what other men said of him, surprised me. He was accused of saying less in favour of his gardeners than they deserved: of me he wrote that I was steady, indefatigable in study, always at hand when wanted, and ever willing and obedient. I knew he could say nothing to the contrary, yet hardly expected him to say so much."

And another paragraph describing my manner of life at that very time when reflection was shocked with "Radical mobs and their excesses," is as follows:

"We lived meagrely in the bothy; oatmeal porridge, of small measure and strength, in the mornings, with sour dook, a kind of rank buttermilk peculiar to Edinburgh; potatoes and salt, occasionally a herring, for dinner; sour dook and oatmeal for supper. We never had butcher's meat, and seldom any bread. To have enjoyed even enough of this food would have required all my wages. But I confined myself to four shillings, occasionally to three and sixpence per week for food: the

remainder I expended on books, stationery, newspapers, and postage of letters. Postage was a heavy tax at that time to persons who like me took pleasure in writing. My washing was sent to Thriepland Hill to my mother and sister, thirty miles distant, by the carrier. I have not for so many months at any time of my life suffered so much from hunger and philosophy as then. I devoted much time, frequently sitting up half the night, or rising at daybreak in the summer mornings, to reading, writing, arithmetic, and other studies." I had before then read Plutarch and most English translations of the classics, from which I derived a proper horror of individual tyrants and of the mobs of ancient times.

It may be a pardonable offence, if one at all, should I here state, that the natural impulse to serve other people, or vindicate a principle affecting general interests, irrespective of personal consequences, was as strong in my younger life of rude labour, as subsequently in the literature of Political Economy, and in the seasons of national peril, or intermediately in my military enthusiasm to maintain order and be a leader of comrades in the deadly conflict of battle. For the space of a year and a half before going to that Edinburgh nursery, I had been earning the wages of a labourer in stone quarries. The locality was the seacoast where Berwickshire and East Lothian verge. This passage from the *Autobiography of a Working Man* may also be read in connection with that from the Quarterly Review which told how Mr. Tytler was affected by the advent of Grey, Brougham, and the Whigs to power.—Auto., p. 110.

" One bleak day in November, 1830, the wind strong from the north and the sea rolling heavily on the rocks at the Pandoocot quarry, where twenty or more of us were wedging out blocks of stone to be conveyed to the Cove, two miles distant, by sea, a small boy was observed standing behind us shivering in the cold. As he did not speak, one of the men, after a time, inquired what he wanted. He replied that, 'Mary Lowe had sent him to Sandy Somerville with a newspaper, but he did not know which was him; and he was to take it back when we had read it. They had read it at Mary Lowe's at Linkheads, and were nearly a' fou already, they were so glad of the news.'

Hearing which, the quarrymen and masons agreed to get under shelter and see what the news might be which the visitors at Mrs. Lowe's roadside 'public' were getting 'fou' about. On opening the paper, we saw in bold letters some such heading as this: 'Tories driven from power at last! Glorious triumph for the people! Henry Brougham, Lord High Chancellor of England; Earl Grey, Prime Minister.' "

They of our number who knew least of politics, knew enough to understand that " Tories driven from power " meant the discomfiture of the Halls of Dunglas, who ruled over our country side, the Dundas family, and

other lawyers and placemen, to whom, for fifty years, broad Scotland had been an exclusive pasturage. We did not indeed reflect that the lean kine, a hungry herd of Whigling lawyers, who in Scotland thrust themselves into the comfortable stalls of the cozy old Tories, could not, by any possible operation of interchanges and quarrel, do the working multitude a potatoe's worth of good. But youth is always generous and joyous. We took off hats and caps, and, loud above the north wind and the roaring sea, shouted "Henry Brougham, forever!" At that time we knew little of Earl Grey. His career, as opponent of the Tories, was before our time. As Prime Minister he was then only on the threshold of power.

"We were not unprepared to hear such news as that. A previous newspaper informed us that Sir Henry Parnell had made a motion for inquiry into the expenditure of the Civil List; that the Anti-Reform Government, of which the Duke of Wellington was head, had opposed the motion, were defeated and had resigned; and that Earl Grey, a Reformer, had been summoned to form a government. We had charged Mrs. Lowe to send us the earliest newspaper which brought the next result. We read the list of the new ministry. Some of the names were unknown to us, and some familiar names that *we* thought should have been there were omitted, that of Hume especially. One and all thought it wrong that Joseph Hume should not be a member of the new government. We were uninformed as to party connections and differences, ignorant of the atomic nature of some politicians, the gregarious nature of others."

Such were the circumstances under which the outgoing of the Tories and incoming of the Whigs became known to me. I was as ill-informed about party movements then as I have been regardless of them ever since. Then, as at any time subsequently, when opportunity has served, or when a cause has seemed to demand that the opportunity should be made, I have demanded that political cries should become facts and lead to beneficial results. Reverting to the Auto., p. 112, I extract the following in proof of this:

"The stone-masons were intolerable tyrants to their labourers. Each mason hewer had a labourer allotted to his block of stone to do the rougher work with a short pick, technically to scutch it. When the tide was out I, with other quarrymen, wedged and raised out the ponderous blocks of rock from their primeval bed. When the tide displaced us we scutched with the mason hewers; I preferring to be with my intelligent friend, Alexander Forsyth, 'Alick,' as he was familiarly called. One day, when we had read in the newspapers a great deal about the tyranny of the Tories, the tyranny and haughty pride of the aristocracy in general, and some masons had, as usual, been loud and vehement in

denouncing tyrants and tyranny, and crying 'Down with them forever,' one of them took an instrument of his work, a wooden straight-edge, and struck a labourer with it over the shoulders. Throwing down my pick, I turned upon that mason; told him that so long as I was about those works I would not see a labourer struck in such manner without questioning the mason's pretended right to domineer over his assistant. 'You exclaim against tyranny,' I continued: 'you are yourselves tyrants, if any class or order of men be.' The mason whom I addressed replied that I had no business to interfere, as he had not struck me. 'No,' said I, or you would have been in the sea by this time. But I have seen labourers who dared not speak for themselves, knocked about by you or by others. By every mason at these works, here and at the Cove, I have seen labourers ordered to do things, and compelled to do them, which no working man should order another to do, far less have power to compel him to do. And I tell you it shall not be.'

The labourers gathered around me; the masons conferred together. One, speaking for the rest, said he must put a stop to this: the privileges and trade-usages of masons were not to be questioned by labourers. Further, that I must submit to such reproof or punishment as they might think proper to inflict, or leave the works; if not, they would leave the works. The punishment hinted at was to be held over a block of stone, head and arms kept down on one side, feet on the other, while the mason apprentices should, with aprons knotted hard, whack the offender. I said, that, so far from submitting to reproof or punishment, I would carry my opposition much further. 'You have all talked about parliamentary reform,' I said. 'We have denounced the exclusive privileges of the anti-reformers. I shall begin reform where we stand.' I demanded that, when a mason required to have his block turned over and called labourers to do it, they should not put hands to it unless he assisted. The mason hewers laughed. That further, if one of them struck a labourer at his work, the labourers as a body should do nothing for that mason afterwards. They again laughed derisively. And further, when we went to a public house to be paid, the masons should not be entitled to any room they preferred, or to the one room of the house, while the labourers were left outside the door. In everything we should be their equals except in wages; that we have no right to expect.

The masons continued their derision. It was against the laws of their body to have their privileges discussed by a labourer. They could not suffer it. I must instantly submit to punishment for my presumption. I rejoined that I was a quarryman, not a mason's labourer; that as such their trade-rules gave them no power over me. They scouted that argument, taking it as an indication of fear. They asserted that wherever masons

were at work they were superior to all else, and their privileges were not to be questioned.

I asked if the outrage of a mason striking his assistant labourer was not to be questioned. They replied that by their own body it might, upon complaint from the labourer; but in this case the labourer was nsolent to the mason, and the latter had a right to chastise him. They demanded that I should at once cease to argue the question, and submit, before it was too late, to whatever punishment they might choose to inflict.

Upon hearing this, I put myself into a defensive attitude, and cried, 'Let me see who lays hands on me.' No one approaching, I continued: 'We have been reading in the newspapers the discussions and outcries for reform, and been told how much has been gained in past times by one person making a resolute stand *at the right moment.* We have only this day seen in the newspaper a warning to the aristocracy and the anti-reformers that another John Hampden may arise. Come on he who dares! I shall be Hampden to the tyranny of stone masons.

None offered to lay hands on me. One said they had better let the affair rest where it was; others assenting, we resumed work.

Had it been summer, when building was brisk, the masons would either have dismissed me from employment or have declined to work themselves. It was January, and deep winter: they could only threaten.

On resuming work with Alick Forsyth at his stone, he and I discussed the subject privately. He admitted that for a mason to chastise his labourer was wrong; but insisted that stone masons having trade regulations, were bound to maintain them without submission to have them discussed by any other body of men, not even by labourers who might be subjected to the injustice of those rules. He refused to see an analogy between the questions of labourers protesting against the exclusivism of stone masons and that of the unenfranchised classes complaining of the exclusive privileges of the boroughmongers. I insisted that stone masons at least, had no excuse for demanding reform of exclusive privileges held by the aristocracy and gentry of the close boroughs, until they reformed their own trade system."

Seventeen years passed between the occurrence of that incident, and its publication in the book already named. Ten years after that publication, namely in the summer of 1857, I, having returned to Scotland in the previous autumn, discovered my former friend, Alexander Forsyth, at Coldingham in Berwickshire. I had not seen him since we hewed together in the quarry. Though both were twenty-seven years older and advanced beyond the half-way house of life, we became young again, sitting where my mother's ancestors, the De Orkneys, a race of Sea kings, lay

buried in the ruins of Coldingham Priory. There I found him at work with mallet and chisel,—a new reproduction of Old Mortality. He brought up the incident I have just related, and told me that since it had appeared in print, people sometimes inquired of him "What sort of chap was that Sandy Somerville before he took to making books." And to his own inquiry of what had I done in seven-and-twenty years, I repeated what he partly knew, that my whole life in that space of time had been a repetition of my defence of the labourer in the Pandoocot quarry. I had always somebody's cause in hand, and, as a natural result, was not richer, though, upon the whole, it was a life of satisfaction, at times of exalted joy. I had saved Birmingham from massacre in 1832, and took the punishment of others on myself. If I did not save the throne and House of Lords from the vengeance of a sword-smitten people, I saved both from a heavy and abiding curse. By the influence thus obtained, I had saved a cabinet minister from assassination, and London from convulsion, in 1834. I had saved the excited Chartists from destruction, and executive power from the ill fame of destroying them, in 1837, 1839, 1842, and 1848. I had disarmed a thousand angry mutineers in Spain. The effect of my vindication of certain wronged farmers in Ireland was perhaps more remarkable than any of these, as we shall see hereafter.

I have said the Orkneys, descendants of Sea kings, my maternal ancestors, lie in that ruin of Coldingham Priory. I know little of their history, except by tradition. My father was a native of the parish of Muckart in Perthshire, born to field labour; my mother of Ayton in Berwickshire, born to a like fortune. I was their eleventh child. Heavy care and ceaseless work brought permature decay on my father. His wages in all my recollection were never above seven shillings a week. When I grew to manhood I found myself old as a worker,—I hardly knew when I did not work, even when a child,—my education defective, no trade acquired, and no strong hand to lay hold of mine. The reader has seen me in the Edinburgh garden-nurseries. Vexed at my poor prospects, I enlisted in the army.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Story of my enlistment in the Scots Greys. Edinburgh to Brighton.

I know not whether to call it a chance of good or evil for myself, but a chance of grave import to the British nation it turned out to be, which, on a day late in the autumn of 1831, brought me in contact with William Niven, a Dublin Irishman.

I sought not him; nor sought he me. We met in the vicinity of Edinburgh. His friends, who sent a small monthly remittance of cash from Dublin to maintain him in the bothy of the Inverleith Nursery, in addition to the wages he received there, had refused his request to augment the allowance, and he resolved to stay no longer in the nursery. This resolution arose chiefly from a suspicion, well founded, as it turned out, that he had been deceived as to his parents; and that they were in a condition far superior to confining him to the allowance of twenty shillings a month to help his six shillings a week in a nursery, or even to enforce upon him the humble profession of a gardener. He now resolved to be a soldier. He told me his troubles, and I told him mine. We remained together several days, and much to his satisfaction I at last agreed to go with him to have "just a conversation, if nothing more," with Corporal Anderson of the recruiting party of the 2nd, or Royal North British Dragoons, the regiment popularly known as the Scots Greys. I had, however, made up my mind to more than a conversation with the corporal. Indeed, the only hesitation I felt about enlisting as a soldier was as to the regiment I should choose. In Scotland, young men smitten with military ambition, and gifted with not less than five feet ten inches of upright bulk, talk vauntingly of the "Greys"; of the horses with long tails; of scarlet coats, and long swords, the high bearskin caps and the plumes of white feathers encircling them in front, the blue over-alls with the broad yellow stripes on the outside, the boots and spurs, the carbines slung at the saddle side, the holster pipes and the pistols, the shoulder belts and the pouches with ammunition, and, in the wet or in the wintry wind, the long scarlet cloaks flowing from the rider's necks to their knees and backward on the grey chargers, whose white tails wave with them behind,—of these they talk proudly, and depicture in their inward vision the figures of themselves thus accoutered and mounted, the grey chargers pawing the earth beneath them, sniffing the battle from afar, the trumpets sounding, the

squadrons charging, Napoleon's columns broken by the charge, *their* charge, with Napoleon exiled, and Europe at peace! Tell the young Scotsman who recites the glories of his favourite Greys while he rests on the harvest field with listening shearers around, or when he listens in the charmed crowd in the village smithy to the veteran who is the village smith now, but who was a farrier in the regiment once, that the Greys did *not* do the whole of Waterloo; that they did *not* win all nor any of "Lord Wallinton's" battles in the Peninsular war, in so much as they were not in the Peninsula; that the Highland regiments were not the regiments "*always* in front of Wallinton's battles": tell the young Scotsman, or the old one either, the historical truth, that the 42nd Highlanders were not slain at Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, through their impetuous bravery, but through the irregularity of their movements, whereby, in forming square to receive cavalry, two companies were shut out and *skivered* by Marshal Ney and the French dragoons: tell him that more reports were circulated in the great war with France, setting forth the superior achievements of the Scotch regiments—those reports still existing in tradition—through the Scotch soldiers being *nearly all able to write* letters to their friends, while very few of the English or Irish soldiers could do so, there being then no parochial schools in England or Ireland as there were in Scotland:—tell the young Scotsman at the smithy door all or any of these things, especially the last, that it was the *writing* quite as much as the *fighting* of the Scotch regiments which distinguished them, and he will tell you that you are no Scotchman; that you are not worthy of having such regiments as the "Heelant Watch" (42nd), or the "Gallant Greys." This was proved to have been true by the letters of all soldiers, English and Irish, as well as Scotch, from the Crimean war in 1854–55. Schools are multiplied; every regiment has a school; hence the abundant literature of the ranks now a days.

At that epoch of my life to which I have now brought you, I had read enough of modern history to know that Englishmen and Irishmen were as much respected in the army as Scotchmen; and I had heard enough from old soldiers to know, that, having a fair education in writing and account-keeping, I should have a better chance of promotion in a regiment of English or Irish, where few men could write, than in an exclusively Scottish regiment, where almost every man was a writer or accountant. Still there was the charm of the Greys being Scottish, with their fame for deeds of gallantry.

William Niven had seen them in Dublin, and, having a natural disposition to be charmed with the picturesque, was charmed with them. He knew where, in Edinburgh High-Street, to enquire for the corporal; and having inquired, we found him in his lodgings, up a great many

stairs, I do not know how many, stretched on his military cloak, on his bed. He said he was glad to see anybody up stairs in his little place, now that the regimental order had come out against moustachios; for since he had been ordered to shave his off, his wife had sat moping at the fireside refusing all consolation to herself and all peace to him. "I ha'e had a weary life o't," he said plaintively, "since the order came out to shave the upper lip. She grat there,—I'm sure she grat as if her heart would ha'e broken, when she saw me the first day withoot the moustachios."

Having listened to this, and heard its confirmation from the lady herself, as also a hint that the corporal had been lying in bed half the day, when he should have been looking out for recruits, for each of whom he had a payment of 10s., we told him we had come to offer ourselves as recruits. He looked inquisitively, and said if we "meant it" he saw nothing about us to object to; and as neither seemed to have any beard from which moustachios might grow, he could only congratulate us on the order that had come out against them, as we should not have to be at the expense of burnt cork to blacken our upper lips, to be uniform with those who wore hair. The order, however, was soon after rescinded; and hair upon the upper lip for those who had it, burned cork upon the skin for those who had no hair, were once more the regimental order.

We assured the corporal we were in earnest, and did mean to enlist. Whereupon he put the formal question, "Are you free, able, and willing to serve his majesty, King William the Fourth?" But there was a hitch: two shillings were requisite to enlist two recruits, and there was only one shilling. We proposed that he should enlist one with it, and that this one should lend it to him to enlist the other. But his wife would not have the enlistment done in that way. She said, "That would not be *law;* and a bonny thing it would be to do it without it being law. Na, na," she continued, "it maun be done as the law directs." The corporal made a movement as if he would take us with him to some place where he could get another shilling; but she thought it possible that another of the recruiting party might share the prize and take one of us, or both; so she detained him, shut the door on us, locked it, took the key with her, and went in search of the requisite king's coin. Meanwhile, as Niven was impatient, I allowed him to take precedence and have the ceremony performed with the shilling then present. On the return of the corporal's wife, who, though younger than he in years, seemed an "older soldier," I also became the king's man.

Next day we were taken before the garrison surgeon in Edinburgh Castle. I was called in first, stripped, and examined as to soundness of the internal system, limbs, and eyesight; was ordered to walk fast

and slow, and to put my body into different positions of difficulty. The result was a certificate declaring me fit for service.

Niven followed, and was similarly examined; but came out declared unfit for service. He was greatly chagrined, and did not recover his spirits so long as I saw him. In the course of a few days he went to Glasgow, and enlisted for one of the regiments of foot guards. There the medical inspector passed him without difficulty. He joined his regiment in London, was drilled, promoted to be a corporal, and soon after discovered that, through one of those remarkable incidents which make "truth strange,—stranger than fiction," his nearest, if not *dearest* relattive, whom he had never known, and whose real condition in life he had never been correctly told of, commanded that regiment of guards! He was at once discharged from it, and provided with a good outfit to Canada, and the promise of patronage if he remained there and did not return home. But the ship he sailed in never reached Canada. It was wrecked on the western coast of Ireland, and he, with some of the crew and passengers reached Cork, the others being lost. Money was sent to Cork to fit him out again. He took the money, but declined the Atlantic voyage, and returned to Scotland. I saw him several years ago, and heard all these and other particulars from him; but know little of his subquent history; nor is it within my present design to digress far into the memoirs of second parties.

Within a few hours of being certified fit for service by the medical inspector, I was attested before one of the city magistrates. The regiment was quartered at Brighton, the course of journey to which was from Edinburgh to Leith Harbour; from that, five hundred miles by sea to London, and from London fifty miles, through Surrey and Sussex, to Brighton. Several recruits were proceeding to their respective regiments by way of London, but only another and myself to the Scots Greys. This other was Andrew Ireland, a cabinet maker, from Edinburgh. A youth from the labour of the plough and the spade, in the parish of Garvald Kirk, in my native county, named William Tait, enlisted with the Greys a few days after me, but was rejected for being half an inch under the standard of that time, five feet ten inches. He was young and promised to grow an inch or two more, still they would not have him: a succession of years of low wages and little employment had given them as many men as they required. He enlisted into the Royal Artillery, joined the 4th battalion, and became one of the best non-commissioned officers of the service.

A staff-sergeant from Edinburgh took charge of all the party to London. We embarked in a sailing smack called the *Eagle*. During nine or ten days and nights, the sea being moderate, I stood in the forecastle and had

waking dreams, or lay among the storm-sails in the galley, and had other dreams, some sleeping, some waking, there being but little difference between them. Several songs or farewells were begun, and two or three reached a kind of finish. One that took the lead of the rest began,—

"O, speed thee, speed thee, *Eagle* ship,
And bear me fast away!
For," &c., &c., &c.

But the *Eagle* carried us into fogs, and next into contrary winds, and began to heave and roll, until she heaved all the poetry out of my head, and rolled soul and body into the bottom of the galley, with the cook's kettles, sailors' lockers, and other "raw recruits"; they sometimes above me, I sometimes above them; occasionally the sea pouring down the hatchway over all, and all of us at once floundering in the water of the interior, which drowned out the fires, and left no dry spot to lie upon, perch upon, or cling to. One of the sailors, afterwards captain of a Leith trader, and subsequently drowned in the Thames at London, had been familiar with me in the early part of the passage, as he was a Dunbar man, and I almost one. He spoke lightly of the storm at first, and joked at it; but he ultimately altered his tone, and told us we had got among breakers on the dangerous sands near Yarmouth. Both he and the carpenter came to the galley, and took their money and watches out of their lockers; and the carpenter and other sailors who had Bibles, fastened them around their waists with handkerchiefs, and seemed to prepare for the worst. Nothing happened that was very dangerous. Nothing to me looked half so alarming as their conduct on the day after the storm, when, proceeding to the mouth of the Thames, they threw off the Bibles and the handkerchiefs that tied them, drank more whiskey and swore more oaths than they had done during the previous ten days which the passage had lasted.

At night, on the eleventh day of the passage, we came to anchor at Gravesend, and were overhauled by custom-house officers. Next day, with the wind contrary, we got to Greenwich with difficulty, about two in the afternoon. The sergeant landed us there, and marched us to Westminster, distant eight miles, most of the way through streets, by way of Deptford and the Borough, across Westminster Bridge. The rendezvous for all recruits proceeding to their regiments by way of London is in Duke-street, Westminster. When we had been there two hours, standing before the door of the office in the street, we got billets on public-houses; and then had to go in search of the public-houses. I and my comrade, Ireland, had billets upon the Gray's Inn Coffee-house. On presenting them, the clerk scrutinised us, and said, Perhaps the billets

were right; yet he had been often imposed upon, as it was known that they paid the men billeted on them to go and sleep elsewhere. We told him of having landed, after a tedious passage from Scotland, only that afternoon. He rejoined that they had no accommodation for the like of us, but he would give 1s. 6d. each to go elsewhere. We had been solicited by persons belonging to the Ship, the Robin Hood, and other public-houses in Charles street, Westminster, which lodged unfledged soldiers in mean beds at 4d. each, to return there if we should have the good fortune to be paid not to sleep where we were billetted. We returned to the sign of the Ship, where soldiers recruiting, men seeking to be, or sought after to be made soldiers, assemble to perform business and join in riot. We soon discovered that no "Johnny Raws" were permitted to retain the pay of 1s. 3d. per day, nor the 1s. 6d. each received for lodgings, which last we had been silly enough to mention. Nor could we spend it as we chose. The reckless and abandoned of the recruits, who had sold almost every rag of covering from their bodies, fastened upon us to pay for their drink, and to sell our clothes or exchange them for rags, as they had done. Dealers in old clothes, one after another, came to us: but as I had left Edinburgh in my best dress, with which to have a respectable appearance on joining the regiment, I was resolute, and no persuasion, cajolery, nor threats, would induce me to a change of garments; nor would I drink with them. Some mischief that had befallen me on a previous occasion was as yet too fresh in my memory. The determination also to be a meritorious soldier, and by good conduct rise above the ranks, was too strong in me to be overcome by the persuasion of associates so brutish and intellectually blank as most of them were. We were detained two weeks in London, for the want of an escort to take us to the regiment at Brighton. I offered one day, at the office in Duke street, to go with my comrade to Brighton, and assured the authorities there that I would take *command* of myself and him, and deliver ourselves safely over; but they ordered me to hold my tongue. I thought, innocently enough, that by so doing I would save his Majesty's service the expense and trouble, and ourselves the delay of an escort. *They* only saw in this an attempt to get a fair opportunity to desert. Such a thought was contrary to all thoughts passing within me. At that time, having fairly left home and gone so far, I would not have accepted my freedom had it been offered. And we were anxious beyond expression to reach the regiment. Of all that reckless gang of recruits, numbering from fifty to a hundred, assembled there, Ireland and I were the only two who were to be in the cavalry service. We had 1s. 3d. per day, while they had 1s.; the full pay of cavalry and infantry being 1s. 4d. and 1s. 1d. respectively,—there was a penny added to each, called beer-money, which, as recruits, we

did not receive. We were troubled more by having 3d. per day above the others than it was worth to us; and all the more annoyed because we sought, among that disorderly set, to regulate our own conduct, and spend our own money. We had to go out among them every afternoon, at the heels of a staff-sergeant, to get fresh billets, most commonly in the suburban parishes; to Chelsea one day, Camberwell the next day, Poplar the next day, Hampstead the next, and so on. To go through the streets with such a disorderly and ragged gang, was inexpressingly annoying to both of us.

At last, one morning, a private of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who was on recruiting duty in London, got orders and a "rout" to march us to Brighton. It was a morning of hard frost, with the sun shining brightly on the Surrey Downs; and as we walked smartly along, I felt a lightness of spirit which I had not enjoyed for weeks before. That day, and the next, I built upon fancy, and castellated the buildings of hope in visions of what I would have attained to when leaving the regiment; I might be a captain, possibly a colonel, but certainly not less than regimental sergeant-major.

On approaching the barracks, more than one dealer in cast-off clothes offered to buy ours before we entered the gates; for, they said, we should have to give them up to be burned, and submit to be fumigated in the hospital ourselves, and be shut up in quarantine, to save the regiment from the infection of cholera. Symptoms of cholera had appeared in the north of England, in Scotland, and in London, though we knew nothing of the fact. The alarm about it was excessive in Brighton. Nobody except soldiers were allowed to enter the barracks, and all foot travellers from London, who could be prevented, were prohibited from entering the town. I would not sell my clothes, being resolved now, more than ever, to go into the regiment with a respectable appearance. We accordingly, by consent of our escort, washed and brushed ourselves before approaching quite near, both of us expecting to meet men whom we knew.

At the gate the sentry asked us, hurriedly in a whisper, if we were the recruits they had heard of, who had bagpipes with them; "for if you be," he said, "don't bring them in: everything you bring in will be burned." And then, in a tone of duty, as if he had been questioning us also in discharge of duty, he said—"Recruits are you? Pass on." It had been rumoured that recruits were coming with bagpipes, and pipes not being egimentally allowed, the men on guard had secretly agreed to warn the recruits before they came within the gates, to save their bagpipes; some f the wives of the soldiers were hovering about for the purpose of smuggling the pipes. But we were not the pipers.

Instead of the men rushing out of the rooms as they usually do when

fresh recruits enter the barrack-yard, to look at them, inquire who they are, and where they come from, no one came near: they were ordered not to speak to us. They looked over the windows, and one or two called "Where do ye come from?" and "What do they ca' ye?" but nothing more; nor were we permitted to answer.

The reported appearance of Asiatic cholera in Britain was new to us; for we did not know what the newspapers had published concerning it. And besides the reports in newspapers, a case of sudden illness, pronounced to be one of cholera in its worst form, had occurred in the barracks that day, in the person of private James Miller, the servant of Cornet Macquarrie. This was the first case in the regiment, and first in Brighton. The alarm it excited was great; and the alarm was aggravated by our arrival from Scotland, where the epidemic was reported to have appeared. A large room in the hospital, as far apart from other rooms as could be found, was disposed as the cholera ward. In this the patient Miller had been placed; and in the same ward with him, he writhing in agony with cramps all over his body and raving in delirium, we were placed, the door bolted upon us, and orders given, through a window, that we were to employ ourselves in heating flannels, and rubbing liquids with the hot flannels on the cholera-stricken patient.

In less than ten minutes after this, one of the hospital orderlies came to us with hospital dresses of light blue woollen, and ordered us to strip off our clothes and put them on. When we had done so, he got a pitchfork and took our clothes away, as if afraid to touch them with his hands. He was ordered to burn them in a back yard, apart from any person, that none might be contaminated. I watched the process from a window which overlooked him. He laid several things together and set fire to them, an old coal sack, a door mat, an hospital blanket, with the board of ordnance mark on it, and some portions of our clothes. But neither my Sunday dress coat of good broadcloth, nor my trousers and waistcoat, nor Ireland's coat, were burned. He threw straw over the other things, and got up a blaze with a thick smoke, which, being supposed to be cholera smoke, prevented the hospital sergeant or doctor or any one else from going near to see that the work of purification by fire was effectually done.

Next day, on coming into the ward with medicine for the cholera patient, who now seemed in a condition less alarming than the day before, the orderly went to the window, and, possibly recollecting for the first time that we might have watched him yesterday, said, as if to settle the matter, "There lie the ashes of your clothes. It was a pity to burn good clothes. I could have got a pound for *your* coat," addressing me. "But there was no help for it: cholera is a dangerous thing, and military orders

must be obeyed. I'm sure it gaed to my heart, so it did, to burn sitch gude claes."

I turned sharply on him, and said he did not burn them. Whereat, in a hurricane of oaths and asseverations, he swore that he did; and, still in a passion, and with the tone of a wrongly accused man, he went away, and once more locked the door upon us. He soon returned with a small bottle containing brandy, and, without a word of apology or explanation as to his previous asseverations, told us that brandy was recommended as a preventive for the cholera, gave us each the bottle to drink from, and added, "Noo, was it not better to sell your claes to get brandy to keep awa' the cholera than to burn them? But mind, never moot it. If ye hope to be gude sodgers, and respected by your comrades, never tell on another comrade if he *should manage a bit scheme o' this sort*. If it were kenn'd that I did it, I would have a court martial and be flogged as sure as I'm a leeving sinner and a sodger. As ye hope never to be flogged yersels, dinna speak o't."

Thus appealed to, we kept silence. We employed ourselves, during the first week, as nurses to our cholera patient. The doctor came once a day to see him; but no one else entered the room save the orderly, and he as seldom as possible. During the second week Miller was able to get up. We found him an agreeable companion. He was grateful to us for nursing him as we had done. His master, a rich youth, son of the late General Macquarrie, of New South Wales, allowed him the use of much money; more, possibly, than did him good. He did not fail to remember us when all were out of hospital. I occasionally assisted him, when I had a spare hour, in his stable, and received from him each time a sixpence, which, to a hungry recruit, with heavy stoppages on his pay for his new outfit, were sixpences not to be despised.

Cornet Macquarrie was a very young officer, being then in his eighteenth year only. His friends had suggested that an old and experienced soldier should be appointed as his servant, and the choice fell on private James Miller. This was the officer to whom I objected sitting as a member of my court-martial, as will be seen presently. He was an amiable young gentleman, but eccentric. I objected to him on grounds suggested by older soldiers, and not from anything I knew of him.

There were no more cholera cases in the regiment; and we, at the end of fourteen days, having no sign upon us, were visited by the regimental tailor, who measured us for over-alls, stable jackets, and regimental dress-coats. The master bootmaker, who had soldiers under him as journeymen, but was himself a civilian, came next, and measured us for stable shoes and regimental dress-boots. The regimental hairdresser came next, and trimmed our locks to the prescribed length. Then the tailor came

with the jackets and over-alls. Next the bootmaker came with the boots; and though he was a civilian and not a soldier, he deemed it to be his duty to seem lofty and severe, almost terrible, in his manner of commanding us how to put a foot into a new boot,—how to draw the boot on; and telling us, heroically, how we required to be drilled fourteen hours a day, to break our stubborn knee-joints into pliability; and how he could assure us, that before we required another pair of boots we would have learned how to draw them on.

The troop serjeant-major, to whom I was allotted, brought me a forage cap, a leather stock, four linen shirts, two flannel waistcoats, two pairs of flannel drawers, four pairs of worsted socks, two pairs of gloves, a pair of gauntlets (gloves reaching to the elbows), a curry comb and brushes, a horse's mane-comb, sponge, soap, bath-brick, save-all, with knife, spoon, razor, comb, shaving tackle, two towels, turn-screw, picker (for horses' feet), button stick, button brush, rot-stone to clean buttons, boot brushes, blacking, clothes brush, brush bag, horse's nose-bag, corn sack, horse cloth (the cover for the stable), account book with printed regulations, saddle bags, military cloak, and two pairs of straps of overalls (trowsers), which he proceeded to shew me how to affix to the buttons. His manner was quite different from the civilian bootmaker. "Now, my man," he proceeded to say, "one of the first things a young soldier must learn is the proper manner of dressing himself, and he must do it quickly. You will occasionally find that every article of your clothing and accoutrements must be put on in a minute of time, and your horse accoutred, turned out, and mounted in another minute. I am serious with you: such a thing will be required to be done, though not always. But to be able to do it at any time, you must practise yourself to put everything on and off in the proper way, in the briefest space of time. For instance, your straps; there is a right way and wrong way of fastening them, and you are proceeding in the wrong way. Here, turn the outside of your foot upward; button the strap to that side first. Turn the inside of your foot up next, and now bring it under your sole and fasten it to the inside. Now you do right. The other one do in the same way. *That's* right; you will be a soldier in no time. Now the stock about your neck;—why, you have buckled it behind already. Ah! I see you'll get on. Button up your coatee; hook the collar; draw down the skirts; throw out your chest,—no, not your stomach, draw that in; throw back your shoulders; up your head,—up yet. Don't throw your head back; stretch it upright. Don't bend your knees. Put the forage cap a little to the right side; bring it a little over the right eyebrow,—not quite so much. Now the strap down upon your chin; let it come just under your lip. Now, look at yourself in a glass. Don't be afraid to look at yourself in a glass. I like

a soldier who looks at himself in a glass: he is never a dirty soldier. Don't laugh at yourself. What do you see in the glass to laugh at? you only see yourself, and you will get used to yourself. But I was like you: I laughed too when I saw myself in regimentals first." And to this effect he continued to explain my duty, in a manner exceedingly kind and encouraging.

This was Serjeant-Major Simpson, of B troop. There were six troops, extending to the letter F. Ireland had been allotted to A troop, and I was destined as a present to E troop; but as it was not at head quarters I was attached at first to the Bs, subsequeatly to the Ds, with Troop Serjeant-Major Gardener. He was equally kind and encouraging in his manner towards recruits, at least to me, as Simpson was. Gardener was one of the very few Waterloo men remaining in the regiment. I felt much interest in listening to him, when I could induce him to tell about Waterloo, what he did and what he thought when in battle. He soon became familiar with me, and used to invite me to his room,—an unusual thing for a sergeant-major to do with a private, particularly a recruit. He was originally a lad driving a jobbing cart in the streets of Perth, had received almost no education, learned to write and keep accounts after he had joined the regiment, was promoted to be a corporal when coming out of Waterloo, and had gradually risen to be troop sergeant-major.

I received nominally a bounty of £2 12s. 6d.; but only 10s. of it in cash,—the remainder went to help to furnish my outfit. A cavalry soldier requires two pairs of cloth overalls in a year, and he is only allowed by government one pair. He is allowed 6s. a year for boots; all his shoes and repairs, and an extra pair of boots, probably every third year. Every article which I have named, including saddle bags and corn sacks, must be paid for by stoppages from his pay, with the following exceptions: one pair of cloth overalls, one stable jacket, and one dress coat annually; six shillings a year for boots, one pair to last three years, and three shillings for gloves, and a new cloak every six years.

Besides the sum of £2s. 2s. 6d., which was appropriated for the bounty, I was indebted to the regiment about £3 10s. for this outfit. All other recruits were the same. The rations, costing from 6d. to 8d. per day, according to the contracts for provisions, and 1d. per day for vegetables, were first paid for by stoppages. We got 2d. as daily pay, and all remaining went to pay off the debt. These stoppages, during the first year of a recruit's service, together with the endless drilling on foot and on horseback, and the hard stable-work, generally give young men an unfavourable opinion of soldiering. But the beginning is not so disheartening now, since the period of enlistment is shortened. The recruit keeps up

his spirit when he sees a limited time before him, at the end of which he will be a young man, and may leave the service if he dislike it, or remain if he does not choose to leave.

Having received the route for Birmingham, the precise date I do not now remember, we were all astir by the sound of early trumpets one morning, and marched out of the barrack gates; the band playing, horses prancing, crowds accompaning, with baggage piled upon waggons, followed by the hospital sergeant, orderlies, convalescents, tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, women and children, dismounted invalids, and unmounted recruits. I was on the first day an unmounted recruit, and with the others on foot formed the baggage guard. On other days I rode, having been used to horseback from earliest boyhood.

Our march from Brighton to Birmingham occupied either nine or ten days. I had seen but little of rural England before that time; and though that was but a glimpse, compared with what I have since seen, it was fresh, vivid, and impressive. I retain it to this day distinctly; and can at will, sitting by the hearth, looking dreamily into the fire, or vacantly upon a book, draw out the whole line of country before me,—the villages, road-side inns, half-way houses where we halted to rest, swinging sign-boards, village greens, broad commons, cross roads, finger-posts, travellers journeying with us, and telling where a gibbet once was, or villagers shrinking out of sight, with the recollection of the Swing riots of 1830 still fresh,—with the dread still upon them of the special commission accompanied by soldiers, which had consigned a few to the gallows, many to the hulks, and had probably missed the chiefs who fired the rick-yards or led the multitudes to break the thrashing-mills,—some of these chiefs now looking upon us from a distance, without any desire to come nearer. Other villagers, where no riots nor Swing fires had been, and no fears for troops of cavalry was felt, came out to be critical on the horses, and to approve of the long swords, the carbines, the bright scarlet, the black bear-skin on the men's heads, and the white feathers on the bear-skin. They stood, and I can see them standing now, on the play-worn ground beside the parish stocks, in front of the churchyard walls. Behind them the churches, venerable and grey, not always with lofty spires conspicuously upraised to heaven, but oftener lowly and half-concealed among the trees, as if retreating there for humble worship; the trees with the dead of many generations under their roots, bearing on their branches, one might suppose as fruit, a young generation of minature men in round white hats, smock frocks, leather leggings, and laced-up boots, and their grown-up relatives in the same dress standing on the ground, as if they had dropped from the trees when they grew large and heavy. All were out to look at the soldiers, who, taking cross-country

roads, went through villages where soldiers are seldom seen, and where a regiment mounted on grey horses was never seen before.

Women also and babies were out. And laughing little maids, the future brides and mothers of rural England, climbed on the gates and stiles to see, and, hearing the boys in the trees call, "Soldier, give I that long sword; wilt thee, soldier?" cried, "Soldier, take I on that horse with the long white tail; wilt thee, soldier?"

And gentlemen and ladies from the mansions that stood within the wooded parks walked out to look upon the unusual sight. So did grave vicars, and rectors, and their servants from vicarage and rectory, look out when the trumpets or the band played. And when the rear came up, they inquired where were we going,—were the Swing rioters abroad again?

The village live-stock upon the commons, dogs, hogs, asses,—and old horses which had once been in military service now capered when they heard the trumpets, as if young again,—all were set astir by the marching of a regiment among them. The cows hobbled to the farthest side of the common, having no sympathy for bright scarlet and kettle-drums; and the geese which had survived the killing and the roasting at Christmas sheered off, and faced round at a distance to hiss, as if they were disloyal geese hissing a regiment of royal dragoons, or as if they knew that we, being Scotch, were ignorant of roast goose.

The dinners provided for us each day at the inns or public houses on which we were billeted, so different in quality and style of cooking from the dinners to which I had been accustomed, were also matters to be remembered. I had tasted roast mutton at the winter suppers at Branxton, the annual festivals after harvest, but never at home. At Horsham, which was our first day's destination, we had roast beef and apple puddings for dinner at the house where I was quartered; the first roast beef which I had tasted during my life, and the first apple puddings of which I had any recollection. At Guildford, and Windsor, the fare was English, but I do not remember whether it was entirely new to me. At Thame, in Oxfordshire, where we stopped on the Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night, I was billeted on a house where we had roast goose for dinner on the Sunday,—that was my first introduction to roast goose. Bicester, Banbury, and Warwick, were our next quarters. At Warwick I was made acquainted for the first time with Yorkshire pudding.

Soldiers on the line of march are freed from stoppages on their pay,—they receive their daily pay entire. They are also allowed tenpence per day for dinner, which is paid to the landlord of the house by the sergeant-major; and the landlords are bound to furnish a hot dinner for that sum. Their usual custom is to provide a dinner for which that is not

sufficient payment. It is characteristic of the innkeepers of England to give soldiers a good dinner, irrespective of the price at which they are bound by law to furnish it.

From Warwick we marched to Birmingham, and, as is the custom on going into barracks, got no allowance of marching money for that day. Every soldier in the service has at some time complained of this. Going into cold, empty barracks, where no one has preceded them to prepare fire or food, they do not receive the extra allowance, where, of all places, it is most requisite.

Fortunate is the young soldier who passes through his Johnny Raw state, and does not get his "eye opened." Eye-opening means to steal something from him. It is a crime resented by all soldiers who are beyond the condition of recruits, to steal from one another; but to "open a recruit's eye" is hardly deemed an offence; it is accounted a greater offence for one soldier to divulge that he knows another to have done it.

Still a recruit of ordinary ability and nerve may take a position among his comrades, and let them feel that he cannot be seduced or subdued. Such a man will be respected by the worst of them, though for a time they profess to despise him. As for the officers, if a soldier keeps out of the guard-house, by returning to barracks in time when he has leave to go out, by being always ready for duty when required, and always clean, he may be a soldier for years without an officer speaking to him personally. The danger that awaits him from his officers shews itself when he does something to make them mark him, or to go before a court-martial. For myself, I have confidence that I could have proceeded up to this day as a soldier, without committing any moral offence or breach of military discipline that would have brought me under the censure of the officers; also, that I could have continued to be on friendly terms with all the non-commissioned officers; and further, that I should long before this time (1847) have been a non-commissioned officer myself, had not an extraordinary series of events arisen close upon one another, which could not have happened at any period of time before or since, and which may never again occur to any soldier. But I have not yet arrived at the point of my narative where they begin.

An old cavalry soldier in Edinburgh, Alexander White, a pensioner from 1st Royal Dragoons, gave me some words of counsel, to be observed in the stable and the barrack-room. I refer to them now because I have found them, or similar rules, useful elsewere than in a stable or barrack-room. One was, to observe when the soldier's wife, who might be in the same room with me, was about to go for water to the pump, or was in want of water. I was to take her pail and say, "Nay, mistress, let me go to the pump for you," and go instantly. Another rule of conduct was

to anticipate a comrade who might require his clothes brushed, and rise and do it for him before he had time to ask the favour. And so in the stable, if I had charge of a comrade's horse in his absence, he on guard perhaps, to be as kind to his horse as to my own; and at any time, if I had nothing to do myself, to put forward my hand and help some one who had. The same readiness to oblige may be practised in a workshop, in a literary office, or any other office, and is as necessary to be observed there as in a stable. But I fear that if there be not a natural inclination to be obliging, the desire of acquiring the good-will of associates will fail to make one always agreeable. Almost all men, probably all, who have risen above the social level upon which they were born, or who have created new branches of trade, or have been inventors, or have made discoveries, have been men who were ever ready to put forth their hands to help a companion in his work, or to try to do something more than what was alloted for them to do by their employers. The apprentice or journeyman, or other person, who will not do more than is allotted to him because he is not bound to do it, and who is continually drawing a line to define what he calls his rights, with his fellow-workmen or with his employer, or, if in the army, with his comrades, and the non-commissioned officers immediately over him, is sure to remain where he is, or sink to a lower level. He is not destined to be a successful master-tradesman; to be a discoverer in science, an inventor in mechanics, a propounder of new philosophy, nor a promoter of the world's advancement and certainly not of his own.

CHAPTER IX.

The Daily Life of a Young Dragoon.

Let me introduce you to the daily life of a young dragoon.

At a quarter to five or six o'clock in the morning, according to the season of the year, the warning trumpet sounds. All soldiers must get out of bed then; but the recruits must spring out, as they have more to do, and less time in which to do it, than the others. They must dress, roll their bedding on the iron bedstead, fold the blankets, the two sheets, and the rug, so that the colors of the rug shall appear throughout the folds of the sheets like streaks of marble. They must take the point of a knife, and lay the edges of the folds straight, until they look artistical to the eye. This must be finished by the time the "warning" is over, which is a quarter of an hour after it sounds. At that time the stable trumpet sounds, and all must hasten down to stables. The litter must be shaken out; all that which is dry is tied up, the other is cleared away, and the stable swept by two men who take the sweeping for one morning, while two others take it another morning, there being twelve or fourteen men in each stable. The dry litter is tied up thus: four neatly plaited bands are laid out on the stones behind the horses; a few handfuls of clean straw, combed and carefully preserved by each man for his own use, are spread upon the four bands. The litter is laid on this straw, and the bands brought round and fastened. The bundle is then set on end against the post, at the horse's hind quarter. One of the bands is carried round the post to keep it steady. The top of the bundle is neatly plaited, and the comb used for the horse's mane and tail is taken, and the outside straw is combed. If the recruit has not been active in getting downstairs, to have his turn on the limited space to do this, others will be before him. Yet if he be in good favour with the other men, they allow him to get his straw put up sooner, knowing that he is going in an early class to the riding school. If he be not in good favour, or not yet beyond the period of having tricks played upon him, he may be seen laying out his plaited bands and handfuls of fancy straw on the stones, horses on each side of him kicking with their hind feet within a yard of his head,—able at any moment to kick across the whole space on which he is doing his work. A man tickles one of them to make him prance and strike the stones, or toss back the litter upon the recruit. As

if in a rage, the man professes to be earnest and loud in commanding his horse to stand still; and asks if it means to kick until it knocks Johnny Raw's brains out?—does it not know that Johnny Raw is behind it? Immediately opposite, another man causes his horse to plunge, and also demands if it means to kick until Mr. Raw is killed? and if it be determined that Mr. John Raw is not to go to the riding school that day? If John discovers the trick, and complains to the corporal or sergeant, woe unto him. The only chance he has of getting over persecution of that kind, is to take no notice of it.

If it is not to be a field day, the men and horses not going to the riding school go out in watering order, into the country, a mile or two, for exercise. The youngest recruits go to the school first about seven o'clock, on trained horses; the youngest untrained horses go to the school in the same class, with rough riders on them. The recruit prepares for the school at seven o'clock (after having combed and brushed his horse until it is spotless) by running upstairs to the barrack-room, putting on clean boots, brushing every horse-hair and spot from his trousers, strapping them down, putting on his stock, buttoning his jacket, fitting his cap and white gloves, and getting a cane in hand. Thus equipped, he goes to the stable, and finds his horse where he left him, bridled and standing fastened, with his head outward, his tail stallward. Johnny leads him out, walking backward, a hand at each side of the horse's mouth, and he must take care that no spot from the animal's mouth gets upon his gloves; and also that the horse does not rear up in play or mischief, and put his fore feet over his scarlet jacket, or strike one of his teeth out. We had a horse which struck up his fore feet and killed a recruit, when being led through the stable door.

I do not now follow the recruit to the riding school. He returns in an hour, and others of an advanced class succeed; they return at nine, and another class takes their place, which, returning at ten, are succeeded by the highest class. All, save the youngest, who went at seven, are riding in saddles; they had only a cloth beneath them, in watering order. Those going at nine and ten o'clock, get their breakfast before leaving the stable; and go with carbines and swords, and practise the sword exercise, galloping and wheeling round and across the school. Those who went at eight o'clock had pistols with them, and one or more of their pistols were fired. If the riding master or rough riders have a dislike to a man, or wish to annoy him, they probably take his pistol day after day and fire it. They require a pistol to fire suddenly behind the ears of the young horses, and occasionally behind the ears of the young men, to use them to the report. He whose pistol has been used must clean its barrel and lock, on his return to the barrack room. On returning

to the stable, be must rush up stairs, put off his gloves, jacket, cap, stock, and boots, and put on his stable shoes. He may see his breakfast of coffee and bread ready,—but not yet, no, not yet, Johnny; you can have no breakfast yet. He must return to the stable, use a straw wisp, a brush, and cloth to his horse for at least half an hour. He must pick its feet, sponge its hoofs and its nostrils, dress it neatly, and feed it; then he may go to the room to look after his coffee. He is a fortunate youth if he does not sometimes, or often, be a party to such a colloquy as this:—

Soldier A: "What is the matter with that recruit? What is he talking about?"

Soldier B: "He says they have taken all the *thick* of the coffee, and left him the *thin*; he says he likes the *thick* best. Isn't that what you like, Johnny?"

Johnny Raw: "No, it is not, and you know it; you have left me no coffee to drink; nothing but the thick grounds. I shant have it."

Soldier B: "Why, have you not told us that you prefer the thick? Nothing seems to satisfy you, Johnny."

And Johnny must submit to eat his dry bread. If a non-commissioned officer come and ask, "What is the matter with that recruit?" the men answer before he can, "The matter with him! he is only grumbling as usual." The non-commissioned officer most probably replies, "You must not grumble, young man; we must have no grumbling." If he holds his tongue and suffers all gently, or if he imitates the other men, and bullies and swears at them, he may have easier trials; but if he reports them, tells his superior what his comrades have done, woe be to the life of young John Raw!

He has no time to waste upon a dispute about his coffee. He must once more brush his boots and stable shoes, have everything spotless which is upon him, and which he leaves in the room behind him. If it be summer, he must put off his cloth overalls which he wore in the stable, and put on his white ones, and a pair of clean gloves, and be out at ten or eleven o'clock, as the case may be, to foot drill. He is drilled on foot until within a few minutes of twelve o'clock. When dismissed, he puts off his white trousers and gloves, resumes his cloth overalls, and runs to the twelve o'clock stable-hour. He rubs down and feeds his horse. He comes up to the room with the rest to dinner; they all button up their jackets and stand at attention, while the orderly officer and sergeant come their rounds to inspect the dinners, which is done by a glance, and occasionally the question hastily asked, "Have you any complaints?"

The dinners are then cut out, each man's allowance laid upon a plate. One turns his back towards the table, and another touches a plate with a knife, and calls, "Who shall have this?" He whose back is to the

table names one; and so on they proceed until all the plates are touched, and all the men in that room named. If Johnny Raw is to be once more vexed or victimised, a bone without meat, or almost without it, is laid upon a plate. He whose back is turned has been secretly told that this plate will be touched, we shall say, the sixth in turn. Accordingly, when the man who touches the plates with his knife says for the sixth time, "Who shall have this?" the reply is, "Johnny," or "Cruity," or whatever they may call him.

The recruit proceeds to pick his bone, or to turn it over and over to examine its nakedness; upon which some one says, "Johnny, what is the matter, lad? You do not get on with your dinner,—what is the matter, lad?" If he says they have given him a bone with no meat on it, they reply that he is always grumbling. If he complains to the officer who comes to enquire if there be complaints, he will not improve his circumstances. A corporal may then be ordered to see that the men deal fairly with the recruit; but the men will vex him quite as grievously in some other way. If he can swear horribly, and introduce an oath never heard before in the regiment, or if he find means of getting drink to some of them, he may escape farther persecution. If not, some of his brushes, or his scissors, or soap, or bathbrick, or blacking disappears. He hears a soldier say, "Who has lost a brush?" And he replies, "I have." The soldier goes on: "What is it like?" Poor Johnny proceeds to describe it. The soldier asks, "Would you know it if you saw it?" Johnny says, "Yes." "Well, then," says the other, "go and look at it, and tell us if you know it." "But where is it?" asks Johnny. "Where is it?" rejoins the other, "how do I know? go and find it." The probability is, that Johnny never sees his brush again. It has been sold for three pence for a pint of beer, and he is supplied with a new one at a shilling, which adds to his debt with the troop sergeant-major.

Dinner over, the recruit prepares for afternoon foot-drill and sword exercise. This lasts two hours; and when it is done, and he is dismissed, if he be not too tired, he may walk outside the barracks and see the town until six o'clock. Then is the stable roll-call, at which every man must be present, if not on duty or absent with leave. The regimental orders are read for next day, stating if it be "watering order first thing," or a field day. The horses are rubbed down, fed, littered, and the bands with the handfuls of fancy straw are put carefully away until the morning. The recruit may now go to his room and fold down his bed, and stretch himself upon it to rest; or he may go into the town until eight o'clock or nine. If he be a wise lad, he will stay in, and brighten his sword, scabbard, and his buckles, and whiten his belts and gloves for the school in the morning. There is no help for him but to persevere. Once or

twice I almost despaired; but seeing there was no alternative, I resolved to do my best. I was fortunate in having few tricks played upon me, and no persecution in any shape in the barrack-room.

With a few other recruits, I fell first for foot drill into the hands of Sergeant Stephenson, of whom I have little to say except that he was a smart-looking and well-conducted soldier. From him, after learning our "facings," we joined an advance squad of recruits, under Drill-Sergeant Keith. This was a remarkable man. While he gave the words of command with a tone of authority, his voice was as mild and kind to every recruit as the voice of an affectionate brother. He never on any occasion swore oaths, never shewed himself out of temper, though more than once I have known him turn away his face for half a minute, to hide the vexation which some of the very awkward men, who would not or could not understand what he had explained to them, impelled him to feel. To drill fresh recruits year after year might be allotted as a punishment to bad men. But it requires the best of men to be good drill-sergeants. Keith was one of these. He was a philosopher. At the sword exercise he was one of the most dexterous and perfect. The wrist of his right hand seemed to have a universal joint, and, with my more stubborn wrist, I often envied him. Keith succeeded some years ago as regimental sergeant-major.

The regimental serjeant-major of that time, Michael Nelson, had been a Paisley weaver. He was a Waterloo man; one of the cleverest soldiers that ever mounted a horse, but of a different temperament, with a harsher manner than the philosophic Keith. Nelson is now (1847) a commissioned officer in the regiment. In the month of February I met him in Clonmel, with other officers, some of whom I knew; but though we were frequently in the same hotel together, and held conversations on different topics, none of them knew me. While they were on arduous duty escorting flour and provisions through the counties of Waterford and Tipperary, during the famine season, I frequently hired a car or a horse and accompanied them. I rode the greater part of one day with a serjeant who had been drilled as a recruit with me; but I did not introduce myself, farther than that I had come from England as the representative of the *Manchester Examiner* newspaper, to examine and report upon the state of the country. [Subsequently I was known and well received in the social circles of some of those officers.]

In the riding school I was under the tuition of Serjeant Glen and Riding-Master Gillies. With the exception of once from the latter, I never had an unkind word from either of them; but that exception is to me a memorable one.

The first horse which I got for riding-school exercise was an animal of

good appearance, respectable behaviour, and deep sagacity,—Farrier Simpson's horse. The farriers are not often on horseback, except when marching; accordingly their horses are allotted to recruits. Farrier Simpson had a strong regard for the stately trooper upon which I was to learn to "mount," "dismount," "mount," (for these mountings and dismountings are repeated many a time, until the recruit is perfect in his style,) "march," "trot," "canter," "gallop," "draw swords," "leap the bar," cut at "heads and posts," "turn," "circle," "front," "make much of horses," "dismount," "front horses," "stand to your horses," "mount," "march," "trot," "canter," "gallop," "load," "fire," "draw swords," "charge," and a hundred other things which would not be intelligible if here repeated. And having that regard for his favourite horse, Simpson impressed upon me the duty of taking kindly care of him. He needed not to have done so: I had as much natural regard for a horse as he could possibly have had, in addition to which there soon sprung up an intimacy between this one and me, which was more than was usually seen between a recruit and his school horse. In some cases these animals, when well trained themselves, evince a contempt for recruits, of which a close observer of equine nature cannot mistake the cause,—the cause being the ignorance of the rider, compared with the learning and conscious superiority of the horse under him. Others understand the recruits upon their backs, and sympathise with them. Mine was one of these. If a word of command were suddenly given when trotting or galloping, he would not only evince that he had been listening for it, by instantly obeying the order, halting if it were "halt," turning if it were "turn," wheeling if it were "wheel," or anything else; but he would detect at the same instant if I had made a mistake, or had not heard distinctly what the command was, and he would yield as far as he could consistently with his notions of duty to bring me to the true knowledge of my duty. He did not, like some horses, take a pleasure in halting from a gallop with a jerk backward, to throw the rider over his head, should that rider not be keeping his ears open for the word of command. He sometimes felt by his mouth that I had not heard the word of command, or, if hearing it, had not communicated to him the intimation by the bridle reins or pressure of the knee to obey it; upon which, if it were "halt," he halted, but bore his shoulders forward, to save me gently from the shock. The same too in turning: if it were a sharp, indistinct command, given when we were at the canter or the gallop, he threw his body round with a sweep, though keeping his feet to the proper turning distance, to bring me round with him, if he felt that I was not on the alert.

Soon learning the kindly nature and excellent educational abilities of this horse, it was natural for me to have a warm regard for him. If he

had been a biped with the gift of speech, and not a dumb quadruped, he would have been a philosopher of the best order,—teaching the world the truths of nature in language of benevolence and love,—subduing the enemies of truth, and displacing ignorance, by gentleness and the power of goodness. Farrier Simpson and I became acquainted and respectful of each other, through our mutual respect for this noble animal. As a recruit, I had little time to be in the farrier's personal company, yet we met occasionally. The forge was from two to three hundred yards from my stable. I sometimes told the horse that he might go to the forge. If he seemed to doubt what I said, I lifted one of his feet, shook the shoe to intimate that it was loose, undid the chain of his collar, fastened the end of it up, and let him go. He went direct to Simpson, and selected him from among the other farriers; of whom there are one for each of the six troops, besides the farrier-major. The farriers are privates; the farrier-major wears four stripes on his arm, and ranks with the troop sergeant-majors. The only non-commissioned officer above them is the regimental sergeant-major; to whom the soldier says "sir," when addressing him. No one else, beneath the rank of a commissioned officer, is addressed as "sir."

At times I sent the horse to see Simpson when he needed no shoeing, if I had a spare hour. At such a time I followed after him, and gave the generous creature the opportunity of being with both his masters at once. I do not know if Farrier Simpson was a man possessing much intellect; but he was a man of average good sense, and, speaking of the horse, he used to say to me: "It is kindness does it all. I like you because you are kind to my horse; that horse likes us both, because we are both kind to him. You may do anything with either man or beast by kindness." The practical philosophy which I thus learned in my recruit-life in the Scots Greys, bore fruit with me when a non-commissioned officer in the more active and severe service of Spain. How seldom have I found my political confreres of civil life, who declaim about military tyranny, treat me as kindly as did my drill-sergeant in that regiment of dragoons, or as I treated my fellow soldiers in Spain when I drilled them.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the good feeling which thus began between the farrier and myself. It became his duty, as farrier of D troop, to which I was then attached, together with the trumpeter of the same troop, to give me, each of them, fifty lashes with a nine-tailed whip on the bare back, each tail of the nine with six knots upon it. Simpson gave the first five-and-twenty lashes; then rested while the trumpeter gave the second five-and-twenty; proceeded with the third instalment of five-and-twenty; again rested while the trumpeter completed the hundred; and was about to proceed with the remainder of two hundred, which was

the amount of the sentence of a regimental court-martial, when the commanding officer said, "Stop." This unpleasant affair did not interrupt the friendship between the farrier, whose duty it was to give me the first and third instalment of five-and-twenty, nor with the trumpeter; but with the trumpeter I was nothing more than an acquaintance, not a friend. Simpson began as if mindful of being a friend rather than a farrrier, but the loud command of "Do your duty, Farrier Simpson!" reminded him that he must "cut in."

My trial and punishment occurred on the 29th of May, 1832. It was ordered, proceeded with, and completed, all within a few hours; a circumstance altogether irregular to military rule, and which, coupled with other irregular matters, led a general court of inquiry to report against the commanding officer, and draw upon him an official reprimand.

The following passage may seem a repetition of paragraphs in previous chapters, but it occurring in the Autobiography published in England, where all the facts were known, I reprint it in Canada, where I am a stranger assailed by calumny,—which seems to be a native of every soil.

In consequence of this Autobiography not having been written to be published in my lifetime, nor so soon as this year 1847, had I died before, I find in it names of persons which for the present must be omitted. Yet in respect of every event or incident which occured to myself during the eventful summer of 1832, this is a faithful and for the first time a nearly complete report. Besides what my own vivid recollection serves me with, I have referred to the official documents presented to the War Office and to Parliament, from the sitting of the court martial on the 29th of May to the termination of the business on the 25th of August following. If I linger somewhat tediously on the details, the reader's time may not be wasted on a narrative of the most exciting scenes of the reform agitation in Birmingham; the rejection of the bill by the lords in parliament; the resignation of the Grey Cabinet; the Duke of Wellington alone in power, and relying alone on the army; the King bewildered; the nation with one voice crying, "Stop the supplies"; all the county representatives of England except six, a majority of the borough members, a large minority of the lords, and the entire nation save the fractional parts called anti-reformers, already declared for the bill; the newspapers of the highest class, in London and the provinces, daring the duke to prevent the passing of the bill, by the army; the political union of Birmingham drawing upon it the eager observance of all Britain, and Britain of all Europe; the anti-reformers daring the political union of Birmingham to move, and pointing to and naming the Scots Greys in their town ready to prevent them; the Greys booted and saddled night and day; their swords taken to the barrack grindstone and sharpened

for work; their pouches replenished with ball-cartridges; and *they*—shall I say, *thinking* on what was to be done, and what it was to be done for? —they were armed against their country, against the house of commons, and against their king? Yes, they did *think*,—but they did something more; and it was the unmistakable rumour of that something more, from the stables of the barracks of Birmingham, through the streets of that town, flying fast to the War Office in London, and to the palace, that drew forth the letter of the 17th May, from Sir Herbert Taylor, by command of the king, to Earl Grey, announcing that his majesty had succeeded, for the safety of the nation, in inducing as many anti-reform peers to withdraw their opposition, as would allow the bill to pass. This narrative shall be as brief as it can be intelligibly rendered; but if it seem tedious, it should, nevertheless, receive a patient perusal. There are none so exalted in station but they may learn something here.

But let me add, with all the emphasis of deep conviction,—a conviction which has been a political repentance of twenty-seven years, founded on subsequent military experience in active and arduous warfare, and on an intimate acquaintance with the shallow and selfish politicians who are commonly at the head of seditious conspiracies,—that no circumstance can justify a soldier in setting himself up as a politician. All my economic writings since the event of 1832 have been directed to the true interpretation of that one distinctive crime of my military life, though it has been seldom referred to by name.

But as the following chapters were written to relate the truth, and all the truth, which the newspapers trading on my punishment in 1832 did not, for their own commercial purposes, allow me then to publish,—indeed, some parts of the truth could not have been published then,—the tone of the narrative is neither in deprecation nor approval of what I did at Birmingham. I relate the simple facts.

CHAPTER X.

The Political Crisis of 1832.

The first Reform bill was introduced to the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, on the first of March, 1831. The divisions in its earlier stages, were, on the 22nd of March ; *for* the second reading of the bill 302, *against* the second reading 301 : on the 18th of April, on the motion of General Gascoyne, member for Liverpool, against reform, "that the number of members be not reduced," *for* that motion 299, *against* it 291 : majority against the reform ministry, 8. Three days after, the ministers were again defeated on a division of 164 to 142 upon a question of adjournment, whereby the voting of supplies was postponed by the anti-reformers.

This last division recalled to the public mind a power which resides in the House of Commons, as a defence of that branch of the legislature against the lords and the crown,—the power to refuse to vote supplies. The effect of this division was, in the first instance, a threat to the reform government that the anti-reformers could and would stop supplies. Its effect, in the second instance, was to make the nation cry aloud for a dissolution of parliament, that a new election, even with the unreformed constituencies, might decide which party in the house should have the power of withholding supplies. A third effect was, that the nation, not losing sight of this constituional power vested in its representatives, urged its application upon the House of Commons in the following year, when the great military commander of the age held the government in his own hands. His grace's declaration, in 1830, that there was no need for reform, that the old system of representation worked well, and that there should be no reform while he had power to resist it, had given an impetus to the public determination never before known on a strictly constituional question. Every act of the anti-reformers added strength to that national determination. Their acts of opposition, though constitutional, were often violent, sometimes undignified, and at last they ceased to be constitutional.

On the 22nd of April, parliament assembled in both houses, under an impression that a prorogation and dissolution would immediately take place. The anti-reformers deprecated dissolution. Animated debates

arose; and tumults, such as have seldom been witnessed within the walls of parliament, ensued. In the midst of the most undignified and angry discussion known to the British legislature, his majesty, William IV., arrived at the House of Lords, and summoned the angry Commons to meet him among the angry peers. Few of the anti-reformers were composed enough to answer the summons. Those who did appear, heard from his Majesty's mouth that parliament was prorogued, and would be dissolved, in order that the sense of the country might be taken on the question of a change in the representation.

London and every town and almost every village in the kingdom were illuminated. To the disgrace of the street mobs, the windows of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Wilson, and other leading anti-reformers, were attacked with stones, and broken. The mobs were led by the ignorant guides to mischief, who neither knew the real power of a multitude, which is its moral power, nor how to take up and occupy a position of dignity, nor what the quality of dignity is. Such persons have always been foremost to lead mobs. They lead mobs still, when they can find them; and until the population which is spoken of as the "masses," or the "millions," is elevated by an intellectual system of instruction in that political economy which is conservative science, universal in application, mobs will continue to be what they have been. Their leaders, too, will continue to be what they still are,—violent when there is no immediate danger, dangerous in their cowardice when leading the multitude beyond safety; abounding in words; incapable by nature of philosophic reflection; uninfluenced by the higher moral sentiments; and powerless to convey moral influence to others. The leaders of mobs have been, and are of this kind.

The street mobs of London and many other towns, misled by such persons, powerful in their violent conduct to lead to violence, powerless by their want of moral influence to restrain, committed outrages on property, at the general election in April, 1831. The reform cause was dishonoured by their outrage, and would have been weakened, had not the virtuous and the intellectual of all classes been in the position of leaders. The national opinion was formed. Had it been less than national, with one party striving to form it by convincing other parties not yet believing with them, the violence to persons and to window glass, and the threats of outrage which occurred, would have retarded the reform progress indefinitely. Those who did not yet believe in the justice or expediency of reform, would have been confirmed in unbelief. But happily for ultimate success, the national movement had the highest order of intelligence, morality, and political philosophy at its head.

At the general election of April, 1831, few changes were made in the boroughs; but the counties, which, up to the passing of the Reform Bill, were the repositories of most of the popular power which then existed, returned seventy-six members out of eighty-two pledged to vote for the bill.

The new parliament met on 14th of June, 1831, and on the 24th, Lord John Russell introduced the Reform bill to the House of Commons a *second* time. At the division on the third reading there were,—*for* the bill 345, *against* it 236; majority for the third reading, 109. The bill then passed the Commons, loudly cheered; the plaudits oft repeated, and caught up without the house and carried through the streets of London, and repeated during the whole night; and again throughout the kingdom, to the great joy of the inhabitants of every town and village, and almost of every hamlet. On the day following the passing of the bill in the House of Commons, it was carried to the House of Peers by Lord John Russell and Lord Althorp, attended by upwards of a hundred members.

On the 3rd of October, the prime minister, Earl Grey, moved the second reading of the bill in the House of Lords. In opening his address, he was deeply affected by the weight of responsibility which it imposed upon him. He said the great object of his political life had been parliamentary reform. If the present measure had the revolutionary tendency which some attributed to it, he would not defend it, far less propose it. He traced the growth of the spirit of reform, sketched its "*present irresistible power*," pledged himself to the support of the institutions of the country, his object being to improve not to injure them, and concluded a great speech by the announcement that he and the government would stand or fall by that bill. Loud cheers, such as are seldom heard in the House of Lords, gave acclaim to the noble and venerable orator when he sat down.

The debate began on Monday, and lasted five nights, ending at five o'clock on Saturday morning. Parliamentary history affords no record of eloquence, learned research, and dignified argument superior to that debate. The House of Lords probably never equalled it.

The question "*What will the Lords do?*" had been eagerly asked and speculated upon among all classes—among reformers and anti-reformers—during several months; and as the time of division drew nigh no other question was asked when friend met friend; even strangers in the street would stop strangers, and ask, "What will the Lords do?" The question was now solved. After this great debate of five nights, at five o'clock on the morning of the 7th of October, 1831, the lords *rejected* the bill. There were *content* for the second reading, 158; *non-content*, 199: majority against the bill, 41.

Expressions of disappointment and indignation arose loudly, and ran swiftly through every street of London, with every mail-coach to the country; along the turnpike roads, into every bye-path in the kingdom, and almost to every hearth, save in the houses of the fractional minority of the population, the anti-reformers. The church received a blow in the loss of popularity, from which it did not recover for years: of the majority of forty-one against the bill, the bench of bishops gave twenty-one. Riots once more prevailed. At Derby, the prison was broken open; and the property of the anti-reformers destroyed. At Nottingham, the populace, blind to respectable, moral, and intellectual leadership, (as in 1848 they seem still resolved to be,) rioted, destroyed property, fired the castle belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. His grace was unpopular, and had given a great impulse to reform, though intending the reverse, by his declaration,—relative to the voters in Newark, who depended on him,—"May I not do as I like with my own?" Some of the London newspapers were published with black edges, to indicate mourning. But a feeling of confidence in the ultimate success of the bill soon gained strength, by the influence of the political unions, which, following their great original of Birmingham, were now established throughout the kingdom.

On the 20th, the king prorogued Parliament, and announced from the throne the necessity of resuming, in the ensuing session, the consideration of reforming the House of Commons.

On the 29th, Sir Charles Wetherall, recorder of Bristol, and one of the most resolute opponents of the Reform Bill, proceeded to that city, and made a public entry as recorder. Riots ensued, beginning on Saturday, continuing the whole of Sunday, and suppressed only on Monday. The Mansion House, Excise Office, and Bishop's Palace, were plundered and set on fire; the toll-gates pulled down; the prisons burst open with sledge hammers, and the prisoners set at liberty among the mad populace. The mob increased in madness as it increased in magnitude, and as the fuel upon which its fury fed increased in quantity,—plunder in shops and houses, and liquor in vaults and cellars. One hundred and ten persons were injured less or more in life or limb. Sixteen were found dead: of these, three died from the wounds inflicted by the military; the remainder died of apoplexy, inflicted on themselves by excessive drinking in the bishop's palace and in other houses which they plundered.

On the 31st, the political union of London met in the Crown and Anchor, and, by adjournment, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Sir Francis Burdett in the chair. It was agreed to form a national union, with branch societies, each having a delegate at the central board. At subsequent meetings, resolutions for universal suffrage were proposed, and led

to the breaking up of the union; all the members not being favourable to such a measure on principle, and many who were favourable to it on principle, opposing it as impossible at that time. "If the moderate reform of the bill, which had been twice rejected by the legislature, was so difficult to obtain," they asked, "what must universal suffrage be?" The working classes of London, however, led by persons not eminent for discretion, resolved, that so far as they could defeat the Reform Bill, they would do so. They formed a political union of their own, called a metropolitan meeting, at White Conduit House; the advertisement stating, amongst other things, "that all hereditary distinctions of rank are unnatural, and opposed to the equal rights of man, and ought to be abolished"; and further, "that the political union of the working classes should not support any measure of reform but one including universal suffrage and the abolition of all hereditary power and ranks." An intimation from the police magistrates and the Home Office that such a meeting might be treasonable, caused it to be postponed. This and similar conduct on the part of large bodies of the people, led by persons who could expound their wrongs but could not practically guide them to the acquisition of their rights, gave the anti-reformers new strength and zeal in their opposition to all reform. It alarmed the king, and the more timid of the aristocracy who had declared for the Reform Bill. And when the Reform Bill had become law, the recollection of that and similar declarations, and all the excesses of the turbulent and indiscreet committed at that time, led to a re-action in public feeling in favour of conservatism, which rendered the reform ministry almost powerless.

On the 6th of December, 1831, parliament was opened by the King. The royal speech recommended the settlement of the Reform question.

On the 12th, Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill to the House of Commons a *third* time. It passed by a triumphant majority as before.

On the 14th of April, 1832, after an arduous debate of four nights, the second reading of the bill was carried by a majority of *nine*, at seven o'clock in the morning, in the House of Lords. The numbers were,—*for* the bill 184, *against* it 175. An accession of fifty votes had been obtained for the bill since October, when it was rejected. Several bishops had joined the ministers, and voted for the bill. A new party among the lords, called "Waverers," had sprung up. They contributed to the majority on the second reading; but little dependence could be placed upon them for getting the bill, unmutilated, through committee.

On the 7th of May, on the motion of Lord Lyndhurst that the disfranchising clauses of the bill be postponed, and the enfranchising clauses be considered first, the ministry was defeated by a majority of 36; the

numbers being 151 to 115. Upon this, Earl Grey moved the adjournment of the committee until the 10th. On the 9th, the reform ministry resigned; they being unable to carry such a measure of reform as they held to be indispensable.

Up to this time, it was generally believed that Earl Grey had obtained the king's assent to the creation of new peers to carry the bill, if necessary. The fact was now published, that this extreme measure had neither been granted by the king, nor asked for by the minister.

The sovereign summoned and consulted Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel. The precise nature of the consultations did not transpire, though explanations were subsequently made, which led to the belief that Sir Robert Peel refused to be pledged to the king to carry, or propose, any measure of reform, having so recently opposed the bills of Lord John Russell; and he did not see before him a possibility of carrying on an anti-reform government, with the majority of the House of Commons pledged to reform, as it then was.

The Duke of Wellington, it is reported, declared himself willing to be one of an anti-reform cabinet, though not holding any political office. During nine days his grace was in constant communication with the king; and all that time no government was formed.

The House of Commons met, and, on the motion of Lord Ebrington, passed, by a large majority, a resolution of undiminished confidence in the late cabinet. In London, public meetings were held every day declaring, by unanimous resolutions, that no taxes should be paid until the bill passed into law. Meetings of the most formidable magnitude were held in all the provincial towns, at which petitions to the House of Commons to withhold supplies of money for the public service, were adopted. The constitutional power of the commons to control the peers and the crown, by refusing to vote supplies, and the unconstitutional power of the crown, or of any subject under favour of the crown, to overawe the commons and the country with the army, were the topics of eager discussion at every meeting, club, dinner-table, and fireside. Nearly all mercantile transactions were suspended. Intimation of an encampment of all the political unions in the kingdom in the vicinity of London, was seriously made,—to remain there until the bill was carried! The anti-reform newspayers dared them to make the attempt, and spoke of the army. The reform newspapers, including the leading journals of London, spoke of resistance to the army. The *Times*, faithful to its mission of deserting the weak in the hour of need, prepared to turn tail on trembling Monarchy and Aristocracy, and mumbled, in its idiotic uncertainty, something about "brickbats." Constitutional lawyers of the highest eminence, the Lord Chancellor Brougham, one, and a gentleman after-

wards a distinguished judge, another, (still a judge 1859,) were reported to have spoken at public meetings, within four hundred yards of the palace, of kings having trusted in armies against their people, and the "royal heads rolling in the dust."

At Birmingham, two hundred thousand persons, under the guidance of Thomas Attwood, a banker, the father and hero of political unions, met on Newhall Hill (where now stands the Town Hall), petitioned against supplies, resolved to pay no king's taxes until the bill passed, and, if need were, to remove bodily the whole two hundred thousand of them, and encamp, with other political unions, on Hampstead Heath, to be near parliament. Every day, for months previously, hundreds of people walked into the cavalry barrack-yard of Birmingham to see the Greys. On the Sunday before the meeting on Newhall Hill, there were upwards of five thousand people within the gates, most of whom were well-dressed artizans, all wearing ribbons of light blue knotted in their breasts, indicating that they were members of the political union. Next Sunday, the barrack gates were closed. No civilians were admitted. We were marched to the riding school, to prayers, in the afternoon, and, during the remaining part of the day, or most of it, were employed in rough-sharpening swords on the grindstone. I was one of the "fatigue" men, who turned the stone to the armourer and his assistants.

It was rumoured that the Birmingham political union was to march for London that night; and that we were to stop it on the road. The troops had been daily and nightly booted and saddled, for three days, with ball cartridge served out, ready to mount and turn out at a moment's notice. But until this day we had rough-sharpened no swords. Not since before the battle of Waterloo had the swords of the Greys undergone the same process. Old soldiers spoke of it, and told young ones. Few words were spoken. We had had more noise, and probably looked less solemn, at prayers in the morning than we did now grinding swords. The commanding officer was asked by the army authorities in London if the men could be relied on, and answered, so he afterwads said, "They are firm as rocks!"

The negotiations then pending between the king and the anti-reformers were unknown to the country, and in their details still are. Most of the transactions beyond the town of Birmingham were unknown to us, though, from general rumour, we knew, unfortunately for our profession, that the country was alarmingly unanimous. When closed within barracks, we had no communication with the townspeople night nor day, and knew nothing of their movements. We did not apprehend an immediate collision until the day of the sword-sharpening. The danger now seemed imminent. Some, who had held private and earnest conversations on

the subject, had agreed that the best means of preventing a collison with the reform movement and the national will, as expressed by the House of Commons, was to give circulation to a report that we were not to be depended upon to put down public meetings, or prevent the people of Birmingham from journeying to London, to present their petitions and support the House of Commons by their presence, if they chose to undertake the journey. We caused letters to be written and sent to various parties in Birmingham and London to that effect. Some were addressed to the Duke of Wellington, some to the king, some to the War Office, to Lord Hill, and some were dropped in the streets. Those letters were necessarily anonymous, but they contained no violent threats. They firmly and respectfully urged, that while the Greys would do their duty if riots and outrages on property were committed, they would not draw swords or triggers upon a deliberative public meeting, or kill the people of Birmingham for attempting to leave their own town on a journey to London. In the letters dropped in Birmingham streets, or sent to parties resident in that town, we implored the people, as they valued success to reform and friendship with the army, *not* to allow rioting, window-breaking, or any outrage on property; else, if refusing to fire or draw swords on them, in the event of our being brought before a court-martial for such disobedience we should have no justification,—we should be condemned and shot. "If you do nothing but make speeches, sign petitions, and go peaceably to present them, though you go in tens of thousands, the Greys will not prevent you." One of the letters contained that passage, and concluded thus:—" The king's name is a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction want."

The belief with the public, however, was that the king had turned anti-reformer; and, possibly, he wavered. There is too much reason to fear that the queen-consort was influenced by the anti-reform ladies of the aristocracy and operated on her royal husband. But these are secrets of the royal household, not to be soon revealed, perhaps never. As to what might have been done in the event of an armed movement of the people, as discussed or suggested by many of the leading London newspapers, it is not for me to speculate upon now,—at least not here. Such probabilities were speculated upon then.

Happily the nine days of a nation without a government—all classes fervently excited, and nearer unanimity than was ever known of the British nation—came to an end. Sir Herbert Taylor, private secretary to the king, communicated the following letter to Earl Grey:—

"St. James's Palace, May 17, 1832.

"My Dear Lord,—I am honoured with his majesty's commands to

acquaint your lordship that all difficulties to the arrangements in progress will be obviated by a declaration in the House to-night from a sufficient number of peers, that, *in consequence of the present state of affairs*, they have come to the resolution of dropping their further opposition to the Reform Bill, so that it may pass without delay, and as nearly as possible in its present shape.—I have the honour to be yours sincerely,

HERBERT TAYLOR."

The bill went through committee accordingly, and on the 4th of June finally passed the House of Lords, on the motion of Earl Grey; the numbers being 106 *for*, and 22 *against* it.

The troubles of our regiment about reform, and particularly my own troubles, did not end with the circumstances in which they began. The fate of the bill was settled by that letter from the king, announcing that it was so in "*consequence of the present state of affairs.*" The newspapers continued to discuss the constitutional question warmly. On the 21st or 22d I was on guard. When off sentry I found myself, early in the morning, alone in the guard-house, the other men, save those on sentry, being asleep. I had read during the night, in an anti-reform paper, a vehement denial of the Duke of Wellington having yielded to reform from a distrust in the army; also that the rumours of the Scots Greys at Birmingham having expressed or held any political opinions, were fabrications of certain of the reform papers. I took the opportunity of being alone, to write a letter to the paper which had affirmed that the soldiers had expressed political opinions, to corroborate what it had said. A passage from the letter was published. As it led to all the subsequent proceedings before a court-martial and court of enquiry, which I am about to relate, I give it here:

"As a private in that regiment, I have the means of knowing fully the opinions which pervade the ranks in which I serve. It was true that a few gave their names to the roll of the political union. But let no one think that those who refrained from doing so, cared less for the interests of their country. I, for one, made no such public avowal of my opinions, for I knew it to be an infringement of military law; but I was one who watched with trembling anticipation the movements of the people of Birmingham. For while we ventured to hope that any collision between the civil and military forces would be prevented by the moral energies of the former, we could not help having a fear that *the unprincipled and lawless*, who are everywhere more or less to be found, *might take the opportunity* of that turn in the national affairs *to commit outrages on property; in which instance we should certainly have considered ourselves, as soldiers, bound to put down such disorderly conduct.* This,

I say, we should have certainly felt to be our duty; but against the liberties of our country we would have never, never raised an arm. The Scots Greys have honorably secured a high character in the service of their country, and they would be the last to degrade themselves below the dignity of British soldiers by acting as the tools of a despotism. The Duke of Wellington, if he sees or hears of this, may assure himself that military government shall never again be set up in this country."

This was published on the 27th of May, 1832. The words printed in *italics* shew that the opinion relative to the duty of soldiers to protect property and suppress riots expressed then, has been the opinion which I have ever since expressed. To write, or say, or think (a soldier has no business to think, they tell him), that in any case we were not to do what we were ordered, was a grave offence, nothing short of mutiny. I was aware of that fact. I remonstrated with the soldiers who had joined the political union, and succeeded in persuading them to recall their adhesion to it. With the same regard for my own safety, I did not go near the political union. Had the time and the circumstances come for us to act not according to orders, it would have been an occasion great enough to risk all that we were risking. It must have been a national necessity. We should have either been shot while crying, "For the king, the constitution, and the people!" or triumphant with a nation's thanks upon our heads.

It ended, however, in the less dignified visitation of a flogging. But *that* I have not yet looked upon as a disgrace. I might have felt disgraced had I allowed it to fall upon other backs than my own. [The reader of 1859 will please to observe that this is an exact reprint of a narrative given to the world twelve years ago.]

CHAPTER XI.

The Military Crime.

I may here direct attention to some usages of the cavalry service, that you may the more clearly understand the first occurrences which befel me in consequence of the publication of the extract of a letter read in the last chapter.

A large number of men have two horses, with their accoutrements, to keep clean and to feed. The six troops of a regiment consist of fifty-five men each. The commissioned officers select each a servant from the ranks; some, two. Those servants leave their horses behind them in the troop stables, and attend only to the horses of their masters. The regimental sergeant-major, six troop sergeant-majors, farriers, ten or twelve sergeants, the bandsmen and bandmaster, are each allowed a man to take care of their horses. The men thus selected have their own horses to attend to also, which gives them each two. There are young horses in training, to replace old ones condemned at the previous yearly inspection, but which are still retained to do duty until the young ones, usually purchased when two years old, have reached the age of three years, or three and a half, and have been trained. Thus there are spare horses; some old, some young. They are allotted among the men, so far as they go, each man having one of them in addition to his own. There are also men in hospital, sick; their horses are, in like manner, allotted. There may be some men in confinement; their horses are allotted. Each day, eight, ten, or twelve men go on guard on foot; their horses are left during twenty-four hours to the other men of the respective stables. And as it occurs every day that some of those who have two horses go on guard, they each leave two to be taken care of in the stable.

On the line of march there are fewer spare horses than in quarters, as the farriers and others are then mounted; yet there are always some. They are led by men appointed to the duty; which, on the march, is frequently imposed as a punishment. The men who turn out latest in the morning, who are imperfectly polished or brushed, or who evince signs of having been tipsy the previous night, have the spare horses given to them. And as all horses and accoutrements must be thoroughly cleaned at the end of each day's march, before the man can attend to himself, he who has two feels the duty to be punishment in reality.

Another way of punishing men when marching, is to make the offender dismount from a favourite horse (if he be so mounted), and ride on some odious trotter, which may be the dislike of all the regiment. It is sometimes a grievous punishment awarded to men who give offence, to be separated from favourite horses, and have ill-tempered, ill-going animals allotted to them instead.

On Sunday, the 27th of May, 1852, the passage from my letter, as printed in the preceding chapter, was read in Birmingham barracks. Viewed in connection with previous rumours of what the Greys might or might not do, in the event of the army being called out to obstruct the progress of the Reform Bill, it excited much attention, more than came to my knowledge at the time. But I heard that inquiries were made to discover the writer. One of the men, John Orr, who had a confidential knowledge of certain transactions done, and of designs which *were* to have been transacted, came to me, and said that he already knew that a number of men were suspected; that the sergeant-major, adjutant, riding-master, and commanding officer would be "down upon" all of them, until they were driven into some fault, and caught in it; that he himself was suspected more than any other man, in consequence of having been to the political union, and being known to have some talent and practice in letter-writing. He proceeded to assure me that he did not write that letter, nor did he know who had written it; but that he knew they would be "down upon" him. He said he wished he was as safe as I; and was sorry that he had not been as careful to keep from the political union. To which I replied, that he and others who went there were blameable for indiscretion; but I was not so free of blame in respect of indiscretion as I had been. I then confided to him the secret that the letter was my production, and that he need have no fear for himself, as I should avow it rather than let him or any one suffer on account of it.

I did not then know who the suspected men were; but before the Court of Inquiry, at Weedon, the commanding officer stated that I was not one of those at first suspected; that during the Sunday evening, in a conversation with the riding-master and another officer, it was suggested that I might have been the writer, or that I knew something about it, as I had been seen reading newspapers; but that he himself was not inclined to believe that it was I, and only believed the act to be mine when I acknowledged it, on the following Tuesday.

Had the commanding officer been careful to say as little before the Court of Inquiry as the riding-master said, it might never have transpired that I was one of the subjects of their conversation on the Sunday evening. But he told the court, that, though suspecting others, he

yielded to the suggestion that I might be the writer; and observing in the paper a notice, that, to prove to the public that the original was a genuine soldier's letter, it could be inspected at the newspaper office, he endeavoured to obtain a specimen of my handwriting to send to London to be compared with the original letter.

What was said to the riding-master I know not, but on the Monday morning I was ordered by a sergeant not to take the horse D 36, but another horse, B 30. This latter had no connection with the troop to which I was attached: the troop to which it belonged was stationed at Kidderminster, and it was at head-quarters in Birmingham, unfit for regular troop-duty, though it had been three years in training. It was not then trained, and never was. It was given first to one man, then to another, and again to a third, and so on to others, as punishment. For mere riding it was not unmanageable; but it had been used in the riding-school so often by men who had committed some fault, and were riding for punishment, that its temper, naturally bad, instead of being sweetened or subdued by them, was soured and aggravated.

I had once or twice, after returning from the riding-school with my own horse, been sent thither with this for a civilian and one of the rough-riders to ride upon. This only happened when no one else was at hand to accoutre and take it from the stable to the school.

On the morning of Monday, the 28th, on being ordered to accoutre this horse and take it there, I did so, under the impression that I was so ordered because no other person was at hand to take it but me. I therefore went in ordinary stable-dress, not in boots and spurs, but in shoes, and without a cane or switch, having no expectation that I was to ride. Up to this day the riding-master had never been otherwise than kind to me. From the time of joining the regiment I had not committed a single fault of the most trivial nature. I had not received so much as one reproof or severe word from any officer or non-commissioned officer. In showing the "tackle" once a week, which was done by taking every part of the horse's accoutrements to pieces, arranging it artistically, each man on his bed in the barrack room; every buckle and chain burnished and shining; the locks of pistol and carbine, taken to pieces to show the interior works, all brightened; the barrels out of their stocks, the stocks varnished and the brasses burnished; the gleaming sword unsheathed by the side of its shining scabbard; each man standing at attention at the head of his iron bedstead, upon which his "tackle" was spread, while the captain and other officers of the troop, the sergeant-major, and the sergeants, came and inspected it,—at this weekly show it was the misfortune of some men to have their buckles minutely inspected, they having got a name for indifferent cleanliness, while others had

the fair fortune of being passed by with a glance. It had become a weekly occurrence for the captain to glance his eye to my accoutrements, upon which the troop serjeant-major said, "That man's things are always clean"; and without further inspection they passed to some one else.

Until this memorable Monday morning no fault had been found with me. Having been practised as a rider in my boyhood, I had little difficulty in the school, except to unlearn some unmilitary positions. Every direction given I studiously obeyed. When I was in the first class and "back sticks" were used to make the recruits sit upright, I was always called out of the "ride" and left to look on; the riding-master saying that I did not require that department of teaching. Indeed, from the official documentary evidence laid before Parliament and the War Office, I find him bearing testimony to the fact that I had been always obedient and active for duty. I had advanced into superior classes, leaving recruits whom I found before me when I joined the regiment, behind. I had been sooner sent to mount guard and go out to field days than most other recruits.

These matters I mentioned now, to shew what my position really was at the 28th of May. On taking the horse to the school, I was surprised, that, instead of some rough-rider taking him from me as before, to allow my return to the stable to attend to my own horse, the riding-master ordered me to "fall in," and join the ride which was about to be formed. I did so, and was the second file of the ride; Sergeant Glen, the head rough-rider, being the leading file. Mr. Gillies, the riding-master, seeing me without spurs, demanded why I had come to the school without boots and spurs. I was about to reply that I had been sent with the horse, and had no intimation that I was to ride. "Hold your tongue; don't answer me," he exclaimed. "Dismount!" I dismounted. "Mount!" I mounted. "Dismount!" I dismounted. "Mount!" I mounted. "Dismount!" I dismounted. All this was only the work of a minute; but his manner was so different from anything that I had seen in him, and he lashed his whip with such vehemence, that I did not know what to think. The horse nervous, ill-tempered, and alarmed, reared, plunged, and chafed. I attributed the riding-master's ill-humour to the fact that I had come without my spurs; and on being ordered to go to the barrack-room and dress, I darted out of the school, to run as if life and all that life is worth depended upon the speed of getting booted and spurred.

He, seeing me run before I was out of the school, recalled me in a thundering voice, and demanded if I did not know how to go out of the school otherwise that I had done. He told me to get a switch, instead of spurs. I then walked out, instead of running. As soon as I was

clear of the door, I ran; and though the distance was three or four hundred yards to the room in which I had quarters, I returned in a very few minutes.

Arrived with my cane, I took the horse from the hands of the orderly who attended the classes to fire pistols behind the ears of young horses and young men, and, standing for orders, got the word " mount," and mounted; " dismount," and dismounted; " mount," and mounted; " dismount," and dismounted; " mount," and mounted. Once more the commanding voice, the loud whip, and the maddened animal kicking the boards, mingled together. I could not, and no dragoon that ever bestrode a trooper could, have calmed a horse thus irritated, and brought him into line with the seven or eight others all at once. I could not do so; but I did my best. To make the matter worse, because I did not do so, the riding-master, as I thought, whipped the horse. There was afterwards some doubt about this; and probably he only cracked the whip. The effect, however, was to make the animal plunge, dash backward on the boards, and be unmanageable in circling, turning, and wheeling. At first we were to move slowly; but my horse was in such a state of irritation that it would not go slowly. We then trotted and cantered, circled, wheeled, turned, and many other things; the horse sometimes halting and rearing when it should have been trotting, until it disordered the whole ride.

The riding-master vociferated that it was my fault; and, as if to make me manage the horse better, ordered me to ride without stirrups. The stirrups were thrown across in front of the saddle. I now saw that he was determined, for some purpose or other which I could not even suspect, to give me a tumble. This I was determined should not happen. It may do in the amphitheatre to ride fantastically; but it is more than play in a military riding-school to ride without stirrups, on a saddle, with a horse foaming and enraged as mine then was, the riding-master now worse-tempered than the horse, and the rider now thinking that he had most cause of the three to be out of good humour.

I rode without stirrups, and kept my seat; though more than once, with sudden rearing and swerving, I felt myself unsteady. We got the word " halt," and formed in a line up the centre. Upon which, I being the file No. 2, the riding-master spoke thus: " Number two by himself, the remainder steady, a horse's length to the front; march!" This I obeyed as well as I could make the horse do it, by taking three yards (a " horse's length ") to the front. Then by myself I was dismouted and mounted some half-dozen times at least; which being done without stirrups, I had to breast the saddle each time. It exhausted my breath, and almost my patience.

The ride went on again; my horse seemingly more resolute in rearing and swerving out of the ride than ever. It made a spring from the side of the school towards the centre; and in the vexation of the moment I dismounted. The riding-master rushed forward, and gave the word "mount." I did not move. Turing to the orderly, he called, "Go for a file of the guard." A corporal and file of the guard came. "Now," said he, looking on me sternly, "will you do your duty? Mount!" I said, "I cannot manage this horse." He then said, "Guard, take this man to the guard-house: he is a prisoner!"

They came; one of the file on each side of me, and the corporal behind. The latter gave the word "March!" and we marched away. The men on guard were much surprised to see me a prisoner, and were all eager to know what I had done. The day passed over. Dinner was brought, and supper; and next morning my breakfast. Soldiers are more careful of one another, and kind, when one happens to be a prisoner, no matter what the crime may be, than at any other time.

Between nine and ten o'clock, on the 29th, the regimental sergeant-major came to the guard-house, and called me out. He said, "Well, what do you think of yourself now?" I replied that I feared I had been a fool yesterday in the riding-school, and was very sorry for having disobeyed orders, but it was my first fault in the regiment. He rejoined, "Ah! I see you are getting afraid of us." "No," I replied: "there is a difference between being afraid, and being sorry for committing a fault." "Come along," said he; and went away. I followed.

He led to the orderly room, where were the adjutant, and the commanding officer, Major Wyndham. Lord Arthur Hill, our lieutenant-colonel, was absent on long leave in London, being a member of the House of Commons, and the major commanded. Major Wyndham was a tall, dark-whiskered, pleasant-looking, middle-aged gentleman. His character with the men was that of a mild, amiable officer, more likely to be ruled or imposed upon by others than to do wrong to any one. And, notwithstanding all that occurred to me at that time, all that was said in the newspapers against him, and all the errors he fell into in point of military law and official discretion, I still believe him to have been at fault only in being led or advised, by harsher natures that his own, to proceed as he did.

[For some years he has held an office in the Tower of London, and has expressed satisfaction, as I have been told, that he is fairly and tenderly written of in my Autobiography. I notice this here to add, that it is not accordant with my nature to write harshly of any man, far less of one who ever bears with him the courtesy of a gentleman, and scrupulous regard for truth; and such is Colonel Wyndham, late of the Scots Greys.—Note of 1859.]

First he said, "Well, my man, you are getting sulky on our hands." I replied, "No, I am not sulky: I unfortunately disobeyed orders yesterday, in the riding-school, but am now very sorry for it." "Ah, but," said he taking a newspaper which lay ready at hand, "you are fond of newspapers, I understand," (or of writing to newspapers).

I saw what was coming; and having heard from the men on guard, and from another who came to the guard-house with my breakfast, that there was a great commotion in the regiment about the letter, and that several men were accused, and were likely to be made prisoners and brought to trial, I resolved to confess myself the writer. The major, exhibiting a slip of paper, said, "You are fond of writing to newspapers, I believe?" This paper contained some verses, as I believed at the time, with my name attached. They were but silly in poetry, yet, having something sentimental about them, they had been printed in the poet's corner of a Birmingham newspaper. A gentleman belonging to the Staffordshire yeomanry, who with other gentlemen came to the military riding-school to take lessons, and for whom I had several times accoutred one of the troop horses, inquired one day if I had written the love verses which had been in the newspapers. I said "Yes." He proceeded to inform me that his sister and other young ladies had admired them, and desired him to get copies in the soldier's own handwriting, for their albums or scrap-books. I shall not, I cannot, do any lady the injustice of believing that a copy of sentimental verses, sought by herself and placed in her scrap-book, was taken out for the purpose of assisting in getting the author punished. But having been told that the copy was placed in a lady's scrap-book, and that the other ladies requested each a copy, while I had made but one, it was evident, seeing that the major had one, that some person had taken it from the lady's scrap-book to be used for the discovery of evidence in this case.

From what the major subsequently said, it appeared that he that day sent it to London for the hand-writing to be compared. He said, again, "You are fond of writing to newspapers, I believe?" I replied that I had written very little to newspapers. He then, taking hold of the newspaper which contained the extract from the political letter, said, "I have something else to say to you: do you know anything of this libel which has been published about the regiment?" I replied that I did not know if it was a libel; but I had written a letter, and I believed part of it was published. He then asked, sternly and formally, if I had written that letter, and I answered "Yes." He proceeded: "You do not think that letter a libel, but I think it worse: it is treason." Some further emarks were made, which I did not state before the Court of Inquiry to be more precise than "to the best of my recollection." As the major

gave a somewhat different version of this examination, I shall, in the next paragraph but one, quote his version. He drew me into a political conversation, and, among other things, asked if I did not know that I was sworn to the king, paid by the king, and bound to support him. I replied, that I was sworn to the king, as the head of the nation and the constitution; that I did not know who would have paid me had the House of Commons refused to vote the supplies, as it seemed likely to do a fortnight ago; that as to the oath of allegiance, circumstances might have arisen in which it might have been a question to whom—the king individually, or the constitution and government—the oath was taken. (In relating this to the Court of Inquiry, I was stopped by the judge-advocate and the president. They said it was their duty to inform me that I need not state anything which might criminate myself. I replied, that I was advised not to withhold any part of the conversation which had passed between the major and myself. I repeat it here, but mark it with the word "dangerous.")

After coming to that part of the published extract from my letter which mentions that some of the Scots Greys had joined the political union, the major asked me to give their names. He insisted on my disclosing who they were. I declined, firmly but respectfully, to name them. He said it might be better for myself to say who they were, and once more asked if I were determined not to give their names. I said that I would not say that I might never, under any circumstances, give their names; but I should not do so at that time, nor under present circumstances. Again he asked if I refused to name them, and I said, "Yes, I do refuse." On his reading the passage which stated, that, in "the event of rioting or outrage being committed on property, we, as soldiers, should have considered it our duty to put down all such disorderly conduct," he said, "That is very right: I perfectly agree with you." Coming to a remark which the editor of the newspaper had made about this "brave and patriotic soldier," the major said, "I dare say you are intelligent enough, but God knows we know little of your bravery!" He made some other remarks, about the political unions being "illegal and treasonable"; and said, that, looking at my disobedience of orders yesterday in the riding-school and at the confession which I had now made of writing that letter, he thought I had committed a crime,—a very great crime indeed. I again pleaded guilty to the disobedience of orders in the riding-school, said I was very sorry, but that the writing of the letter was a different and distinct affair. He rejoined, emphatically, "My lad, you will repent of that," and ordered the serjeant-major to take me back to the guard-house.

I now give that portion of the major's statement before the Court of Inquiry, on the 27th July, which refers to my examination before him,

on the 29th May, which I have just related. (*Question*): "When he was brought to you, will you state what passed between you and him?" (*Answer*): "I found him in the passage, and I had been in the room probably a minute when I sent for him. Lieutenant Ricketts was in the room, and the serjeant-major brought him in by my order. I presented the 'crime' to him and said, 'This is your crime: I am sorry it should have appeared.' That was the commencement of the conversation. I said I did not expect it of so young a soldier. He looked at me, and I think the words he said were, '*I am sorry for it.*' I do not think he said anything more, except that he mentioned something about his horse being unruly. I think he said he '*could not manage the horse*'; those were his words. I said, 'It is highly improper conduct, a high disobedience of orders, and I regret it very much.' *I was sorry to see he did not express some contrition:* I thought a soldier would have said more. *My object in seeing him was, if he had spoken well for himself to have released him.* He did not say that which I expected. I said it was an act of insubordination, and, as near as I can recollect, I said, 'it cannot be overlooked.' He said nothing more.

"The newspaper was lying on the table: I took it up and said, "I am afraid, my lad,' I think that was the expression, 'you are fond of writing in the newspapers.' He seemed surprised. I then said, 'Is this letter from you? He then stopped a short time and said it was; that he had written the letter. I then read the letter, or extracts from it; and I think I commented on the letter, saying, I was sorry to see a young soldier writing in a newspaper, and particularly on political subjects, which I considered was not a soldier's duty. He then said, he did not know: he thought he had a right to write in the newspapers. I said, 'You have no right to comment upon the conduct of your regiment, and say what is not the fact: you have written a libel on the regiment.' I said, 'That is not the business of a soldier.'

"I read some more lines, and came to a passage about what the Scots Greys would do in case they were called out to act. It is a long time since: I cannot recollect the words, but they were to this effect,—*that to quell a mob they would do so, but would not lift up arms against the people.* I said, 'This is strong conversation,' and asked him what he meant by it. I said, 'You ought to know your duty better than to express any such libel on the regiment,' and I asked him what he meant by it. Then I said, 'Do you recollect, my good fellow, that you have sworn allegiance to the king, and you are paid by the king?' Then that began a conversation, the words of which I do not recollect, except having seen them in the paper,—something about his being paid by the king, and that only so long as he was for the people, or words to that

Question, by the president: "Is that your own recollection, being refreshed in any manner, that he did use those words in particular ?"

Answer: "Yes: he said he was bound to the king as long as he went with the people, or words to that effect. I then told him that I was sorry to see so young a soldier commence in that manner. Again, I said it was not the business of any soldier to meddle with politics, and I regretted very much that he had libelled the whole regiment. That, I think, ended the conversation. I then desired the sergeant-major to take him back to the guard-house, which was instantly done."

This is the direct statement of Major Wyndham. On cross-examination, he said further: "I was surprised: I had been twenty years in the regiment and never heard of a soldier using such language. It had been the conversation throughout the whole of the barrack-yard ever since Sunday; no one could make out who it was. Various people were suggested; one man in particular, and everybody believed it was him but myself. . . . . We were still in doubt as to the writer, until the man confessed he was the writer in my room. My idea was that it was too well written for a soldier. One part, I thought, might have been written by a soldier: the rest, I said, could not have been written by a soldier. That was the first remark I made."

"Did you, in commenting on the letter, apply to it the epithets 'seditious' and 'treasonable,' or either of them ?"

"No: I used the word 'libel,' and, I think, afterwards in the school, when I spoke to the men."

"For anything you could say, you might have used the words 'seditious' and 'treasonable,' or either of them ?"

"No: I think I said 'libel upon the whole regiment.' It had been commented on throughout the yard, and a great deal of vexation caused by the letter. The town was in a state of confusion, the barrack-yard kept constantly shut. *We were spoken of as Unionists.* One report was that I was dismissed; that the commander was coming down, and that, at one place, they had nearly pulled him out of his carriage. Altogether I was excited, and I believe every man in the regiment was excited. Banners were flying and drums beating (outside); the gates of the barracks were locked; and, what with the gates being locked and the other circumstances that occurred, one cannot be surprised at there being angry feeling about the letter being written."

At a subsequent part of the major's statement, wherein he relates what took place in the riding-school in the afternoon after the sentence of the court-martial had been carried into effect, he adds to his description of the state of Birmingham and the regiment, that he had been written to from London to know if the Greys could be depended upon,

for that reports had reached the highest quarters that they could not. This is corroborative of the statement made by me in the preceding chapter as to the part which "we" had acted in producing that "state of affairs" which caused the King to write, by his secretary, to Earl Grey, that the further opposition of the Peers would be withdrawn and the Reform Bill allowed to pass.

As that statement of the commanding officer refers to what occurred after the court-martial, on the 29th of May, I do not now quote it. His statements already quoted in this chapter, refer to the proceedings before a court-martial was ordered, or even thought of. The major says, honestly, (it would have been well if every other witness had told all which they knew as honestly,) "My object in seeing him was, *if he should have spoken well for himself to have released him*, but he did not say that which I expected."

I could not, with punishment impending over other men, do otherwise than tell him that I was the writer of the letter for which they were suspected. For this confession, if his words have any meaning at all, I was sent back to the guard-house with the sergeant-major. In about ten minutes after leaving me there, the sergeant-major returned, with a slip of paper upon which was written my "crime," or indictment, and said, "You will prepare for a court-martial immediately; that is your crime."

He went out; but again returned in a few minutes, and told me that if I had any witnesses to call, to name them, and he would order their attendance. My thoughts instantly turned to the persons who had been in the riding-school the day before and had witnessed the extraordinary conduct of the riding-master; but I could not recall all the circumstances in a moment, and the probable evidence of the different men,—some of whom saw one thing, some another, according to the part of the ride they were in. I therefore said that I would require a few minutes to consider who might be of use to me; to which the sergeant-major replied, angrily, "We have no time to lose in that way," and left me abruptly. He did not return. I was taken before the court-martial at eleven o'clock, and had no witnesses.

This person's conduct was very different, when, on a subsequent occasion, I demanded his presence as a witness before the Court of Inquiry.

CHAPTER XII.

The Court-Martial: Sentence, Two Hundred Lashes.

The following is a copy of the orders upon which the court-martial was formed :—

"MORNING REGIMENTAL ORDERS BY MAJOR WYNDHAM. BIRMINGHAM BARRACKS, 29th May, 1832.—A regimental court-martial will assemble in the mess-room, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it. President: Captain Fawcett. Members: Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Somerville, Cornet Furlong, Cornet Macquarrie. The troops to parade in stable dress, with side arms, at half-past four o'clock." "A true copy from the regimental order-book of the 2nd Dragoons. (Signed,) St. Vincent William Ricketts, lieutenant and adjutant, 2nd Dragoons."

It was stated on behalf of Major Wyndham, in the Court of Inquiry, to be customary in the Scots Greys to order a parade of the men in side-arms, to hear the proceedings of court-martials, at the same time that the court was ordered to assemble; and that consequently by doing so, on this occasion, it was not to be inferred that he anticipated the finding and sentence of the court. I might have proved by the oldest soldiers in the regiment, whom I had summoned to the inquiry, that the custom was otherwise, and that in no case within their recollection had a regimental court-martial been assembled immediately, by orders issued during the day; the custom being to issue the orders on the previous evening. My purpose in summoning witnesses to prove those customs, was to show, that, though I had been in confinement for the crime in the riding-school from Monday morning until Tuesday forenoon, no court-martial was ordered, nor intended to be ordered for me, until after I had confessed myself the writer of the extract. And it will presently appear that Adjutant St. Vincent Ricketts admitted the irregularity to be greater than this. I had also witnesses to prove, that, though nominally tried and punished for the riding-school offence, the major, by his address to the regiment after I was punished, showed that it was for the letter-writing, and not for the other offence, that I had been punished. But it became unnecessary to call those witnesses after the major had made his statement: he had made the case against himself as clearly as I could have proved it.

Much time was wasted in the Court of Inquiry upon the question of the hour at which the regimental court-martial assembled. It had been reported in the newspapers that it assembled at eleven o'clock, or at half-past eleven. This was a point of little importance; but Major-General Sir Thomas Bradford, and the other field-officers forming the Court of Inquiry, made it one of my charges against my commanding officer which was "not proved." They took a variety of newspaper reports, without questioning me as to their correctness, or whether I had authorised them to be published, and, forming these into a series of charges *after the Court of Inquiry closed*, reported upon them to the commander of the forces, Lord Hill, and to Parliament, that they were "not proved." The only charges which I in reality made, were two: first, that I had been entrapped and almost compelled into an act of disobedience in the riding-school, in order to get me into trouble about another offence of which I was only suspected; and second, that I was tried and sentenced for the disobedience of orders which I could hardly have avoided, while I was punished for the offence of writing the letter.

The petty crime for which I was tried was thus worded :—

"For highly unsoldier-like conduct on the morning of the 28th instant, in dismounting without leave, when taking his lessons in the riding, school, and absolutely refusing to remount his horse when ordered to do so."

When the officers had assembled, I was sent for. The corporal of the guard placed me between two privates. We marched in that position to the officers' mess-room. A table stood in the centre of the room. The president sat at one end, the four officers sat two on each side, dressed in full regimentals; and I was placed and stood at the other end. The corporal and one of the guard withdrew. The other man stood, with his carbine (a short gun) at the position of "carry," by my side, as sentry over me. His name was Thomas Scott. I summoned him to the Court of Inquiry to prove that the official minutes of the court did not report all the proceedings. He was an unwilling witness. It was dangerous for him, or for any of my witnesses, to give evidence in my favour; but he established most of my allegations of unfairness on the part of the officers who interfered with my questions to the witnesses for the prosecution,—the questions to Sergeant Glen, the rough-rider, in particular. Thomas Scott's evidence also proved that the official minutes of the court were only a partial report of the proceedings before it. The Court of Inquiry, in its report to Parliament, overlooked this important fact. It censured the conduct of Major Wyndham, and he was reprimanded accordingly; but it should have censured the officers composing

the court-martial. Here is their official report. The order upon which it was formed, the names of the officers, and the crime, are already quoted:—

" The prisoner having been asked by the president whether he objects to any member of the court? answers:

" That he objects to Cornet Macquarrie, as being a *minor*. [The word *minor* not correctly reported: see the remarks.]

" The objection of the prisoner is overruled by the members of the court.

" The prisoner pleads guilty to the charge.

" *First evidence.*

" Lieutenant and riding-master Gillies, being duly sworn, states to the court,—

" That the prisoner, on the morning of the 28th inst., when taking his lesson in the riding-school, turned in out of the ride and threw himself from his horse. Evidence asked him his reason for so doing. He, prisoner, told evidence, ' Because he could not ride the horse.' He, evidence, told him it was his duty to teach him to ride his horse; and he, evidence, ordered him to mount the horse again, which the prisoner refused to do. Evidence then sent for the corporal and a file of the guard to take the prisoner to confinement; and, on their arrival, evidence again ordered the prisoner to remount his horse, which he again refused.

" *Second evidence.*

" Sergeant John Glen, being duly sworn, states to the court,—

" That on the morning of the 28th inst. he was in the riding-school, in the same ride with the prisoner. Evidence saw the prisoner turn out of the ride and dismount his horse, without receiving any order from the riding-master to do so. The riding-master went up and asked him why he did so. But evidence did not hear the reply. The riding-master then ordered him to mount again, which he did not do."

" *Question by the prisoner:* Did you or did you not hear my answer?

" *Answer:* I did not hear it.

" Was your impression, when you saw me dismount, that of thinking me disobeying orders, or because I could not ride the horse?

" *Answer:* I did not form an opinion, being in front of the ride. [See Scott's evidence.]

" *Question by the court:* Upon hearing the riding-master order the prisoner to remount, what then was your impression as to the prisoner's conduct?

" *Answer:* I thought he was disobeying orders.

"*Question by the court:* Did you ever before see a soldier refuse to remount when ordered?

"*Answer:* Yes I have; but the man was punished for it.

"*Third evidence.*

"Corporal Adam McClure, being duly sworn, states to the court,—

"That on the 28th inst. he was corporal of the barrack guard, when one of the men came to the guard-room and desired evidence to take a file of the guard to the riding-school, which he did. Evidence, upon going to the riding-school, saw the prisoner standing near his horse. The riding-master said, in presence of evidence, that he would give him (the prisoner) another chance, and asked him to mount the horse. The prisoner said, 'No'; evidence then took him to the guard-house.

"*Question by the court:* Did the man appear to have been drinking?

"*Answer:* No."

Defence.

"The prosecution being here closed, the prisoner is put upon his defence, who states to the court that the horse which he was riding was one upon which he never was before; and being unqualified to sit steady upon the horse, the prisoner found it to give way to the reins frequently, which he could not keep easy."

Opinion.

"The court, having duly considered the evidence against the prisoner, are of opinion that he is guilty of the crime laid to his charge."

Character.

"The prisoner calls upon Lieutenant Gillies, who, being duly sworn, states, in answer to the prisoner's question as to his general character in the riding-school, that until the present time he has considered the prisoner attentive to his drills.

"The prisoner further calls upon Sergeant Glen to speak to his general character, who, being duly sworn, states that he never before saw him refuse to obey any orders.

"*Question by the prisoner:* Do you consider that I was as attentive in the riding-school as the other recruits?

"*Answer:* I consider you to have been so."

Sentence.

"The court, having found the prisoner guilty of the crime laid to his charge, the same being in breach of the Articles of War, do, by virtue thereof, sentence him, the prisoner, Alexander Somerville, to receive two hundred lashes, in the usual manner of the regiment, at such time and

place as the commanding officer may think fit.—M. J. Fawcett, president. Approved, C. Wyndham, Major, commanding Second Dragoons."

These are the official minutes. They do not set forth all the proceedings of the court. I here offer a few remarks upon what they omit.

My objection to Cornet Macquarrie was not that he was a "minor"; but that he was "too young," being under eighteen years of age, as I and most of the men in the regiment at that time believed; and because he was only learning to ride in the school himself; also, that this was the first court-martial that he had been upon, and he could have no experience. Much sensation and unhappy feeling had prevailed in the regiment before I entered it, and still prevailed, arising from an order, issued by the Duke of Wellington, which cut off all the years and months from the service of those who had entered the regiment at any age below eighteen. In the time of the war many youths of sixteen entered the service; some of whom where now old soldiers, and found, by the Duke's order, that two years were to be subtracted from that period of service which entitled them to pensions. The order had declared it illegal for any man to be a soldier under the age of eighteen. The Duke had more disrespectful words spoken of him in the regiment for this capricious regulation, than I had heard spoken against him in civil life for his declaration against reform in all its shapes. The men used to point to Cornet Macquarrie and say, "There is a boy who gets into the regiment because he is the son of a general, and exercises all the privileges of an officer, though under the age declared to be legal"; and several of them had said in my hearing, in the guard-house, on the day the court was held, that if they were in my place, and about to go before a court martial, they would object to him sitting upon it.

But I regretted having made the objection, almost as soon as it was made. He was not likely to be friendly to me, or even fair, in the court, after I had objected to him. Nor was it of any importance to me whether he was above or under eighteen years of age: that question was not involved in my case, as it might have been in the case of an old soldier who had lost some years of service by having entered the regiment too young.

The question to Sergeant Glen, "Did you, *or did you not*, hear my answer?" is reported as the first question put by me to him. If it had been the first, the form of it would have indicated a presumptuous style of examination on my part, which not even the officers accused me of. It was a question several times repeated. I knew that Sergeant Glen did hear my answer, which was, "I cannot manage the horse." He made no reply before the court-martial, until I repeated the question several times,

seemingly because he did not know whether any reply should be made to a question of mine, or, if any, what reply would be acceptable to the court. [Note in 1859.—Sergeant Glen, after reading this account in my Autobiography, stated it was correct. He hesitated to say anything favourable before the court-martial.]

Again, when I put this question, "Was your impression, when you saw me dismount, that of thinking me disobeying orders, or because I could not ride the horse?" the sergeant stood silent for a considerable time. He knew well that I had been treated as no soldier, young or old, had been; and that the horse had been driven to madness. Conscientiously he could not answer that question against me; but he had twenty-six years of service and was about to be discharged upon a pension, and could not afford to give an answer in my favour. I put several other questions to him, to elicit evidence upon the extraordinary conduct of the riding-master, but he did not answer them. The president, Captain Fawcett, interfered, and, addressing me angrily, said he could not sit there to hear such questions asked by a prisoner. Captain Clarke said he thought the prisoner had a right to put any questions to the witness which he might think useful to his defence. Lieutenant Somerville, perhaps because he thought I was a discredit to the name, sneered, and, mocking my broad Scotch dialect, repeated the questions after me, and, without giving the sergeant time to answer them, said, in the same sneering tone, "What a mighty lawyer you are!" (he was an Irishman); and then resuming his natural voice, with a severe tone of military dignity in it, said, "But you will find it is of no use to be a lawyer here." The youthful Cornet Macquarrie laughed, and had his sneer also. The only dignified officers, who behaved as such, and as gentlemen, were Captain Clarke and Cornet Furlong.

Sergeant Glen at last answered my question in these words: "I did not form an opinion, being in front of the ride." Whereupon Captain Fawcett said, pettishly, "You have made a great deal by that question!" None of these remarks appeared in the minutes of the proceedings of the court-martial. Here is an extract from the minutes of the Court of Inquiry referring to this:—

"WEEDON BARRACKS, July 26th, 1832.—Private Thomas Scott examined. . . . . .

"*By Private Somerville:* Were you present at the court-martial held on me, on the 29th of May last, in the barracks at Birmingham? I was.

"Do you remember that Captain Fawcett was president of that court-martial? Yes, he was.

"*By the Judge Advocate:* How came it that you were present at that court-martial? I was on guard: I went in with the prisoner.

"*By Private Somerville:* Do you remember Captain Fawcett having made any observation on any question put by me to the witness? Yes.

"State what it was. (This was repeated by the court, to whom Scott answered): 'When Somerville asked Sergeant Glen what impression it made upon him when he turned out of the ride, I cannot tell what Sergeant Glen said; he was some time before he answered it. The question was answered. Captain Fawcett said, 'You have made a great deal by that question!'"

This answer occasioned looks of surprise in the Court of Inquiry. The looks seemed to interfere with Thomas Scott's memory; though they might not have been so intended. His answer caused a sensation on one side of the table, where it was not expected; and he seemed afterwards to be afraid of renewing the sensation, for he took a long while to answer the subsequent questions. He answered some of them, however, and I quote a few more. The answers printed in *italics* are worth notice.

"What else passed? I cannot exactly recollect: it is a long time since. I cannot say whether it was, 'You have made,' or, 'you have not made'; I cannot say which was the expression.

"Do you remember Captain Fawcett saying that he did not sit there to hear such questions put? No; *I cannot say that I do.*

"Do you remember Captain Clarke making any observation on the questions put by me to any witness? Yes; he told the prisoner he was allowed to put any questions he thought proper, through the court.

"What occasioned Captain Clarke to tell me I had a right to put any questions I thought proper? *That is a question I cannot answer.*

"Was it an observation of Captain Fawcett that occasioned the remark of Captain Clarke? *Yes, it was at the time that Captain Fawcett told you that you had made a great deal by that question, that Captain Clarke spoke to you.*

"Did Lieutenant Somerville make any observation on any question I put to the witness? I cannot say; *if he did, I do not remember it.*

"*Cross-examined by Major Wyndham:* Had Sergeant Glen completed his evidence previous to Private Somerville putting the question which produced the observation of Captain Fawcett? He had answered the question.

"*By the Court:* Had Sergeant Glen said all he had to say before this question was put? I cannot exactly say whether he had or not.

"Was he done speaking? *He was done speaking.*

The object of these questions put to Thomas Scott was to make it appear that I had interrupted Sergeant Glen in his evidence before the court-martial, and that therefore the president interfered with me. This

was not the case. I put no question to Sergeant Glen until I was told by the president, that if I had a question to put to the witness I might then do so. Thomas Scott excused himself from recollecting some of the answers which he should have given on the inquiry, by saying that so many things were said at the court-martial he could not remember them all; that "Somerville was talking to them almost all the time he was in." Whereupon there came the following questions:—

"*By Major Wyndham:* How did he conduct himself during the trial? I cannot answer that question: I do not understand it.

"*By the Court:* How did he behave in the room? Was he proper and respectful, as a soldier should be under the circumstances of being before a court-martial? I never was in any court-martial before this.

"*By Private Somerville:* Did Captain Clarke say that I had a right to put what questions I thought proper, immediately after the observation of Captain Fawcett? He did.

"*By the Court:* You have said that Somerville spoke nearly the whole time of his trial. To whom did he speak? and was it in a loud tone, or otherwise? He spoke to the members of the court.

"Was it in a loud tone, or what manner, or respectful? *Yes, I think respectful.*

"Do you remember any of the remarks he made to the court? I do not remember them now."

The manner was respectful,—it might have been earnest and firm. It was the same then as Major Wyndham stated it to have been when I was ordered to take my punishment: "He quietly placed himself in the situation to be punished, and received a hundred lashes." The major might have said that he took them quietly too. The custom with soldiers, is, when accused of a crime, and brought before the commanding officer, to humble themselves and make piteous appeals to be forgiven. "Please, sir; do, sir; God bless you, sir; do forgive me; it was wrong; I shall always be a good soldier; forgive me this once," and so forth. If a soldier of manly dignity omits to perform this dog-like cringing, and does not whine and beg to be forgiven, he is looked upon without favour, it may be with enmity. From the evidence of Major Wyndham, quoted in the last chapter, it appears that he would have released me from confinement had I cringed and begged to be forgiven. "I think the words he said were," says the major, "*I am sorry for it.* He mentioned something about his horse being unruly: I think he said he could not manage the horse. Those were his words." And then the commanding officer says, "I was sorry to see he did not express some contrition: I thought a *soldier* would have said more." He expected me to beg, implore, and whine, and be unlike a man. So it is with punishment. If

the soldier howls like a dog, and cries out, "Stop, and I'll never do it again! Forgive me; oh! pray do forgive me. As you hope for salvation by forgiveness of your sins, colonel, have mercy! oh! have pity! I am a bad man, I confess it. Mercy! have mercy, good colonel! Every man will call you a good colonel, if you have mercy!" These are a sample of what is usually expected from the *soldier*, according to the major's ideas of him when under punishment. Men who cry out, suffer less than those who do not: the vociferation eases the internal organs, which are overcharged with blood, almost to bursting, and are wrung with pain; and it usually procures a remission of part of the sentence. I took the punishment as I conducted my defence before the court-martial, with firmness, and, I believe, dignity. Before the court I used no disrespectful word, nor tone, nor gesture; but I endeavoured to prove, by the witnesses for the prosecution (not having been allowed time to call witnesses for the defence), that I was driven into an act of disobedience. It was not an open court, with an applauding auditory present, nor with reporters writing for the world to read. I was a close prisoner, with a sentry over me with a loaded carbine, not a friend on earth knowing my situation, except those comrades in the regiment who trembled for themselves. I knew that punishment was before me, but of what kind I could not assure myself. Indeed, I did not think of the punishment when before the commanding officer or the court, so much as I thought of the meaness of the treatment which had brought me to be a prisoner.

The sentence of the court-martial was not known until the afternoon parade, at which time the minutes were read. This is customary with all court-martials. The corporal of the guard and a file of men were sent for when the court was done with me. I was placed between them, and marched back to the guard-house. I had now time to think about the sentence, which was still unknown; and, forming what I believed to be the worst anticipation of it, looked forward to two months' solitary imprisonment in the black-hole, or possibly something less. But, that I might not be disappointed, I placed before myself what seemed to be the worst punishment they were likely to inflict; judging, as I did, from what I had heard of the punishment of other offenders, who had committed worse acts of disobedience than I had done, without any provocation or excuse.

The first intimation which I received of the kind of punishment which I was to suffer, was by overhearing the corporal of the guard say to a trumpeter, named Charles Hunter, who seemed to be asking leave to speak with me in the black-hole, that he could not give him leave; but he would go out of sight, and would not *see* that Hunter got access to me, to do what he was going to do. The other men on guard got an intimation

that, though it was contrary to orders, they were not to *see* what Charley Hunter did. Accordingly, Hunter got the key of the black-hole, opened the door, entered, and, taking a bottle which was hidden about his clothes, told me that it contained half-a-pint of rum, and to drink it all: I should probably have need of it at the parade in the riding-school. I asked what he meant? He said some of the men in my room had put pence together to buy the rum for me. "But what do you mean by offering me rum? You have not seen me drink liquor of any kind: why do you ask me to drink that rum?" "I do not know that you may require it," he replied; "but I advise you to drink it. I saw old Owen (the sergeant of the band) go across the barrack-yard a short while since to the riding-school, with *the green bag* in his hand. Perhaps they only want to frighten you; I dare say they won't do more than tie you up; but you know *the green bag* means something." "What does it mean?" I asked. "Do you infer from seeing it that the cats were in it, and that I am to be flogged?" "Not flogged, perhaps," he replied; "but they will try to frighten you. Drink this, and be *plucky*." "Not a drop," said I. "If they flog me for that charge of disobedience in the riding-school, I need no rum to sustain me: I shall have strength enough to bear it." "But do; come, drink: it is a common thing. All soldiers try to do this for one another. I have known men to drink a pint of rum, and go and take their punishment *like* men." "Not one drop for me," said I firmly. "But you will require it when you can't get it." "I shall not require it." "But I have known men to *sing out* dreadfully when punished. If they had got enough of rum, it would have supported them, and they would not have *sung out*." "Not one drop for me, Charley Hunter. I shall not *sing out*, I promise you, if they cut me to pieces; but if they do lay a lash on my back, they will hear of it again. Take away that rum: I shall not drink it; no, nor the half of it, nor a drop of it; I shall not touch it.

Charley replied to this, "Well, there's no use losing it: if you won't drink it, I know who will." He took some himself, and gave the remainder to one of the men on guard standing by, and who had promised not to *see* what was done.

I heard the warning trumpet sound; and soon after the trumpet for parade sounded the "turn out." A few streaks of light entered by the chinks in the door of the black-hole: I could see nothing more of the outward world. I heard the band play, and knew by the sound that the troops were marching. By the music of the march, I knew when they reached the riding-school. When the music ceased, I waited anxiously for the door of the black-hole to open. The key rattled in the lock; it opened. Two of the guard entered, laid hold of me, one on

each side, and led me out. I told them they need not lay hold of me: I would go quietly. All the men of the guard save those on sentry were formed at the black-hole door. I was placed in the centre of them. The regimental sergeant-major gave the command "Quick march," and we stepped off. The large folding-doors of the riding-school were thrown open, and, when we entered, were closed behind us. The regiment was formed four deep round the walls, facing inwards. We proceeded to one end of the school. The commanding officer then gave the command to the regiment, "Attention," and immediately after "Draw swords," upon which the regiment drew swords, bringing them to the position of "carry," each man's sword upright a few inches in front of his shoulder. The officers stood in an oblong space within the lines of men. The regimental surgeon was also there, the hospital sergeant, and two hospital orderlies. The sergeant of the band stood with *the green bag*, and Farrier Simpson and a trumpeter each stood with a nine-tailed whip, vulgarly called a "cat," in his hand. The sergeant had two more in the bag, to be ready in case these gave way. The handles were of wood or whalebone, about two feet long, the "tails" about the same length, each tail two or perhaps three times the thickness of ordinary whip-cord, with six hard knots upon it. A form and chair stood close by, and on the form a pailful of water, with some towels in the water to apply to my back, and a basin containing water on the table to give me to drink should I become faint. These were in charge of the hospital sergeant and his orderlies. A ladder was placed upright against the wall, and several strong ropes, half an inch thick or thereabouts, with nooses to them, hung about the ladder, and lay on the ground. All these things I saw while advancing to their vicinity, at the upper end of the school. When we arrived there, we got "Right about turn," and then the word "Halt."

The guard withdrew a few paces, so that I should be fully within view of the regiment. The adjutant then handed the written minutes of the court-martial to the commanding officer, which the latter held in his hand while giving the commands "Attention" and "Draw swords." When the men had brought their swords to the "carry," he gave "Slope swords," then "Steady," and, lastly, "Pay attention to the proceedings of a regimental court-martial." This done, he read the minutes as I have quoted them in the last chapter, his back to me, his face to the regiment. On conclusion, he turned to me and said, "You will take your punishment: strip, sir."

I proceeded at once to unbutton and take off my regimental jacket. The sergeant of the band, with great alacrity, came to assist. I said, in an under-tone, that I would take my things off myself. One of the orderlies took my jacket and cap, another my stock, and laid them on the

form. I handed my shirt to the sergeant, who fastened it round my middle. One of the orderlies took a rope with a noose on it, and, running the noose upon the wrist of my right arm, put the other end through a ring, which was fastened in the wall, at the distance of several yards from the upright ladder. Another orderly took another rope with a noose, and, fastening it in like manner upon my left wrist, drew the other end through a ring, at the distance of several yards, on the opposite side of the ladder. They then drew each his rope until my arms were stretched outward, and my breast and face were brought closely and tightly against the ladder. Two other soldiers came with two other ropes with nooses. They lifted my right foot and put one of the nooses over it, and ran it up tightly upon my ancle; and then lifted my left foot and ran the noose of the other rope tightly upon my left ancle. They each put his rope through a ring in the wall, near the ground, and brought the ends round the upright ladder, and each of my legs, several times, until I was bound so fast that I could not move.

The regimental sergeant-major, who stood behind with a book and pencil to count each lash and write its number, gave the command, "Farrier Simpson, you will do your duty." The manner of doing that duty is to swing the "cat" twice round the head, give a stroke, draw the tails of the "cat" through the fingers of the left hand, to rid them of skin, or flesh, or blood; again swing the instrument twice round the head slowly, and come on, and so forth.

Simpson took the "cat" as ordered,—at least I believe so: I did not see him, but I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart as if a knife had gone through my body. The sergeant-major called in a loud voice, "*One.*" I felt as if it would be kind of Simpson not to strike me on the same place again. He came on a second time a few inches lower, and then I thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one. The sergeant-major counted "*Two.*" Again the "cat" was swung twice round the farrier's head, and he came on somewhere about the right shoulder-blade, and the loud voice of the reckoner said "*Three.*" The shoulder-blade was as sensitive as any other part of the body; and when he came again on the left shoulder, and the voice cried "*Four,*" I felt my flesh quiver in every nerve from the scalp of my head to the end of my toess. The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonising, and yet the next came too soon. It was lower down, and felt to be the severest. The word "*Five*" made me betake myself to mental arithmetic: this, thought I, is only the fortieth part of what I am to get. "*Six*" followed; and so on, up to "*twenty-five.*" The sergeant-major then said "Halt!"

Simpson stood back, and a young trumpeter, who had not flogged before, took his cat and began. He had practised often at a stable-post, or at a sack of sawdust, and could handle the instrument as scientifically as any one. He gave me some dreadful cuts about the ribs, first on one side and then on the other. Some one—I do not know whom—bade him hit higher up. He then gave them upon the blistered and swollen places, where Simpson had been practising. The pain in my lungs was now more severe, I thought, than on my back. I felt as if I would burst in the internal parts of my body. I could have cried out; and, I doubt not, would have taken less harm from the punishment had that *firmness* which phrenologists say is strongly developed in my cranium, permitted me to break my resolution. I had resolved that I would die before I would utter a complaint or a groan. I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and, to prevent its utterance again, I put my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue, and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked, and became black in the face.

The hospital-sergeant, seeing this, brought the basin of water and put it to my lips. I indignantly withdrew my head; and the revulsion, or change of feeling, somewhat relieved me.

It now became Simpson's second turn to give twenty-five. Only fifty had been inflicted, and the time since they began was like a long period of life: I felt as if I had lived all the time of my real life in pain and torture, and that the time when existence had a pleasure in it was a dream, long, long gone by. Simpson got up among the old sores. The strokes were not so sharp as at first: they were like blows of heavy weights, but were more painful than the fresh ones. It was now that he—probably more inclined to remember that he was my friend than a farrier—was commanded, in a loud voice, in these words, formerly quoted: "Farrier Simpson, do your duty!" He travelled downwards, and came on heavier than before, but, as I thought, slower. It seemed a weary slowness for the sergeant-major to be only counting the fifteenth and sixteenth of the third twenty-five. I then uttered the only words which I spoke during the whole time, namely, "Come quicker on, Simpson, and let it be done: you are very slow." The poor fellow was slow from aversion to the task. I do not know if he gave the strokes more quickly: they all seemed to last too long.

When the youngster had reached, or nearly, his second twenty-five, I felt as if I could yield, and beg forgiveness; but the next moment the coward thought was rebuked within me, and banished. "Not from them," said I, mentally, "shall I beg forgiveness," but I prayed to God

to put it into their minds to stop, and pardon me the remainder. When this five-and-twenty was completed, which made a hundred, the commanding officer said, "Stop! take him down: he is a young soldier."

I was then unbound. One of the wet towels was spread upon my back, my jacket laid loosely over the towel, and I was led to the hospital between two men. There, a cloth, dipped in a lotion of some kind, was put over my skin, and I was laid down on my back. It soon became so stiff, that to rise seemed as impossible as to rise with the weight of a ton fastened to me. I felt as if dragged down by tons of heaviness. When fresh lotions were put to my back, two orderlies came, one on each side, and lifted me by the arms.

The only remark I made about the punishment, was on entering the ward where I was to lie. Some of the patients expressed sympathy for me; and I said, "This shall be heard of yet: I shall make it as public over Britain as newspapers can make it." I said no more; but the patients were carried to the Court of Inquiry, fifty miles, to prove that I had "used threats" on entering the hospital.

You will remember the crime for which I was tried, which referred to the riding-school, and that only. Here is Major Wyndham's own statement of what he said to the regiment, as soon as I was removed:—

"As far as I can recollect, I said—'Men, you are here assembled; I have a circumstance to mention to you, relating to us all.' I think, I said—'I have discovered at last the man who wrote the letter.' I think I said—'I am happy for it, because the odium cannot fall on any other person.' I think I went on to say—'I regretted it very much, and I am sorry to see anybody write in the newspapers, or publish a libel on the regiment, and particularly so young a soldier as the man just punished.'

"I then went on to say, that I had been written to on the subject of the state of the regiment, as much had been said about the political unions, and our having joined them; and I wrote back in return, that they would ever find the Greys steady and firm like rocks; and I remember bringing back to their recollection, two winters ago, when I had them in London, when we were up three nights in the riding-shool; I brought back to their recollection a circumstance that was asked me there, and I said, 'the Greys would be ever firm and would do their duty,' and so forth."

The report of soldiers who took special notice of what the major said, some of whom I summoned to the inquiry, was, that the major began with the word: "Men, I am happy to inform you that I have found out the writer of the letter, and you have just seen him punished." After the major's own statement, it was not deemed desirable to subject these

witnesses to the hazard of giving evidence in my behalf: he had admitted nearly all which I sought to prove.

I may here add the testimony which Major Wyndham bore, both to my general character and riding qualities, before the Court of Inquiry:—

"He had not been complained of before this circumstance. He had been well spoken of before this."

And again: "I always heard from the riding-master that he was doing very well."

And again, to the court: "Had you seen him ride before the 28th?" "Several times."

"What did you think of his riding?" "I thought he rode very well for a man of his figure, for the short time he had been learning."

[The passages from Major Wyndham's statement are extracted from the official Report of the Court of Inquiry, made to the Horse Guards, and presented to Parliament by order of His Majesty William IV.; a copy of which may be seen in the Library of the British Museum, in London, under the head of *Parliamentary Papers*, 1832.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Discharged from Hospital. The public first hear of my punishment. The sensation.

From the evidence of the hospital-sergeant before the Court of Inquiry, which I shall here quote, it will be seen that I was only six days in the hospital; that I went out as cured, and fit for duty; and that he endeavoured to make it appear that I had been but very slightly punished. I had a purpose to serve by escaping from the hospital as soon as possible. While there, I could not communicate with the public or with any friend, being closely watched; and I had resolved that my punishment should be made known as soon as I could publish it. At the same time, it was desirable, on the part of those who had caused its infliction, that I should be as short a time in the hospital as possible, that it might seem to be a light punishment; for already, though unknown to me, there were disagreeable rumours about it circulating in Birmingham. But I was neither cured nor sent to duty. I was not ordered or permitted to mount a horse. The evidence of the sergeant was given on the 26th of July, when the punishment, inflicted on me on the 29th of May, had become the subject of Parliamentary discussion on more than one occasion, and of newspaper discussion every day in all parts of the kingdom. It now assumed a serious aspect for the credit of the regimental commanding-officer, and the court-martial. This may account for the hospital-sergeant endeavouring to make it appear to have been a light punishment. I was not so much cut and mangled as some soldiers have been by the same number of lashes. But six knots on each tail, nine tails to the "cat," give fifty-four wounds at each stroke, which, again multiplied by one hundred strokes, give five thousand four hundred wounds, produced by the sharp blows of hard knots. The persons who wield the instrument of punishment are taught by long practice, at inanimate substances, to wield it so that each knot shall "tell." I believe it is quite correct to say, that those who bleed freely suffer least pain, and run the least danger of losing their lives. Here is the witness from the hospital, produced by Major Wyndham and cross-examined by me.

26th July, 1832. Sergeant William Sykes, hospital-sergeant of the Scots Greys, was called in; and after the usual caution from the Judge-

Advocate, was examined as follows." (The caution was not to divulge anything which occurred in the court.)

"*By the Court:* How long have you been in the service? About twenty-six years.

"*By Major Wyndham:* Did you receive Private Somerville into the hospital, on the 29th May, after he had received his punishment? Yes.

"Describe the appearance of his back. I considered that he was very slightly punished.

"Was there much laceration, and did he bleed? He bled a little in one place; but there was very little laceration to what I have seen.

"Did you dress his back; and with what? I dressed it with goulard water: that was the first cloth put on his back when he came into the hospital.

"Was there, or not, any blood to be seen, except from the first cloth? None that I saw.

"When was he discharged from the hospital as fit for his duty? On the 4th of June, about two o'clock in the day.

"How many days was that after he came in? He was six days in the hospital; because he came in on the 29th, between four and five o'clock, and was discharged on the 4th of June.

"Has he since been in the hospital at Birmingham? Not at Birmingham: at Coventry he was, as I have heard.

"*Cross-examined by Private Somerville:* Have you been medically educated? and have you had opportunities of frequently witnessing the consequence of military flogging? No, I have not been medically educated: I have seen several instances of military flogging.

"Is it not generally expected that the parties who are appointed to administer the lash in such cases, will do their duty? Yes, certainly.

"Do you believe that the parties appointed to that duty in my case, failed at all in the execution of the duty they had to perform? I could not answer that.

"Was there any indication, from the appearance of the back, that one hundred lashes had been inflicted? By the appearance of the back, I would suppose it had not been so.

"Then can you undertake to say, from the appearance of the back, that one hundred lashes were not inflicted? No, I could not say that.

"From your experience in such cases, how many ordinary military lashes would have prodced the effects you saw? I have seen fifty produce such an effect.

"If you have seen fifty produce such an effect, do you, as a military

man, believe that the persons appointed to punish me did their duty? I could not say.

"If you have seen fifty lashes produce the effects which, in my case, were produced by one hundred, do you believe that the persons administering the fifty lashes, which produced the same effect, exceeded their duty? I could not say.

"Do you know or believe that the persons who punished me have been accused of neglecting their duty? No.

"Describe the width and depth of the effects of the punishment which I received? I could not exactly describe that. It was on both of the shoulders. I could not exactly describe the width.

"Describe it as near as you can. Ten or twelve inches, from one side to the other. It was on the shoulders chiefly.

"How often did you remove the cloth from my back, yourself? Once or twice myself,—I could not exactly say the number of times. When the doctor came round in the morning, I generally moved it off, and put another on.

"Then why did you say there was blood only on the first cloth? Because the first lotion which was made, I emptied it from the vessel it was in, and there was no stain of blood in the vessel.

"*By the Judge-Advocate:* Can you tell whether the same amount of punishment produces different effects upon different subjects? I have seen one man get the same amount as another, and not appear to be so much hurt. Some men's skins are more tender than others': to the best of my judgment, that is the cause.

"Do you mean to say, that if a given number of lashes be inflicted in different instances, with the same severity, yet in some cases the effect may be more perceptible than in others? That is what I mean.

"Is it possible, from the appearance of the back, to judge with any degree of precision how many lashes may have been inflicted? I could not judge myself.

"Have you seen many cases in which the infliction of one hundred lashes has produced more visible effects than in this instance? I do not remember any case in which one hundred were given.

"How long have you been hospital-sergeant? Six years hospital-sergeant; five years corporal in the hospital, before that.

(The witness was directed to withdraw.)

"It was here stated to the court by Private Somerville, that it was his wish that it should be recorded on the minutes of this Inquiry, that he did not go into the hospital at Coventry in consequence of the effects of his military punishment at Birmingham; *neither had he ever said to any person, that his going into the hospital at Coventry was in consequence of such punishment.*"

My object in stating this to the court, was to free myself from the imputation of being the author of all the reports which appeared in the newspapers about me. The assistant surgeon, attended by some of the principal medical gentlemen of Coventry, came and looked at me, and asked some questions while I was in the hospital there, for the purpose of disproving the newspaper reports.

As several days of the sittings of the court had been occupied in receiving evidence to rebut newspaper rumours which I had not authorised nor originated, but for which I was held liable, and which were continually renewed and repeated, though I begged and implored the conductors of those papers to refrain from making such statements, I was desirous of freeing myself from the responsilibity of them, as far as I could. Moreover, at that time I did not believe that my ailments in the Coventry hospital were a consequence of the punishment; but I have since had good reason for changing that opinion. I find the following evidence, on this point of the case, in the minutes of the Court of Inquiry:—

"26th July, 1832. Alexander Stewart, assistant-surgeon to the Scots Greys, was then called in, and, having received a similar caution to the other witnesses by the judge-advocate, was examined, as follows, by Major Wyndham:—

"How long have you been assistant-surgeon to the Scots Greys? About eleven years.

"Are you now in the hospital at Coventry? Yes, I am stationed at Coventry.

"Have you been so during the last two months? Yes.

"Was Private Somerville admitted into the hospital at Coventry at any time since the 4th of June? Yes, he was,—on the 28th of June.

"Was he admitted into the hospital at Coventry with any complaint connected with any corporal punishment he had received? No.

"When was he discharged from the hospital? He was discharged the 8th of July; and he was seen on the 10th, and was excused from a certain duty,—riding duty, for instance.

"You are quite sure it was not at all connected with his punishment? Certainly not.

"What was the matter with Private Somerville? Boils."

I did not then believe that my illness—an eruption of very extraordinary boils on my back, beneath the place punished—arose from the punishment; and Mr. Stewart, I doubt not, gave his opinion conscientiously. But, since the year 1832, I have had opportunities of studying the question, particularly in Spain, and now believe, that, in almost every case of corporal punishment, there are secondary symptoms; that

the violence to the muscular or nervous system, or to both, or to some quality of the body which is a mystery to an unprofessional person like me, and probably so to the profession, causes a diseased state of the fluids of the body; which disease takes an inward direction, in some cases settling on the lungs, or other internal organ, enfeebling, and ultimately destroying the life of, the patient; or it takes an outward direction, as in my case, breaking through the skin in boils, thereby saving the life of the patient.

I was discharged from the hospital at Birmingham on the 4th of June, at two o'clock. I felt excessively weak in body, and somewhat agitated in mind. I proceeded to the troop sergeant-major, and obtained the arrear of pay which had accumulated while I was a prisoner and a patient; and from him went to the regimental sergeant-major and obtained leave to go out of barracks. I walked up Coleshill Street, towards the Bull Ring. In a narrow passage opposite the end of New Street there was a quiet-looking tavern, which I entered, and, sitting down, asked the landlord to be allowed to write a letter. There were several people seated over their pipes, ale, and politics; and they, observing that I did not call for any liquor, offered their pots, with that frankness which is so peculiarly a characteristic of the inhabitants of Birmingham. " Come, soldier, drink ! " said one ; " Drink with me," said another. I declined; told them I had been ill, was not entirely recovered, and must not partake of strong liquors.

They allowed me to finish the letter without further remark. While I folded it, the landlord said, " What about that soldier that was flogged a week ago ? " I replied that I could hardly tell what about him. " That is a strange thing," said he, addressing the people who sat around: " I have inquired of several of the dragoons about this case of flogging, and not one will give an answer. There is something about it they don't wish to be known. I cannot even learn what the crime was that the man committed. [Addressing me.] Cannot you tell what the man was flogged for ? " I replied, " No: I believe there will be some difficulty in knowing what he was flogged for." I rose to get a light to seal my letter, from a candle which stood on the mantel-shelf for lighting pipes. While about to apply the wax to the candle, I observed a small piece of printed paper placed in a glazed frame. It was the passage of my letter, cut from the newspaper in which it had been inserted. " Aye ! " exclaimed one of the persons present, " read that. There is a soldier for you! That man would not be afraid to tell us about his comrade that has been flogged. The half of you soldiers are such mean-spirited tools of your officers, you are afraid to speak." " Perhaps you would not speak so fast," said I, " were you a soldier, and subject to the consequences of

speaking." "Would I not?" he returned: "were I a soldier, no comrade of mine should be flogged. I would run my sword through the first man, no matter what his rank, who offered to lay a lash on any comrade of mine." "But what if they laid it on yourself?" "The man is not born who dare lay a lash on me," he replied; and to the same effect the others joined with him.

I had not sealed the letter while this conversation proceeded, as I wished to see what turn it would take. The speakers were all too vehement and boisterous about their heroism for me to trust them with my secret, except the landlord, who seemed more reasonable and calm. I called him aside, went to another apartment, and, unfolding the letter, asked him to read it. He took it; started with astonishment, trembled, as he read; took me by the hand, and said, "I see it all! Great heavens, is it possible! My dear fellow, sit down; pray sit down. You will have justice done to you in Birmingham. By the just God of heaven, I do not know the people of Birmingham if you do not get speedy and ample redress! Sit down, my poor, unfortunate man. Tell me the first thing that I can do for you: everything, anything, is at your service!"

I was overpowered by this outgushing of kindness. The firmness with which I had taken the punishment, and the sense of wrong which had sustained that firmness, had not left me at any time, night or day, until now. I gave way, sat down, and was a child, without the power of speech. He sat down with me, and was like myself.

There is no tavern now at that place, nor do I now remember his name. I had no opportunity of calling there after that day, the 4th of June, until the month of October. Unfortunate in business, he had left the house before that time, and I have never been able to find him. [After the first edition, I discovered his brother in Manchester. The name was Cooper.]

He saw from the letter that it was to go to London, to the newspaper in which the extract had appeared which led to the punishment. He suggested that it should be shown to the editor of the *Birmingham Journal*. He carried it to Mr. Lewis, who "stopped the press," and gave a brief notice of the case; and then forwarded the letter to London. The notice of it, from the *Birmingham Journal*, was reprinted in the Edinburgh paper, in which my brother James saw it first; and I believe his eyes were troubled when it came before him. The late Mr. Samuel Smith, of London, editor of the paper to which I addressed the letter, caused the matter to be brought before the House of Commons, by Mr. Joseph Hume. Through those channels, it soon led to an amount of excitement, exceedingly disagreeable and dangerous in its intensity, both to the officers of the regiment and to me. The populace hooted the

officers when they appeared in public; and the newspapers, from their Birmingham correspondents, published reports, few of them authorized by me; most of them exaggerated, some of them unfounded, but all of them charged upon me. In the streets of Birmingham and adjacent towns, scores of persons hawked papers about, and cried them, "with a full, true, and particular account," most of which was the invention of some enterprising printer or flying stationer. On the first Sunday after the affair became known, the streets in the neighbourhood of the barracks were crowded with people all the day, and up to a late hour at night. The people were not allowed to come in, nor the soldiers allowed to go out. But I was told that no restriction was placed upon me. I availed myself of this leave, though more than suspecting that it would be satisfactory if I went out and did something indiscreet. I determined not to associate with any of the civilians without the gates, nor to go to the house where I had received so much kindness from the landlord. Nobody in the crowds knew me, but many of them inquired eagerly for Somerville: "What are they doing to him?" "Why don't they allow him to come out?" They thought the gates were closed to keep him in, and that all the regiment were detained within with him. None of them knew that they were talking to him. Mr. Chilton, a button-maker, and Mr. Massey, now in the office of the clerk of the peace, ascertained who I was, by some means,—the particulars of which I have forgotten,—and I spent a part of the evening at the house of one of them.

In the course of a few days, it was deemed advisable to send me to my troop at Coventry. A young horse belonging to my troop, which, like me, had not yet joined, but which had been trained at head quarters, was allotted as mine. I was ordered to get ready, in full marching order. A private, named Merry, who occasionally rode between Birmingham and Coventry with orders, was sent with me. Thus, mounted on as stately and spirited a grey trooper as was in the regiment, and attended by Merry on his excellent trotter, I was paraded and inspected one morning, and sent to Coventry.

We had eighteen miles to walk, trot, canter, or loiter over; the time at our own taking, no orders given. It was a morning in June, the sunny June of England. The corn-fields, and the hedge-rows around them, were green; gardens flowery; the windows and the cottage doors were bordered with blooming roses; the birds made music in the trees; honey-bees made honey, and hummed in chorus with the birds; the busy haymakers made hay; the eye, the ear, and every sense confessed that June was one of the books of a great, a universal poem; the leaves open, and pictorial on every page, at every line, that the meanest creature might read that the very breath of living Nature, the soft air perfumed

in meadow hay, was poetry. Sunshine was brilliant everywhere, save on some spot where lay a shadow; but most of the shadows had disappeared, the sun being so high. And so with me, the exhilarating influence of the summer scenery, enjoyed for the first time that year, and hope that rose and shone high over all troubles,—not that I had any reason to bid hope ascend, but because it was natural that it should arise after a time of depression,—left upon me hardly the shadow of a trouble. I was only reminded of them occasionally by some mower in the fields, who, seeing two dragoons riding leisurely along the road from Birmingham, consulted seemingly with his fellow mowers, threw down his scythe, came to the wayside, and asked, "Soldiers, how does Somerville get on? what is he doing? what are they doing with him?" and so forth.

I was unwilling to answer those questions; but Merry, who had something of the nature indicated in his name, gave most of them an answer. At one place only, the Halfway House, where we dismounted for half an hour, he told them that this was the man himself present. I felt abashed that he had done so; for the news spread instantly, and people came running from every house, garden, and farm field. We could hardly get away from them; and when at last we mounted and trotted away, they set up shouts and waved hats after us as long as we were in sight.

I was well received at Coventry by the soldiers and most of the non-commissioned officers, and by all the officers of my troop. Two or three individuals made themselves as disagreeable as they could contrive the means of doing. One of them, the troop sergeant-major, who brought the letters from the post-office every day, used to bring my letters to me as if staggering under their weight; jeering me at the number and quality of my correspondents, which was the chief reason why I answered very few letters. But he, and those who joined with him, were exceptions. When he discovered that the officers did not treat me with derision, but with respect, he became respectful also.

People took it into their heads to pass resolutions at public meetings, and to send these formally written out; rhymsters sent rhymes, some of them lithographed or printed; others wrote letters, avowedly to obtain my autograph in answer: and all of them were offended, most of them writing afterwards in newspapers, calling me "an ungrateful man," "unworthy of their sympathy," and so on, because I had not acknowledged their complimentary resolutions, rhymes, or letters. It did not occur to them that I was still a soldier, with daily duty to perform, and not possessed of an office and an assistant clerk, to reply to twenty, forty, and sometimes fifty letters, received in a day. I had comparatively few letters from Scotland, which probably led me to take the more notice of one or two which came from strangers there. One of these, from a person

named Craig, in the vicinity of Airdrie, stated, that it was written on behalf of himself and a number of friends, who were desirous of knowing all the facts of my case; that I need not fear to give him every particular, as no improper use would be made of the communication. Being in the hospital when I got that letter, I had time to answer it in detail. I stated some matters which, though all true, I would not have written had I known the difficulty they were ultimately to place me in. I made a special request that the letter should be considered private. Mr. Craig, it turned out, was the Airdrie correspondent of the *Glasgow Chronicle.* He sent my letter at once to his paper, for publication, omitting only that part of it in which I requested that the whole might be kept private. It was published in that paper, was copied into the *Times* and other London daily papers, and was made part of the ground-work of the Court of Inquiry; the statements in it being taken as the charges made by me against Major Wyndham. Most of these were a relation of private conversations with the major, and with soldiers who told me what the major had said, which I could not prove; and which I should not have dreamt of preferring as public charges for the Court of Inquiry. Yet this gentleman thought himself ill-used, like some others, when I complained of his putting me in that position. "Oh," said he and they, "have we not caused the Court of Inquiry to be held, by publishing these statements!" "Yes," said I, "but the court has declared the greater part of them to be not proved. Private conversations, to which there were no witnesses, were not intended as public charges to be proved before the Court of Inquiry.

I was not personally known in Coventry for a considerable time, save to a very few persons. It was amusing to hear the remarks that were made, and the questions asked of me about myself, by those to whom I was unknown. I usually made a joke of the subject. More than once this nearly ended in mischief, by those who thought that I treated a better man than myself with contempt,—that better man being myself.

"Soldier, sup with me; come take my glass," one would say. "Take my pot," another would say, "and tell us how Somerville gets on. How is it they don't let him out of barracks, eh? You don't know? You do know: you are one of those who are ashamed of him, I suppose. Drink his health! You won't drink his health? Here, Jim, hold my pipe; let me pass you: I'll make this soldier drink Somerville's health. You won't drink it? By the pot in my hand, you shall have this potful to his health, either in you or on you. Will you drink long life to Somerville the soldier, and freedom of opinion?" "No!" "Then you shall have it about you. Will you drink his health?" "No." "There it is, then. Now what do you say?"

This occurred one day in a public-house, to which I had gone to read the news. A pot of beer was thrown on my clothes, and partly in my face, disfiguring white trousers and scarlet coat most foully. I started to my feet to shake it off. They thought I was going to fight them, and they cautioned me not to try that; for if I would not drink to the health of the best man in the regiment, they would not only throw the ale over me, but perhaps give me a thrashing as well; and that I had better be off with what I had got, lest I fared worse. I spoke to them to this effect: "I shall go; but before I leave you, (as we shall never meet again, if I can avoid the meeting,) let me inform you, that you have spoiled the clothes of the man for whom you profess respect; you have thrown beer in his face; you have committed a gross indignity upon him. You profess to admire what you call his assertion of the freedom of opinion; and because he has chosen to have his own opinion in your company, and to resist dictation as to whose health he should drink, you commit a gross outrage upon him."

"What!" they exclaimed together, and one after another, "are you Somerville? If you be, let us shake hands; let us be friends: we did not know you." "Off hands!" I said: "no shaking of hands with me. Your insult would have been equally unworthy of men who deserve to be called men, had you committed it upon another person. My notions about the freedom of opinion, which you profess to admire, differ from yours. If you would promote the freedom of opinion, do not begin by being social tyrants." And so I left them. [Note of 1859.—I think the amiable counsellor-at-law of Quebec, who arraigns me as destitute of a "soldier's honour," may take this incident for private use.]

One Sunday evening in July, about seven o'clock, I received an unexpected order to get myself and horse accoutred, and go to Birmingham. I was to take none of my kit with me, only my rolled cloak and sword. By this I knew I was to return soon. I went off, and had a pleasant trot to Birmingham, alone, in the cool evening. I say alone, because nobody accompanied me; but the turnpike road was peopled, especially near Birmingham, the fine weather of Sunday having invited the people to walk and loiter about. As I trotted past, the enquiry was renewed by every group, "Have you come from Coventry, soldier? how does Somerville get on?" But I did not halt to answer any question.

On entering the barracks, things seemed changed. The regimental sergeant-major called to a man to come and take my horse, rub it down, feed it, and attend to it in the morning. And then he took me to his own room; invited me to take refreshment with him; told me that there was to be a Court of Inquiry held at Weedom; that I had been sent for, to choose and arrange my witnesses; that I was to give him (the sergeant-major)

a list of them to be taken to the orderly-room next day, but that he hoped I would not put him in the list: he was so nervous if called upon to give evidence in the most trifling case, that he would esteem it a great favour if I would not summon him. I replied that I could not possibly do without him. He bade me not decide too soon; to take until to-morrow to consider. I considered until the morrow; but it was to tell him that he must go: I could not possibly excuse him. He said he could give no evidence that would do me good. I said, as to that, I should run the risk of it: his name must be on the list. I looked forward to the proof of the fact by him, that through him I had not been allowed to call witnesses on the court-martial; and he knew that this was my purpose. He tried cajollery again, but I would not be cajoled: "You shall be one of my witnesses," said I.

Having given in the list of those whom I required on the Monday morning, my horse was prepared for me by the man to whom it was given on the previous evening; I mounted, and rode to Coventry. All were to be at Weedon Barracks, in Northamptonshire, on the following day. Conveyances were provided for the men going as witnesses, none being mounted. I was at liberty to travel in any way I chose. I went by the London mail-coach, with the late Mr. Richard Marriott, of Coventry. We left that city about ten, a.m. I got a number of letters just before we set out, which I read on the coach. One of them was of peculiar interest. Its arrival at that time, and the arrival of the writer in England, after being long lost, was so remarkable as to prove most truly that "Truth is strange,—stranger than fiction," as will appear in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

At this momentous crisis singular re-appearance of a long-lost brother. This chapter, though it does not treat of Scottish peasant life as its main object, affords a glimpse of the author's parents, and of the integrity and piety of humble life in Scotland.

I had a brother named Peter. From the time of my herding cows at Branxton, in my tenth year, until 1832, I had not seen him; and, during nearly half of the intervening years, none of our family knew in what part of the world he was, nor if living or dead. There was too much reason for our not knowing where he was, during the latter years of his absence.

He and I—he with a trade, I only a labourer—were unlike our other two brothers; for that one of the two who had learned no trade, raised himself from hedging and ditching as a labourer, by self-instruction and sheer perseverance, to offices of trust and good emolument in England, and the other, with a trade, made a good use of it. Peter and I, circumstanced like them, did less than either. Our father was very poor during the time of Peter's apprenticeship. His wages as a labourer, now that he was decaying in strength—literally worn down with hard work—did not average above seven shillings per week; in a year after, he was reduced to six shillings a week. Thus, having seen the struggles in the family to purchase joiners' tools for Peter when going to his trade and to find him in clothes, I gave up all thought of going to any trade as an apprentice; though my poor father said many a time, seeing that I had a natural bent to constructiveness (for I was continually making something, constructing and rigging ships, making water-wheels with machinery attached, making new gun-stocks for old gun-barrels, and so forth)—my father used to say, that if I had set my heart upon any trade, he would pinch himself down a little lower in living (heaven knows he lived lowly enough!) to get me through my apprenticeship; that it would be unfair, because Peter had broken his indenture, to think that I would do so too. Then he would proceed thus: "And, maybe, Wull [William] may help, though he has done a great deal for us already, and it would be hard to ask him to do more; yet, with the Lord's blessing, we might warsel [wrestle] through, and get you a trade; and, I dare say, you wadna be unmindfu' o' your auld mither and me, when we are

worn out." "No," I used to reply, "I'll work at 'my ain hand,' at hedging, ditching, breaking stones, or be a ploughman, or whatever comes readiest: I have no desire to go to any trade."

I hope this reply to my father, which was not the truth, is not indelibly recorded against me. My personal desire was different; but I saw to carry it into operation was impossible. He was so very desirous to know if I inclined to go to a trade, was so incapable of maintaining me through an apprenticeship, yet so willing and ready to "pinch himself still lower" to do so, that I withheld my secret inclination. Peter, as an apprentice, was similarly affected. He saw our father struggling to provide clothes for him, our mother to have them at all times in good order, and that, with those struggles, only the very humblest kind could be provided. Nothing of this nature can justify a young man in breaking his apprenticeship. But he did so, and caused more unhappiness to our parents than all their struggles to provide tools and clothes for him had done. My father, with his keen sense of right and wrong, felt it a dishonour to have a son who had broken a contract. Peter, knowing the family sorrow which he had thus occasioned, refrained from visiting us as usual.

I did not see him again, as my out field-work in the day and grooming of my master's riding-horses morning and evening, kept me at home. Nor would I have known much, or anything, of his mechanical talents, until years after, when I had an opportunity of seeing them, had it not been for an accidental meeting with Mr. Weatherson, millwright, of Chirnside, Berwickshire, some time in the the year 1829. I was then cutting timber with old David Whitehead at Renton. David had no great pretensions to excellence as a joiner and cartwright. Most people who saw me working with him, thought I was a journeyman; and not knowing that I made sparred gates and doors, and mended carts and ploughs, sawed the trees into deals, and so forth, without having learned the trade, they thought that master and journeyman were much alike. And truth to tell, our handiwork was not greatly different. We put timber enough in it, and gave it strength; but for elegance and finish, it was somewhat behind the age we lived in. One day I was at Tammy Grant's [" Bank-House Station " of the great railway from London to Edinburgh now a days], and found Mr. Weatherson. Somebody named me as I entered, pronouncing my name, as it is usually done in that part of Scotland, Simerel. "What Simerel are ye?" said Weatherston. "One o' my father's Simerels," I replied. "Onybody could tell that," said he; "but what are ye, what do ye do?" Some one present said I was David Whitehead's man,—that I was a joiner. "*Dawvit's man!*" he exclaimed; "ye are a queer joiner, I'se be bound." He mused a few

minutes, as if searching in the lumber of memory for a recollection that had not been in use for a long time; and getting hold of the recollection said, "Simerel! there *have* been men of that name that could work. I had one Pate Simerel some years syne with me [Pate is a familiar substitute for Peter]. Pate was a lad that could handle his tools. That Pate Simerel [addressing some third parties] was one of the best millwrights I ever had in my shop, and that is saying a great deal. He could put his hand to anything. I could send him to mend an auld mill, or put up a new mill; and, though he was one of the youngest hands I had, he would make it go like clockwork, and get over all difficulties, though I was not there myself." Then turning to me, "Aye, lad, Pate was a chield that could work wi' his tools, and design work for ithers. He was none o' Dawvit's sort o' joiners. You! you are liker a ploughman than a tradesman,—and yet, when I look at you, there is some likeness in the face; but he was a tall, thin lad, and didna look so like as if he suppit brose three times a day, as you do."

"What became of that Pate Simerel?" I asked. "Became of him! he gaed to be a sodger,—that's what became of him. He and some mair lads like him, got among the 'tillery sodgers at Chirsit fair, and listed,—that's what became of him."

"He was my brother," said I. "Your brother! Pate Simerel your brother!" "Yes." "And you a joiner, working with *Dawvit!*" "I am not a joiner: I have only been a labourer, breaking stones on roads, or digging ditches; and I have been two or three months a sawyer; and now I am helping *Dawvit*, but that does not make me a joiner." "No, lad, it does not, and never will. Come to me, and I'll make ye a mill-wright." "No," said I, "it will not do now: I am too old,—I have grown past the right time." With more conversation of a similar kind, we parted.

Peter, after being in the Royal Artillery about three years, part of which time was passed in the Island of Barbadoes, signified a desire to leave the service, and return to the trade of a millwright. We got intimation of it at home through a letter from William, generous then as always, saying he would provide the funds to purchase his discharge, and to defray the attendant expenses, amounting to something over £21; but stating that Peter would also require tools, and some stocks of clothes to start with. Our father and mother, two sisters, and myself, all who were at home, set joyfully and anxiously to work, to do what we could. We wrote to Peter for a list of the tools he required; with which, when received, our father went to Dunbar, to Mr. Miller's ironmongery shop, with all the money he could get together, I engaging to go without new articles of clothing I was to have had, that there might be the more

money. Both my sisters, after out-field work in the day, went to work with my mother, got out the linen web of shirting which the latter annually provided by her own spinning, and, sitting late at night, made a stock of shirts to be sent to Peter; also worsted stockings. My father sat by the fire, with his glasses on his venerable face, his eyes almost too old to see to knit stockings, yet persevering, taking several hours from rest at night; after his out-door work, betaking himself to them at every dinner hour, that he might hasten them to a finish, and, as he plied the wires, he would now and again make such observations as these:—

"He will surely settle himself now. I will send him a volume of *Young's Sermons*, in the box with the things; and the *Marrow of Modern Divinity;* it should do him good. I'll send him that volume that has the sermons on the Prodigal Son. 'He took his journey into a far country,' that is, he sinned, and wandered from righteousness. They sent him to feed swine; 'and he fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.' He broke his apprenticeship, and ran away, and was a sodger, and lived among the sin in which they lived, and fain would have satisfied his soul with it; but sin will not satisfy. 'And when he came to himself, he said, I will arise and go unto my father and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. And he arose and came to his father; and when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him. And the father said, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him,' that is, clothe him in the Gospel,—there is a great sermon of Young's on that text,—and 'put a ring on his hand,' that is, give him the sign and outward mark of the kingdom of grace. And put 'shoes on his feet,' that he may be sustained in the faith, and fail not to journey to the end.

"These are all great texts in Young's hands; and if I send them to our poor prodigal Peter, they may take effect upon him. But even if not, it is our duty to do all in our power to bring back him who has gone astray. A parent will do more for one bairn that errs and goes astray, than for all the rest. What a high and glorious example have we poor mortals to do this! The faithless unbeliever looks abroad upon the universe, and sees worlds after worlds greater than this globe of earth, and many in number; and he reasons, as he has grounds to do, that they are inhabited by other races of the Lord's creatures; and then he says, in his unbelief, What reason have we to believe that God gave his only Son as the Saviour of this single world, almost the least of the worlds? But these worlds come from the one Almighty, the one Parent and Creator; and if one world has sinned, while all the rest have been sinless, might not the Father have given more to redeem that one lost world than to all the rest? Will not a mere mortal give more to bring back his

bairn that goes astray, than to all his family? Would we not give all that we possess to bring back Peter? Yes; I'se send him Young's Sermons, and a volume of Jamieson's of Edinburgh, and the *Marrow*. If he make a good use of them, they will bring him to the best robe, the robe of grace; and to the ring for his hand, the mark of a Christian; and to the shoes for his feet, the Gospel. But we shall also put the clothing of this world upon him, and give him tools to work with to get his bread; and if we dinna send shoon to his feet, we'll send stockings. Dinna mak' the feet ower short, for Peter has a long foot. The last shoon that Johstone Steel made him before he ran awa' frae his 'prenticeship, silly dyted thing, were the longest pair o' shoon that Johnstone had made for some years, he told me, except Geordy Ha's shoon."

When the stockings and shirts were made, they were, with the tools, amounting to several pounds in value, and the books, put in a box, which I carried three miles, to a place where the Berwick carrier called, who took it to a Berwick smack trading to London. It was addressed to Eltham, in Kent, at which place Peter was to find work as a millwright, with an old shopmate. It reached its destination safely. But Peter's wanderings were not brought to an end by having obtained his discharge from the artillery, and tools to go to work with at his trade: comparatively they were only beginning.

After working for a few months at Eltham, and in London, Peter heard, as everybody else did at that time, that the gold mines of South America were to produce wealth for England, such as England never knew before, if Englishmen would only advance a little cash to take shares in the mining speculations. Very much cash was adventured. Next, bold and enterprising men were wanted to go out to work the mines, to explore the Andes for new ones, and to work them. Fortunes were to be made easily by everybody; and in any case, the mechanics—fortune or no fortune—were to have such wages and advantages as no millwright could have in England. Peter had an offer, giving him the chance of seeing the world and getting rich, to return home and live all his life after in comfort. He accepted it, and wrote us a letter at Gravesend, on board the ship, which was already so far down the Thames on its voyage to Rio Janeiro. Time 1824 or 1825. [When this was written and first published, neither the Californian nor Australian gold-fields had been heard of.]

This was a severe blow to my father and mother, who had been in the hope of soon seeing him in Scotland. They were so greatly afflicted that it then seemed impossible that I should ever go from them. But a tide in my affairs, as we have seen, carried me from home also. We heard nothing more of Peter himself. The Mining Company turned out a failure.

He then took service as an explorer with the Brazilian government. Twice he crossed the Andes, and traversed those vast mountains sectionally, exploring in their highest altitudes and deepest abysses for gold or silver ore. About two years in the far interior were thus occupied. On returning to Rio, and being liberally and honourably remunerated, his wealth exceeded all that he had dared to dream about. Besides engineering and machinery, he betook himself to ship-carpentry, and in this last capacity was introduced to a new adventure, dangerous but lucrative. A native of the United States resident at Rio had a vessel, half clipper, half cutter, half smuggler, half fair-trader, sailing sometimes under United States colours, at other times under the colours of any nation which it might be useful to profess to belong to. She had a crew of daring men, Americans, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, and a Yankee captain. Her trade was outwardly that of a merchant vessel; inwardly and secretly, that of a smuggler of specie and gold-dust. Peter was first employed in putting secret fittings in her, in such places as no seacher should discover them. He won the confidence of the American owner and captain while putting in those "fixings." They offered him high terms to join in the adventure. He joined; went on board ostensibly as ship's carpenter, but in reality to have charge of the specie in the secret places.

They pursued a trade of this kind on the coasts of Brazil, about a year, carrying their treasure to ships which met them at certain places of rendezvous; and, so far as profit went, they were successful. But I am unable to explain the nature of this smuggling. Peter was to have written it in an account of his voyages, when he was at home, which he did not do before going to Canada in 1833; and it will never be done now.

They had a black cook, whom the captain flogged. In the night, being near Rio, the injured negro swam ashore, and informed the authorities of the nature of the trade this Yankee craft was engaged in. They were taken in the river next day; some were killed, and others sent far into the interior of Brazil, to dungeons, under sentence of long imprisonment. All had their property confiscated. Peter was sent five hundred miles up the country, lost all he possessed, and only saved his life by protesting that he was a British subject. It was doubtful if that would have saved him had the Brazilians known that he had been more a smuggler than the ship's carpenter. He lay heavily ironed, in a dungeon beneath a convent, which served as one of the state prisons of Brazil. No human being visited him all the time, but the gaoler (who brough him beans and oil, his only food) and a priest. Finding his prisoner to be no Christian, according to his definition of the character, the priest

paid little attention to him for about five months, but left him to his beans and oils, his dark damp cell, his long beard and nails, which were never trimmed, and his Scottish Presbyterian Protestantism, which was supposed to be too hopelessly bad for a priest to touch with argument. At last the priest became attentive, he brought books, and made considerable progress, under Peter's tuition, in learning to read English. When he understood some of the language, he got his prisoner released from irons, and allowed him to go to work with such carpentering tools as they had. Peter made several pieces of cabinet-work for the convent, which gave much satisfaction. They would have retained him to work for it as a cabinet-maker, had he not continued to express a desire to escape. It was quite possible that an order might come any day for his execution.

The priest became his friend, and undertook to have a letter conveyed to Rio, to a commander of an English ship of war reported to be there. That ship turned out to be the frigate *Undaunted*, commanded by Lord Henry Thynne. His lordship, on hearing that a British subject was imprisoned in the interior of the country, demanded his release. An order was made accordingly. Peter and the priest parted; the latter telling him that he was "a much bad Christian, but a much good cabinet-maker."

As it was dangerous to remain in Rio Janeiro, and hopeless to attempt the recovery of his property, and as the *Undaunted* was in want of hands, he joined her, and was rated in the carpenter's crew.

The *Undaunted* being soon after ordered to England, he and other hands who had not served long were transferred to the *Tyne* sloop of war.

This vessel returned to England in the summer of 1832, called at Portsmouth for orders, and was sent round to Sheerness. Peter, on setting foot on British soil, for the first time after so long an absence, turned with eager curiosity to the newspapers. The first got hold of was the *Morning Herald*. He had not glanced at it five minutes, when he saw an account of "Somerville, the Scots Grey," in which it was stated that he was a native of Berwickshire. This was not quite correct, my native county being Haddingtonshire; but it was near enough to suggest to Peter that this must be his brother Sandy, whom he had left at home herding the cows thirteen years before. He wrote on the instant, inquiring if I were his brother, telling me who he was, and that he was just landed in England after a long absence. This letter went to Birmingham, was sent after me to Coventry, and I got it at the very minute of starting with the mail-coach to attend the Court of Inquiry at Weedon Barracks. I opened the letter after being seated on the coach, and read it again and again. I neither saw Peeping Tom on passing his corner, nor any street of Coventry, nor garden, nor meadow beyond: I continued

to read this letter, and to question its subject on all sides, to assure myself that it was not, like some letters I received about my Scots Greys case, —a hoax. It was not. The *Tyne*, it was expected, would be paid off; instead of which, she was ordered to be refitted for sea immediately. A squadron of ships was then fitting out under Sir Pulteney Malcolm, for what purpose was not publicly known. They put to sea; Peter once more on board without our meeting, as he and I fondly hoped to do.

I have quoted the foregoing from a former work, as affording a glimpse of my venerated parents, whose piety and stern integrity are characteristic of the peasantry of Scotland. My deviously varied life has, I fear, been unfavourable to a continuous fidelity to vital piety. But before God I dare affirm, that the more worldly sentiments, a severe integrity and acute sense of honour, implanted in me by the example of my parents, have been ruling principles throughout all varieties of my fortune and contact with the world. I am poor in pocket, and worn in mind by struggles to maintain my integrity, by struggles to pay debts incurred in the service of acquiring and transferring to my fellow countrymen a practical knowledge of an Economic Science which possesses the principles of life, humanity, beneficence, conservative prescience.

I may here reprint an extract from my *Working Man's Witness against the Infidels*, printed at Edinburgh in 1857. It refers to that old book of Oxford University, the *Marrow of Modern Divinity*, mentioned in this chapter as sent by my father in 1823 or 1824 to Peter in England.

"During the last five-and-twenty years I have looked at book-stalls for a certain work; but in all those years, neither in London, Liverpool, nor Manchester, places of my residence, could I find it. One day in the year 1857 I walked in the streets of Edinburgh, lost to all persons and things around, carried away in a train of thought about God, the nature of the soul, and the way of salvation. I felt troubled about the insufficiency of my own faith, and prayed that God would open to me some source of knowledge which still remained unknown. After a time I found myself at the east corner of Nicolson Square, in which direction I had no business to have walked, yet there I stood, near to a stall on which were spread old books and pamphlets apparently of small value. One that seemed very old and much worn I lifted, and, opening at page 302, read the head-lines, 'The Efficacy of Faith for Holiness of Life.' Turning to the title-page, what did I behold but the book which had been so often looked for and not before found."

[Referring to the return of my brother.]

"After a time we met in Scotland, and journeyed to the old thatched cottage at Trieplandhill, parish of Innerwick, where our parents lived, and filled their hearts with gladness. About the end of the first hour

of conversation, Peter having rapidly indicated his South American travels and imprisonment, our father said, "How wonderfully and mercifully God has preserved you! But what did you do, Peter, with the books we sent you? Oh, man, the *Marrow of Modern Divinity* would have been a saving spiritual companion to you in those wanderings." Peter admitted that it was not his companion. He had left the books in London in 1824. It was a copy of that work which I had not wholly forgotten to look for at old book-stalls in London and elsewhere for five-and-twenty years, which I at last found in 1857, as already related. This copy bears the date of 1759. The work was published at Oxford in 1646, and probably some years earlier. Its author was Mr. Edward Fisher, a scholar of Oxford University.

"Did I by *chance* go to the corner where lay that book? I would rather believe in the efficacy of earnest prayer. Let the atheist rail, and call this self-delusion: *I know* it is not delusion; *I know* that a new hatred, a deeper loathing of sins which once were not odious, follows every new effort of faith and prayer."

CHAPTER XV.

The Court of Inquiry. Discharge Purchased.

I return to July 1832. In the county of Northampton, near the geographical centre of England, at the bottom of a gently elevated hill, stands Weedon, too large to be called a village, too small to be called a town. On the elevated ground overlooking Weedon, there are extensive barracks, in which one or more regiments of infantry are usually stationed. On the south-east side of the elevated ground, towards the little town, there are stores containing shot, shells, rockets, arms of all kinds, and gunpowder; and underneath the hills—where none but a few persons possessed of secrets know—there are other stores of gunpowder and arms, and places which may be victualled for emergencies.

At the Bull Inn, outside of Weedon, the coach upon which I was a passenger halted, and Mr. Marriot and I got down. Here we met Mr. Wooler, from London. Here also were general officers and their attendants. All the house was in a bustle,—business had come like a flood; and I, who was the chief cause of that business, was flooded into the back-kitchen, among boots and shoes, brushes, blacking, brooms, and men brushing the boots of generals and aide-de-camps, who were about to dress to go in grand military form to open the Court of Inquiry upon me.

Mr. Marriot was in possession of my case, and was closeted with Mr. Wooler. Some of the servants seeing a soldier standing in the way, and not knowing what I was there for, called to me to lend a hand; and as it was more agreeable to be doing something than nothing, I stripped off my regimental coat, turned up my shirt-sleeves, and proceeded to polish the boots of two or three colonels or generals who were about to polish me in the Court of Inquiry. [Note of 1859.—Of the boots I polished, one pair belonged to an officer named Campbell, aid-de-camp to Sir Archibald Campbell, a member of the Court. I have been told that the aid-de-camp was the Sir Colin Campbell of subsequent years, now Lord Clyde. It would do my heart good if I thought it quite a fact that I had done even that humble service to such a true soldier and true man.] When I had lent a hand to brush their boots, I proceeded to my own. And then we went to the barracks, about half a mile distant, and the court was constituted. But no further business was done that day. Here are a few of the particulars not anticipated in a former chapter.

"INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ASSEMBLING OF THE COURT.

"Horse Guards, 12th July, 1832.

"SIR,—By desire of the General Commanding-in-Chief, I have the honour to notify to you, that it has been decided that a Court of Inquiry, composed of the officers named in the margin (president, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B.; members, Major-General Sir Jasper Nicholls, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B., Colonel Burrell, 18th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Townsend, 14th Light Dragoons), shall be assembled at Weedon, Northamptonshire, to investigate the case of Private Alexander Somerville, of the Royal North British Dragoons, who has lately been tried by a regimental court-martial, and corporally punished by the award of the said court, and on whose behalf a petition has been presented to the House of Commons for redress in consequence of the said trial and punishment.

"A printed copy of that petition, and a newspaper (the *Times*), containing an extract of a letter from Alexander Somerville to a 'gentleman in Glasgow,' are herewith transmitted; and Lord Hill understands that these statements contain the principal, if not the whole, of Somerville's allegations against his commanding-officer, upon this occasion. Lord Hill desires that the court, of which you are thus appointed president, may deliberately proceed to the investigation of all the circumstances of complaint set forth in the petition and letter alluded to, as well as of any further circumstances, though not stated therein, which the complainant may be desirous to submit for investigation, and which shall relate to his present complaint.

"The nature of the case will at once satisfy the court that Major Wyndham, of the North British Dragoons, is, upon his part, entitled to a full hearing in support of the measures which he thought fit to adopt towards Alexander Somerville; in other words, that whilst, on the one hand, Somerville is to be allowed every legitimate means of establishing his case, Major Wyndham is, on the other hand, entitled to the same privilege.

"Lord Hill understands, that, in consequence of the importance which has been attached to this case in Parliament, the Judge Advocate General is to officiate in person at the ensuing investigation. Mr. Grant's presence cannot fail to regulate and facilitate the progress of the inquiry; and Lord Hill can have no hesitation in requiring that the court shall, upon any and every question not of a purely military nature, and upon which doubt shall arise in the course of the proceedings, conform to Mr. Grant's opinion. His lordship, however, thinks it highly desirable that a note of each point that shall be thus disposed of by the court, upon the

authority of the Judge Advocate General, should appear upon the face of its proceedings.

"Major Wyndham and the complainant will probably each require the assistance of one legal or other adviser in court; and although it is not customary to permit the presence of gentlemen of the learned profession at military Courts of Inquiry, yet Lord Hill desires, that, in this instance, the usage in like cases may be departed from; it being at the same time understood, that no legal adviser, or other adviser or advocate, is to assume the right of addressing a military court, and that the parties themselves only who are at issue, have that right, namely, Major Wyndham and his accuser.

"Major Wyndham will be ordered to produce to the court of which you are president, the procedings of the regimental court-martial held in Somerville's case, should a reference to them be deemed necessary in the course of the investigation; but Lord Hill desires, that the production of the proceedings alluded to, may on no account be regarded by the Court of Inquiry as a right to take any cognizance whatever of the conduct of the regimental court-martial, unless the Judge Advocate General shall, upon his own responsibility, declare that the last-mentioned court is by law subject to the review of a court not sitting under the obligation of an oath. This being purely a question of law, and not of military expediency, Lord Hill gladly leaves it exclusively to the Judge Advocate General's decision.

[By this, Lord Hill debarred me from establishing any case against the court-martial in a manner to appear in the official records.]

"The court of which you are president, having received and recorded such statement as the complainant and the accused shall offer, and such evidence as they shall respectively produce, will carefully consider the whole case, and report, for Lord Hill's consideration, their opinion; whether Major Wyndham, in dealing with the case of Alexander Somerville, of the Royal North British Dragoons, acted upon any (and *what*) occasion in a manner unbecoming his station and character, as the temporary officer in command of that regiment.

"Looking to the nature of the discussions in Somerville's case, which have already appeared in various public journals, and which are but too well calculated to convey to the public mind an impression highly unfavourable to the mode of administering public justice in the army, Lord Hill is clearly of opinion, that justice and expediency alike require that this should not be an open court; and even the legal or other advisers of the parties at issue should be excluded, unless they expressly pledge themselves to the court in writing to publish no portion whatever of its proceedings until the case becomes again a subject of discussion in

Parliament, after the Court shall have made its report, and also until the Judge Advocate General shall notify to them respectively, that the case is to undergo no further investigation.

(Signed,) "JOHN MACDONALD,
Adjutant-General.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B."

Extract from the minutes of the first day's proceedings of the court.

" Present—The officers named in the foregoing momorandum ; and the Right Hon. Robert Grant, Judge Advocate General.

" Major Wyndham and Private Somerville appeared with their respective advisers. Adviser for Major Wyndham, Mr. J. W. Whately, solicitor, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham. Adviser for Private Somerville, Mr. Thomas J. Wooler, 51, Nelson Square, London.

" The advisers of Major Wyndham and Private Somerville having been apprised, that, under the instructions of the General Commanding-in-Chief, the court thought it necessary to require that, if they thought it necessary to attend the court, they should give a pledge, for themselves and their clients, not to publish any part of the proceedings of the court until the case should again become a subject of discussion in Parliament, after the court had made its report, and also until the Judge Advocate General should notify to them that the case was not to undergo any further investigation.

" Pledges were accordingly given.

" After a brief address from the president, explaining the grounds on which the court was assembled, the Judge Advocate General read the instructions before referred to.

" Also a petition to Parliament from Richard Smith [Samuel Smith], of 139, Fleet Street, London, praying the House to cause inquiry to be made into the case of the said Alexander Somerville; and a portion of the *Times* newspaper, dated the 10th of July, containing an extract of a letter from Alexander Somerville, to 'a gentleman in Glasgow' [Craig of Airdrie].

" Private Alexander Somerville was then called upon for a statement of his allegations against Major Wyndham, and for a list of the witnesses he proposed to call to support them ; but Somerville not being prepared with a written statement, *and he having preferred that mode of grounding his case, to making a verbal statement of it*, the court yielded to his request, for time to prepare it; and, two hours having been mentioned, the court gave him the option of appearing before them again at the expiration of that time, or at ten o'clock to-morrow ; which latter alternative being accepted, the court adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow.

"*Thursday*, 19*th July*.—The court met, pursuant to adjournment. The president reminded Major Wyndham and Private Somerville that their advisers could not be allowed to address the court personally.

"Mr. Wooler, the adviser of Private Somerville, then inquired if he was not to be permitted to address the court on points of law which might arise in the course of proceedings adopted; and Mr. Wooler was informed by the Judge Advocate General, that the court considered themselves as absolutely precluded, by their instructions, from allowing the adviser of either party to make any personal address to them, on any subject whatever; but that if any observation should occur to Mr. Wooler, as being material to be made, it was fully competent to him to communicate such observation, either verbally or in writing, to his client, by whom the same could be brought forward to the court; and that the court would always afford time for the observation to be so communicated to his client.

"Mr. Wooler then begged to address the court merely for the purpose of informing them that *no statement would be produced; and that he had advised Private Somerville not to make any, either verbally or in writing*, inasmusch as Private Somerville was not before the court as an accuser, but was ready to answer any questions as a witness. He observed, that it was not proved to the court that Private Somerville was a party to the documents before the court, and that Somerville ought not to be burdened with the petition of Mr. Smith to the House of Commons, nor with the letter to Mr. Craig which appeared in the *Times;* that he, Mr. Wooler, conceived that it was for the court itself to take up the inquiry, and investigate the case; and that such was the object of this inquiry, and the instructions to the court, as he understood them.

"The Judge Advocate General thereupon read extracts from the instructions, to shew that it was intended that Private Somerville should appear as a complainant, and should support his complaint by evidence.

"After some further discussion to the same effect, the court observed that it was necessary Private Somerville himself should state his intention.

"Private Somerville said that he declined making any statement, either written or verbal, as an accuser. The court was then cleared."

I declined to put in a written statement, because I had placed myself in the hands of two lawyers, one outside the court, Mr. Marriot, and one inside, Mr. Wooler, who counselled me to abide entirely by their advice. But I could not refrain from telling Mr. Wooler, in private, as he was the first person whom I had seen from the office of the *Weekly Dispatch* in London, which had made my case peculiarly its own, that I was aggrieved at the weekly publication of statements in that paper which the

public believed to be authorised by me, but which I did not authorise; which, on the contrary, with some small portion of truth in them, were amplified and exaggerated, to suit the political, personal, or commercial purposes of the paper, though I had, in several private letters, remonstrated against such acts of publication. I drew attention also to the letter written to Mr. Craig, of Airdrie, the correspondent of the Glasgow paper, in reply to what he stated to be a private inquiry on his part, for the satisfaction of a few friends, which I wrote as a private letter, unguardedly describing my case, as I would not have described it in a formal statement of accusation; which private letter of mine he at once made public traffic of in the Glasgow paper; from which it got into the *Times*, and was now included in the instructions to the Court of Inquiry. It was at my earnest desire that Mr. Wooler urged upon the court, "That Somerville ought not to be burdened with the petition of Mr. Smith to the House of Commons, nor with the letter to Mr. Craig which appeared in the *Times*." I earnestly sought to be rid of the responsibility of those documents altogether; and it was only on my assuring my legal adviser, that if he did not repudiate them on my behalf, I would so myself, that he spoke as he did. My wish was, to make a formal complaint in writing, and to call evidence in support of it. I was overruled by the very extraordinary advice to tender myself as a witness, subjecting myself thereby to a searching cross-examination, which lasted many hours; during which, I gave replies which were taken as charges against Major Wyndham, and so dealt with by the court in its report, which I would certainly not have put into a written statement of charges.

The minutes proceed thus:—

"After a short time, the court re-opened, when the Judge Advocate General again explained to Private Somerville, that the court having adjourned yesterday for the purpose of giving him time to prepare his statement, it was necessary for him to state distinctly whether he had prepared such statement.

"Private Somerville then said, that Mr. Wooler had fully stated what he intended to say; that he had thought that he was coming here only as a witness, and not as the accuser of Major Wyndham; and that if he had thought otherwise, he should not have named any witnesses." (This was written by Mr. Wooler, placed in my hands by him, and read by me as my reply, with the additional caution not to be induced, by any other question, to add to it.)

"The Judge Advocate General then, by desire of the court, stated, that, as Private Somerville had declined to appear as a complainant, it was the opinion of the court that their instructions did not give them the power of proceeding with the investigation; but as Private Somerville, on

re-considering the matter, and consulting thereon with his adviser, might change the intention he had expressed, the court would adjourn for two hours, to give him time to come to a final determination.

"Mr. Wooler then begged leave to ask one question; and leave being given, he requested to know, whether, in the event of Private Somerville still declining, as before, to proceed as an accuser, the court would dissolve itself?

"The Judge Advocate General stated, that, in the event alluded to, the court had no other course to take than that of adjourning its sittings, and referring to the authority under which it acted, for further instructions.

"The court then adjourned till two o'clock.

"The court having re-assembled, and the parties having been called in, the president addressed Private Somerville as follows:—

"I desire to apprise you, Alexander Somerville, that the question I am about to put, is addressed to *you*, and you must, *yourself*, *reply to it*."

The court had seen, by this time, that I was acting under an adviser whose opinions differed from mine; but, as he threatened to abandon me and the case, and return to London, if I did not act upon his counsel, I assented. The question of the president was,—

"Are you prepared to proceed as complainant in this case, according to the instructions which this court has received, and which have been read to you?

"Private Somerville thereupon delivered a paper, headed, '*The Protest of Alexander Somerville, Private in the Second or Royal North British Dragoons*,' which was read to the court by the Judge Advocate General, and which is annexed:—

"To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Bradford, and the members of the Military Court of Inquiry assembled at Weedon on the 18th day of July, 1832, the protest of"—(etc., etc.)

"I have been informed, and understand, that the said Court of Inquiry was ordered on the question, whether I was punished for disobeying the orders of Lieutenant Gillies, of the said regiment, or for writing a letter to the *Weekly Dispatch*, on political subjects.

"I attended at the said Court of Inquiry, expecting to be called as a witness, on the aforesaid question, as I have been informed, and believe, under the Right Honourable the Secretary at War, Sir John Cam Hobhouse; and although disclaiming the expensive and onerous situation of public accuser, I am ready and willing to give testimony to the treatment I have received, and witnesses are in attendance to prove the fact.

"In the full and fearless challenge which I am prepared to give my oppressors, the Court of Inquiry has declined to examine me and the

witnesses in attendance, and I have no means of obtaining justice, under the order of the commander-in-chief, except in protesting against any adjournment of the court until the ends of justice are fully answered.

"A. SOMERVILLE.

"Weedon, 19th July, 1832."

"The president then announced, that the further sittings of the court would be adjourned until Monday the 23rd instant, at eleven o'clock; and the court adjourned accordingly until that day and hour."

My only *protest* was to my legal advisers, against being compelled to sign that which was in direct opposition to my wishes. I wished to put in a written statement of my case, and withdraw the newspaper rumours of it which contained all the strong and somewhat vague assertions; but I was overruled, and compelled, under a threat of being left alone at Weedon to conduct the case myself, to sign that "protest" of which I did not write one word; from which I vainly tried, finding that it must be signed, to expunge the bravado-like "full and fearless challenge to my oppressors," which I did not think necessary or well-timed. But I had no alternative: I must sign it, or take the case entirely into my own hands.

We walked to the Bull Inn, as before, amid people attracted to the roadside to look at the "Scots Grey as was making all the noise in the country," who was, on the contrary, doing all within his power to keep the noise within bounds.

"MONDAY, July 23, 1832.

(Extract.)—"The court having assembled at eleven o'clock, the Judge Advocate General read the additional instructions from the general commanding-in-chief, dated Horse Guards, July 20th.

"Major Wyndham and Private Somerville were then called upon to furnish lists of the witnesses they respectively proposed to call."

The court sat until half-past four o'clock, chiefly engaged in my examination and cross-examination; also in hearing part of the evidence of Lieutenant Gillies, one of my witnesses.

On Tuesday, 24th July, the examination of Mr. Gillies was resumed at ten o'clock. Mr. Henry Simmons, a civilian, who took lessons in the riding-school, was also examined that day, on behalf of the other side, as it was necessary that he should return to his business at Birmingham. When that was done, Mr. Gillies was again examined by the court. Sergeant John Glen was also called by me on that day. Also Privates Robert Brown and Thomas Darling.

On the 25th, at ten o'clock, the evidence of Darling was resumed; and the day was occupied with it and that of Regimental Sergeant-Major Nelson, and Adjutant Ricketts.

On the 26th, Private Thomas Scott was examined by me; Mr. David Cope was examined by Major Wyndham; also Troop Sergeant-Major Aitkin, Hospital-Sergeant Sykes, Assistant-Surgeon Stewart, Privates Robert Robertson and Charles Buist. The last two were patients in the hospital when I was taken there.

On the 27th, Troop Sergeant-Major Gardiner and Corporal M'Lure were examined on behalf of Major Wyndham; and the major tendered himself as a witness. This was unexpected by the court and by me. The minutes introduce his evidence thus:—"Major Charles Wyndham, Royal North British Dragoons, then tendered himself as a witness; and, having been reminded by the Judge-Advocate of the extreme responsibility under which he was placed in regard to the answers he might give to such questions as were put to him, was examined by the Judge-Advocate." He was also cross-examined by me. I have already given the most important parts of his evidence. He admitted nearly all that I wanted to prove.

On the 28th, Adjutant Ricketts was re-examined. On the 30th and 31st of July, and 1st of August, the court deliberated, and made up a lengthened series of charges from the newspapers, and from my verbal statements, under a long and harassing examination, which, in the absence of the written and concise statement, they were obliged to do; upon the greater part of which charges no evidence was offered. They accordingly set them down as "not proved."

The following are the principal paragraphs of the report, after disposing of those several charges selected by them:—

"The court is of opinion, that Major Wyndham acted injudiciously in entering into conversation with, or making inquiry of, Private Somerville, on the subject of the letter in the newspaper, while Private Somerville was before him, as a prisoner, charged with a military offence; and that this was especially inconsiderate at a period, when, from the excitement which prevailed in the neighbourhood, and from the nature of the contents of that letter, the object and purpose of such conversation and inquiries were peculiarly liable to be misinterpreted.

"That Major Wyndham, when he heard a recruit offer the highly objectionable opinions, which are recorded to have been expressed to him by Private Somerville, respecting the duty and allegiance of a soldier, acted injudiciously in not suspending all proceedings against Private Somerville in relation to the military offence wherewith he was charged, and laying before the general of the district a full statement of the case of Private Somerville, and of the opinions so expressed by him, in order to obtain, from the general commanding the district, instructions applicable to the occasion.

"That the method of procedure which Major Wyndham followed in bringing Private Somerville to a trial,—the effect of which was, that Private Somerville was warned for trial, tried, and punished within the compass of a very few hours; and especially that he was brought to trial only an hour and a half after he received notice of it,—were unduly precipitate, and, in that respect, not justified by the general usage of the service, though in accordance with the practice of the Scots Greys [No], and, as the court believes, of other regiments of cavalry."

The remainder of the court's opinion is embodied in the concluding paragraph of the memorandum referring to the approval of his majesty the King, which is the last quotation I shall make:

"HORSE GUARDS, 9th August, 1832.

"The report of the Court of Inquiry held at Weedon Barracks on the 18th day of July, 1832, and continued by adjournments to the 28th of the same month, for the investigation of the complaints made by Private Alexander Somerville, of the Second or Royal North British Dragoons, against Major Wyndham of that corps, together with the minutes of its proceedings, having been submitted to the King, his majesty has been pleased to signify his approbation of the mode in which the court has executed its functions, and his entire concurrence in the observations and opinions contained in its report.

"His majesty has further been pleased to express his deep regret that an officer of the rank and distinguished service of Major Wyndham, and who had ever maintained a character so free from reproach, should, on the occasion and in the instances mentioned in the report, have evinced a deficiency in the care, discretion, and judgment required of him as an officer in the temporary command of a regiment.

"His Majesty has, however, been pleased, at the same time, to express his satisfaction that nothing has appeared in the course of the inquiry to authorise any conclusion which would reflect discredit on the purposes, feelings, or motives of Major Wyndham, or which would subject his honour to just impeachment.

(Signed,) "FITZROY SOMERSET."

[The lamented Lord Raglan, who sunk under duty in the Crimea, 1855.]

On returning to the barracks at Coventry, I continued to do duty up to the 24th of August. Several parties came to see me, attracted by the celebrity which the case had now attained. But I declined to see all who were public or political personages. One of these was the late Henry Hunt.

Most people have heard of the annual procession through Coventry of a lady on horseback, to represent Lady Godiva, who once saved the

citizens from a grievous impost sought to be inflicted by her lord. When the real lady rode through the streets, the male inhabitants were commanded to remain strictly within doors; none but females being allowed to see what a sacrifice the Lady Godiva was compelled to make for their city. There was, however, one Tom who opened his window to peep as the lady passed; which so greatly offended the citizens that they placed his effigy in the window, where it stands to this day, known as Peeping Tom of Coventry.

In 1832, it was resolved to hold the festival in celebration of the passing of the Reform Bill on the same day as the anniversary of Lady Godiva's procession. From Nuneaton, Hinckly, Leamington, Kenilworth, and other places, processions, long, dense, and noisy, with shouts and music, came and joined the political union of Coventry. It occurred that I was on sentry at the front barrack-gate when the procession passed. Not one of the many thousands knew me personally, but each band ceased to play as it came near the barrack gate; each trade or section of a political union halted in front of the gate, as pre-arranged by a master of ceremonies, and three cheers, loud and long, were given for "Somerville *for ever!*" They had not the remotest suspicion that I was the sentry, with my carbine on my arm, standing in the gateway looking at them. "*For ever!*" they shouted in connection with my name. I had not been many months shouted for in that manner, when I was scouted, sneered at, maligned, libelled, and foully lied upon by some of those who, at that time, led the multitude to set up an idol one year, and knock it down and trample on it the next; and all because I would not lend myself to the literature of sedition, of political antagonism to the army and higher classes, nor to any set of persons, or purposes, that did not accord with my own sense of right and propriety. [Note of 1859.—I allude here to violent Radical newspapers, as the *London Weekly Dispatch;* and I think the English of Quebec should acquit me of the charge that I was a partizan of "mobs and their excesses." I was offered payment for the use of my name, and peremptorily refused it again and again.]

In one of *Cobbett's Registers* it was announced, about this time, that he was coming to Coventry, on a journey to the north of England, and to Scotland, to lecture; and that he hoped to see me and talk with me. When he came, Mr. Horsfall, of the Half Moon, took me to Mr. Cobbett's lodgings, at one of the hotels. He had been overwhelmed with calls, and had given orders not to be interrupted, as he had writing to do; but on hearing who it was that now called, he set the orders and the writing aside. On approaching him, he shook me warmly by the hand, looked at me a few seconds, and said, "You have, at the least, an honest-looking Scotch face in your favour." I sat down with him, and he

proceeded thus: "Now, you are going to London: let me give you a few words of advice. There are thieves in London who steal money; there are swindlers in London who make victims of the unwary; but there are worse people in London than thieves and swindlers: there are editors of newspapers,—take care of yourself if you fall amongst editors. You are property for them. Each will try to get you exclusively to himself. They will traffic upon you. If one gets you in his den, and you do not always after go to that den, he will rush upon you some day and tear you to pieces. Take care of the editors: I know them well. Go to Mr. Rogers of St. Giles's; Mr. Nicholson of Fenchurch Street; Mr. Williams of Watling Street; Mr. Swain, the tailor, of Fleet Street; and (another, whose name I have forgotten). And take this paper (he wrote their names and addresses); it is signed with my name, William Cobbett; any of them will give you good advice."

About the 22nd of August, I was summoned to the officers' barracks at Coventry. Lord Arthur Hill, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, whom I had not before seen, was present. This officer, though the name and title sound similarly, was in no way connected with Lord Hill, the general commanding-in-chief. The latter was the celebrated general of division Sir Rowland Hill, second in command to Wellington in the Peninsular war; the former was one of the sons of the Marquis of Downshire. Lord Arthur put several questions to me, in a kind manner; to one of which, whether I was desirous of obtaining my discharge from the regiment, I answered, yes. He said, that having heard this formally from myself, he would make application for it.

The rule of the service in purchasing a discharge is, that the soldier must be recommended by his commanding officer before he can purchase. The purchase-money of mine, £30, had been lodged at the War Office for several weeks, and many applications on my behalf had been made for it. The last form being now complied with, it was sent down to the regiment on the 24th, to be given to me on the 25th of August.

At ten o'clock on that morning, I put off my regimentals, and dressed myself in a suit of plain clothes, which a tailor, one of several who competed for the "honour" of equipping me, had made. I gave my regimental boots and shoes to my old schoolfellow, James Grieve, and also several other articles of my "kit." To most of my other comrades I gave something. They all shook me affectionately by the hand, and looked after me until I was out of the barrack gate.

Mrs. Shettle, of the Three Tuns, a house near the back gate of the barracks (now one of the nearest licensed houses to the railway station), who had evinced much kindness, I may almost say motherly regard, for me, was, with her husband, kind enough to request that I would leave some article

of my military equipments with them, as a keepsake. I gave them my forage cap. Fourteen years afterwards I found it there, better taken care of than I could have preserved it. After that lapse of time I called at the Three Tuns, and saw the same countenance beaming from that same seat, in its intelligence and benevolence,—a countenance remarkable even amongst the finest heads of intelligent women. I sat down, talked, drank a glass of ale, rose to depart, and bade Mr. and Mrs. Shettle good-bye, yet they did not call to mind that they had before known me. Turning back, I said, "I must introduce myself: I find you do not know me." But that preliminary observation was enough: both recognised the stranger; and then there was shaking of hands, and generous remembrances. And I was told how the forage cap had been treasured; how I had been often spoken of in the family circle, and so forth. I had in 1832 disclosed more of my sentiments, and more of the facts of my case, to this lady and her husband, than to any other persons in Coventry. This lady, like every other person who new me intimately, knew that I despised the tin-kettle school of politics, and that I was misrepresented by tin-kettle politicians, because misunderstood by them.

I left Coventry at eight in the morning by the Quicksilver four-horse coach, and arrived in London in the evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

From London, Home; and from Home to London. 1832, 1833, and 1834.

There were two orders of mind with which I came in contact, at the time when I was discharged from the Scots Greys, that I found unwilling to understand me, or incapable of comprehending my motives in anything I had done, or refused to do, or then did, or then proposed to do. One of these mental orders comprised several kind, well-meaning friends. They had before them the facts, that I, a working man, with little school education, had become a soldier, improved my education, had occupied a dangerous eminence in the public view, under perilous circumstances; defended myself before a court-martial, in the absence of all earthly friends, when every word of defence uttered was an aggravation of my alleged disinclination to pay obedience; that I had suffered one of the most excruciating punishments which can be inflicted on a human body with a firmness and propriety of bearing which even the commanding officer bore ready testimony to, at a time when not inclined to say much in my favour. Those and other things led them to believe that I must have self-confidence, forwardness, and "face" for any public exhibition of myself. They could not comprehend how a person "who had been in the newspapers so much," should have any objection to go to public meetings of the political unions to receive votes of thanks, carried by acclamation, "for having helped to carry the Reform Bill"; which acclamation was in their ears, and clapping of hands in their eyes, the most agreeable of sounds and sights.

The other order of minds comprised those who could assign to me no other motive, since the public had subscribed money to purchase my discharge, and to add to it a gift, than that I had, from the beginning of the case, before I was punished, and when I was punished, designed to make it a means of obtaining money. Some of these persons could not see why I should endeavour to stop the collection of money on my behalf, or refuse it by any means through which it could be obtained. Others of this order of mind set down my remonstrances against the collection of money on my behalf to hypocrisy,—to a deep plan of victimising the public. One set of those persons, the conductors of the *Weekly Dispatch*, published that I had remonstrated with them, and with others, against the propositions to give me money; but that I was well entitled to it; that it was the spontaneous gift of the public; that less than public duty

would be done if a liberal subscription were not made; and that it was not for me to interfere in the matter,—that I must leave this part of the case to those who believed I had done a public service. Yet that same set of persons published, in the same paper, at no distant time, when they knew nothing more of my motives except that I would not allow *them* to make traffic of me, that I was an "impostor," a "victimiser of the public," and so forth.

The expenses were £30 for my discharge, and £40 for lawyers' fees incurred at the Court of Inquiry, and paid to Mr. Marriot. Mr. Harmer, who sent his partner Mr. Wooler from London, was amply paid as proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, which attained an enormous circulation through my case. After other expenses incidental to the business were defrayed, I received about £200. The only remarks which came to my ears on the subject of money at that period were to the effect, that people wondered why I should be resolute in not allowing those who were willing to carry the public subscription further, to go on. The first act of mine which that order of minds last spoken of could not comprehend, was my reply to an application made on behalf of Madame Tussaud, to have a wax-figure modelled and placed in the exhibition then forming. I was offered £50 in cash to allow them to place in the exhibition "Somerville the soldier." I said, "It must not be done." I was told that it might possibly be done without my consent; to which I replied, that if done it would be without my consent, and that whoever did it might rely upon my taking measures to prevent its exhibition. (See also my protest against the Peace Society's misuse of my case in their seditious placards in 1853.)

The next affair which some of those parties could not comprehend, was my answer to a proposal that I should have a benefit at one or more of the London theatres. Several of the performers engaged at the New Strand Theatre, amongst whom I remember Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Honey, Mrs. Chapman (sister of Miss Ellen Tree), the late Leman Rede, and Mr. Chapman, more particularly, offered their gratuitous performances (so Mr. Rede informed me) for a night. Mr. Rede offered to write an address. I was assured that probably not less than £100 would accrue to me. But I gave a firm "No!" to the proposal.

Another was, to lend my name to a literary speculation of some kind. I was ambitious to be connected with literature; but as the parties proposed to write in my name, I declined their offer of payment in terms which they, looking on me as an adventurer getting money wherever I could get it, could not understand.

There was at least one more proposal, that I would allow my name to be used in a newspaper, which I firmly declined, somewhat to the annoy-

ance, I believe, of those who made the offer; respecting which, I shall not now do more than make this allusion to it. [Note of 1859.—So I said when that passage was written in 1847; but, in justice to myself and for the honour of newspaper literature, I feel bound to name the *Weekly Dispatch.*]

Another was, to allow certain parties to organise a system of collecting subscriptions for me throughout the metropolis and the kingdom; to which I also gave an instant and positive negative.

It was not so easy, however, to put a stop to some of those who took up that business on their own account, and put the money in their own pockets.

I had not, up to this time, seen any great public dinner or festival, nor heard great men make speeches. During my stay of six weeks in London, one of these dinners, at which between two and three thousand people were present, occurred at Hackney, to celebrate the legislative formation of the Tower Hamlets into a borough; Dr. Lushington, now judge of the High Court of Admiralty, Sir William Clay, Colonel Stanhope, now Earl of Harrington, Thomas Campbell the poet, and others, were speakers. I had expressed a desire to be present at such a festival as that. Certain parties were as desirous that I should accept a ticket at their expense, and allow them to take me there to be introduced or exhibited. I decline to go on those conditions. I went quietly alone; sat in a place as little exposed as I could find; listened to the speeches,—with intense interest to the poet, of whom I had heard much, but had not before seen; and when discovered by those who would, with or without my consent, drag me into public view, to be "introduced" to the meeting, I left them and the meeting, much to their surprise, as I have been subsequently told. They could not comprehend my motives; and yet it seems to me a natural consequence that a person of my limited education and knowledge should shrink from such a public appearance.

So also at a meeting of the London Political Union, in the public room in Theobald's Road. I was attracted to it to hear the speeches of Mr. John Lawless from Dublin, and other crack men of the day at that time in London from the provinces. I was observed; some one called me loudly by name; there was shouting and clapping of hands, and a cry for me to go to the platform. I at once left the body of the hall, as some thought to go on the platform. Those who came to escort me thither found me in the passage, forcing my way to the door. I left the place, despite their attempts to detain me; and it was not long until I found them saying in print that I was an "ungrateful person," and altogether unworthy of their good opinion, because I would not go with them upon a platform.

With these two exceptions, I attended no public meetings in London at that time; and in no case whatever did I accept an invitation to any private house. I have read in newspapers that I lived in London in the houses of private friends, at the expense of private persons, at this time. I not only did not live with them or upon them, but in no case whatever, during those six weeks, did I visit at any house, public or private, as a guest. There was not, in all the metropolitan wilderness of streets and houses—and it is a wilderness to those who are alone—a more lonely being than I was, at that time. I saw my name every day on the bills of newspapers, saw and heard people reading those bills at street corners; heard my case and myself discussed in the parlours of public-houses, occasionally by persons who professed to know me intimately, none of which persons I had before seen in all my life. I felt that I was not the kind of man that everybody expected or believed me to be. They depicted to themselves a person of flashy exterior, fluent in address, able and ready to talk and speak anywhere, at any time; and so well skilled in the ways and usages of free and easy society, as to take a hand at cards, play billiards and bagatelle, or crack jokes, crack nuts, or crack heads with equal readiness. I found that those who should have known me best,—who, in their newspaper, professed to have my closest intimacy,—gave me credit privately for no higher quality than that of petulant insubordination to military orders. That one act of disobedience, which of all occurrences of my life I most regretted, was the only thing they saw worthy of respect in me. I was introduced to Mr. Harmer, chief proprietor of their establishment, who gave me an audience of ten minutes, not quite so much; who never again spoke six sentences to me; to whom I had not the opportunity of speaking ten words; and this was the entire amount of our intimacy or knowledge of one another; though, so long as it served to advertise and sell their paper, and raise its sale progressively several thousand copies per week,—for never, in the history of the newspaper press, did any single case do so much for the circulation of a newspaper as mine did for the *Weekly Dispatch*,—so long as it served to advertise the paper, they advertised me, though, in reality, no person in the proprietorship, or in the management, knew anything about me. The only individual connected with them who had any means of knowing me personally, was Mr. Wooler, at the Court of Inquiry, at Weedon; and, for reasons not necessary to be repeated on this page, he was not likely to report favourably of me in London. [Note of 1859.—I have expunged some remarks about Mr. Wooler from where they stood in my account of the Court of Inquiry. He is now in his grave, where I may soon follow.]

As already said, I was one of the loneliest beings that wandered through the metropolitan wilderness in 1832. There was not one man or woman,

out of the million and a half of people in Middlesex and Surrey, to whom I could confine my thoughts. The few to whom I made an advance, seemed to look upon me with feelings of disappointment, as a man so different from the ideal "Somerville the soldier," whom their newspapers and their own imaginations had made, that I felt disappointment too, and shrank from them.

One day I got a letter bearing a well-known post-mark in Scotland.

My resolution was at once taken to leave London. Going by way of Birmingham, I was there solicited anxiously, and was pressed until it was painful to refuse, yet I did refuse, to go to the political union for one night even. I felt that I could not make a public appearance, and did not. I was not at any meeting of the Birmingham political union, either while in the army or after, neither at the usual place of meeting nor at any other. I have read in newspapers that I was; and have even read a speech attributed to me, which circumstance is the only excuse I have now for taking notice of this topic.

When I reached Glasgow, I was as anxious to avoid a public appearance as at Birmingham and London, but was not so successful. One morning, when the factory workers were out of the mills at the breakfast hour, I was in a stationer's shop, the door of which they passed in hundreds. The fact of the "Scots Grey that got his licks" being there, became known, and a crowd of people gathered around the door. I was obliged to go out and take off my hat to them. They shouted with an enthusiasm which made me blush, and wish I was beneath the stones of the street; yet, upon reflection, I saw such a hearty good-will about them, that I felt, what must now be confessed, a gratified vanity.

Within an hour I was seated under the hands of a hairdresser. He was full of what he had seen when the crowd was at the stationer's shop, and described that "chield Somerville." He told what he thought of him; and each customer waiting to be shaved told what he thought Taking the average of what they said, I had no reason to feel flattered.

I had been detained fourteen days for the meeting of the political unions. When the night came, the place was not only crowded, but the streets leading to it also. I had again and again begged to be allowed to write my thanks to the public of Glasgow, who had assisted to buy my discharge, and publish the writing, so that I might be saved the humiliation which I dreaded, of going before a great public meeting, to exhibit myself as a coward, afraid to *look the people in the face*. Mr. ——, in whose hands I was, would take no denial. As the hour approached I felt myself more incompetent to the task than ever, and evinced signs of a determination not to go with him. He urged the injustice it would be to him, who had announced me in his paper, and at last asked "What did

I think he had kept me in his house for during a forthnight?" This stung me to the heart. I said, "Go on: take me where you like." We went through the crowds, my knees inclining to smite each other; yet the weakness counteracted by a feeling which inclined me to smite my head against a stone wall, had one been near enough. Having been housed and fed for the exhibition for a fortnight, and the terms being, as it now appeared, a public show, with my keeper leading me by the arm, I could not resist.

Making way, with great difficulty, to the front of the most crowded auditory which had ever been crammed within the walls, while some one else was speaking, my keeper, without waiting for that speaker to be done, holding me by the arm with one hand, lifted his other hand, and, with a voice well known in Glasgow for its strength and loudness, cried, "This is the man!" What more he intended to say, I know not. The vast multitude rose, heaving to and fro, and burst forth in shouts and clapping, which seemed to have no ending. It was renewed again and again, until I fell back into a seat, my limbs powerless, my head swimming. [Note in 1859.—That was Glasgow in 1832. May I have a meeting half as good to receive me when I give Glasgow an account of what I have seen in Canada and in the great American Union. God grant me such a day!]

I never saw the gentleman who had kept me a fortnight for the show, after that night, for eight years. But I was obliged to hear what good-natured friends told me, that, with all that recklessness which led him to reprint some feeble verses of mine, and call them "worthy of Byron," and hail me, before he had seen me, as "another Byron," "another Burns," and all that fudge; with the same recklessness, he began to write me down as soon as the exhibition was over, and never allowed an opportunity to slip to do so from that time forward.

I left Glasgow next day. When the late Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of excellent memory, Mr. Hedderwick, and other friendly gentlemen, discovered that I had left that city without calling upon them, they wrote to me, at Edinburgh, regretting the circumstance. I had not been allowed to go out without my keeper. Mr. Atkinson said that he was sorry I had placed myself in the hands of an individual, and expressed a fear that I might have reason to be sorry for it, as he had once been befriended by that personage.

At Edinburgh, my money being in a bank, I became a wood-sawyer, living on my wages and saving a portion of them. I had been used to ploughing, hedging, ditching, draining, gardening, stone-quarrying, road-making, and wood-sawing. The latter was the best paid. I chose it now because I could choose nothing better. In London I had been advised

to invest the money, and the use of my name, in a public-house. I did not approve of that project, for various reasons: partly because I saw nothing enticing in the social life of a publican; partly because I knew nothing of the business; but chiefly because I had no faith in those who advised me. In another town in England, I had an offer of an opening in a malting business: that I also declined. In Glasgow or Edinburgh nothing better than becoming landlord of a public-house was immediately open to me; and I chose to strip to the shirt and go into the sawpit, from six in the morning (with candle-light) to seven at night (with candle-light), for several months during the winter, rather than take a public-house; living on the wages I earned, and withdrawing none of the money from the bank, except to lend,—except to lend again and again, as I had already done.

There was a moral chasm between me and that money, which made it different from any other money. I had not worked for it. I never loved it as my own. I never had confidence in it. There was a prophetic dread of it, and of some of those who had given it, always about me, that the time would come when I would be upbraided for having received it. Perhaps this feeling, associated with a desire to let my want of affection for the money be seen, made me the more ready to lend it, without being exact as to the kind of security I got. At all events, those who could urge some pretensions of services done to me, borrowed easily enough. My brothers warned me that I was losing it; but they did not see it with my eyes, nor feel it to be an alien treasure, as I felt it.

At last, during the spring of 1833, I became connected with parties who were to open an extensive coffee-house, jointly with me. After a loss of time and some expense, I discovered doubtful circumstances about them, and withdrew. Others proposed, about the same time, a partnership of a more agreeable nature. This was, to start a literary journal; and as they all had, or professed to have, money in their own hands, or obtainable from connections, I did not hesitate to furnish the preliminary supplies. Type and other necessaries for printing were ordered. As my name was best known, I undertook to write to several literary men for contributions. Ebenezer Elliott sent a poem. The late Thomas Campbell sent a letter promising a poem; Professor Tennant, of St. Andrew's, sent a poem; Thomas Atkinson, of Glasgow, lamented that he was on the verge of the grave, and that he had not seen me in Glasgow. Others contributed. The publication never made its appearance. I found none of the partners bringing contributions in money: one brought verses; one, a treatise on banking; a third, a story; all of them brought tales,—tales in manuscript to be printed, and

tales told by word of mouth, to satisfy me about the expenses they had incurred in my name.

I did not let my brothers know of the preparations to go into such a perilous adventure. James's taste in literature I knew to be fastidious, and too refined for his having faith in me or my partners; and his knowledge of mankind and of business extended so much further than mine, as would have rendered him suspicious of them. Meanwhile, one undertook to initiate me into the mysteries of buying and selling tea, coffee, wine, whisky, porter, ale, and other commodities of a trade peculiar to Scotland, which is neither grocer, spirit merchant, nor tavern-keeper, but a little of each; and as I now thought, that, with such professional assistance as was offered, and pecuniary support as was *promised*, I might unite an agreeable employment to a profitable one, I abandoned the sawpit and the saw, took a shop, and in six months had but a very trifling sum of my own.

That result must make me look silly in the eyes of people accustomed to business transactions from childhood. I am silly enough in my own eyes, when I look back to 1833. But facts are the subject of the present narrative, and these are the facts.

Peter urged me to accompany him to Canada while I had the money. He came to this Queen of Colonies without me, and died at Goderich, C. W., in 1845.

On leaving Edinburgh in 1833, I felt more at ease with the wide world before me, than at any time since I had enlisted as a soldier. I had health and strength, and could work, and was not afraid of the world. Going to London I made the acquaintance of the parents of the darling partner of my married life, whom I have buried on the cold rock of Quebec in 1859. She was then a child eight years old, tenderly dutiful to her family, as she was warm-hearted to every human being.

CHAPTER XVII.

Political Discontent, Plots, and Conspiracies, in 1834.

Before proceeding to relate what I know of the political conspiracy which was formed under cover of the trades' unions of 1834, it is necessary that I should glance backward to the reformed parliament which was elected in December 1832, after the passing of the Reform Act, and to the reform ministry; and trace the sources and the operation of the unpopularity in which the ministry and their parliamentary supporters lived, moved, and acted in 1834.

The expedition and simplicity of the new elections, finished in one or two days, compared with the rioting, drunkenness, and expense of the elections which lasted fifteen days, convinced even the prophets of evil that a reform had been effected. The elections were numerically in favour of the reform ministry, to an extent hardly anticipated. Of the 658 members, 400 were ministerialists; and only 150 were "obstructives." The Irish repealers, ultra-liberals, and radicals, who could not be classified by anticipation, numbered over 100. By another analysis, the *reformers* numbered 509, and the *anti-reformers* 149. Experience proved this estimate to be incorrect, though probably it accorded with the intentions or professions of the members when elected. The measures brought before Parliament by the government were too liberal for many of the professing Reformers, who thenceforward allied themselves with the Tories under a new designation, that of "Conservatives," and were too stringent or illiberal for others, who, in consequence, voted against ministers, or absented themselves on occasions important to the ministry.

In no previous parliament had such an amount of business been transacted as in this. The previous sittings of the House of Commons averaged five hours each: in this session they averaged above nine hours. More than 11,000 speeches were delivered.

The leading subjects were:

First,—A measure to reform the Irish church [I use the word as then used, but do not admit every alteration to have been "reform"], by which the bishops were reduced from twenty-two to twelve, and church-rates were superseded. This measure alarmed many churchmen who otherwise supported government, by which the anti-reforming opposition was rendered stronger in numbers as well as in hostility. But the measure was carried.

Second,—A measure by which one million sterling was lent to the clergy of Ireland, whose tithes were in arrear. This was supported by the anti-reformers, but opposed by many of the ultra-liberals, rendering the ministry unpopular with them and with the unrepresented classes of the people.

Third,—Acts were passed reforming the grand and petty juries in Ireland; which, though meritorious, did not affect public opinion in England.

Fourth,—The Scottish Burgh Reform Act passed, offending the anti-reformers, giving high satisfaction to all other parties in Scotland, but not appreciated as a popular measure by the general body of the English people.

Fifth,—Twenty millions sterling were voted as payment to the owners of negro slaves in the West Indies, and a bill enacted for the liberation of the slaves accordingly. A majority of parliament, a majority of the religious philanthropists and philosophical liberals, were in favour of this bargain for humanity. With the millions of working men and women in Great Britain, all so highly taxed, many of whom did not eat and drink so well, nor work so little, as the negro slaves, this free gift of twenty millions sterling to the slave-owners, who, while they received it, and long after, had a monopoly of the sugar market—they, in most part, living in luxurious ease in England, and never attending, as business men should attend, to the profitable cultivation of their sugar plantations —with the millions of our own working population, who paid dearly for sugar and coffee, and were able to consume but little of either, this grant out of the taxes was exceedingly unpopular. In the next year, when the government prosecuted and transported six poor Dorsetshire labourers for combining to raise the agricultural wages of their district,—upon which wages they could not procure such good nor such full meals as were allowed to negro slaves,—this was remembered against them by the formidable trades' unions, which gave Britain such a year of disquiet and peril.

Sixth,—A series of measures reforming, or at least altering, the government of India, renewing the Company's charter for twenty years, and throwing open the trade to China, were passed. The last, though a measure of great national importance, did not add to the popularity of the ministers with the general body of the people, who did not understand, or care to understand, the great principle involved in the abolition of monopoly.

Seventh,—The charter of the Bank of England was renewed, after several discussions on the currency, which, though of national importance, did not attract much notice beyond the doors of parliament. The

ministers would neither have gained nor lost popularity by that question, had they allowed each member to speak and vote in the usual way. But a speech of Mr. Cobbett, and a vote of the house taken upon that speech, were, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Althorp), expunged from the minutes of the proceedings of the House. Out of doors, people who neither believed with Mr. Cobbett, nor cared to understand the currency question, understood that a veteran political writer had been morally chastised by a union of ministerial whigs and opposition tories, for his reflections upon Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the tories. This occurred on the 16th of May, while a jury was sitting to inquire into the cause of the death of a policeman, named Robert Colly, killed in Coldbath Fields, on the 13th, in an affray, in which the police, by the order of Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary, were employed in dispersing a political meeting. Much violence was committed by the police, as well as by the mob, whom they attacked. The policeman was *stabbed with a dagger;* and the jury, after sitting twelve days upon the inquest, returned a verdict of *justifiable homicide.* On the 30th, this verdict, on the motion of the Solicitor-General, was set aside by the Court of King's Bench. This added to the public excitement. With the multitude, and the orators who led it in its public meetings, smoking-parlours, tap-rooms, or workshops, the Home Secretary was the most accursed of ministers or of public men. This the reader should carry in mind to the end of this and next chapter, as a key to the personal danger in which that statesman was placed. In the perilous excitement of April 1834, the dagger which killed the policeman had not ceased to be referred to in connection with his name.

While that jury was sitting in Calthorpe Street, in 1833, attracting the nation's eyes to itself and to the meeting which the police had been unwisely employed to disperse, public meetings were held in the large towns to memoralise the king to dismiss his ministers. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Attwood were conspicuous at a vast assembly held for that purpose, on the 18th of May, at Birmingham. And the anti-reformers were also agitators now, though not openly. They operated upon the working classes, urging them to resist the tyranny of the whig reformers, pointing to Coldbath Fields and to the Irish Coercion Bill. Their purpose was to get the whigs out of office.

Eighth,—The Irish Coercion Bill was the first of the unpopular measures of 1833, in regard of time; but, except in Ireland, it was not instantly decried. But it soon became the popular theme of accusation against the reform ministry among all the unrepresented people of England and among the majority of the liberal electors.

Ninth,—A subordinate member of the government, Mr. Robert Grant, brought in a bill to remove the Jewish disabilities. It was defeated, and an outcry raised against the ministry, by churchmen and others, which did them more harm with the religious electors than the dispersion of the Coldbath Fields meeting had done.

Tenth,—The Court of Chancery was disturbed by some alterations called reforms; by which more than a proportionate alarm was raised among the legal functionaries, affected, or afraid of being affected, by change. They added to the unpopularity of the ministry.

Eleventh,—The total repeal of the duty on tiles; the repeal of two shillings stamp-duty on advertisements; the reduction of assessed taxes on shops; the reduction of duty on marine insurances; the repeal of the stamp-duty on receipts under £5; the repeal of the duty (additional laid on in 1821) on raw cotton; the reduction of half the duty on soap; and a variety of other good measures, were carried. But it is questionable if all the good acts of the ministry in the session of 1833 added to their popularity, or warded off any odium, except among the philosophic few, or the moderate thinkers. To the general body of the people the reduction of taxes gave offence, because it did not go far enough; and the amendments of the administration of justice gave offence to the lawyers, the only parties who felt personal interest in the measure, by going too far.

Finally,—There was the subsidence of enthusiasm on the part of the nation to render the reform ministry unpopular. It came into power amid acclamation. The excitement of the nation was strained beyond the power of nature to endure. From the fall of the Wellington administration, in October 1830, to the end of the election of the first reformed parliament, in December 1832, the political drama deepened in interest at each act; and the changing scenes had been so crowded upon one another, that the stirring politics of 1833 became a sleepy afterpiece, a dull play, which the outworn auditory would not be pleased with. This was no fault of the political actors who had done so much to please: it was their misfortune.

The fact of its being their misfortune became more manifest in 1834. That year opened with the electoral classes making large demands for more reform, and with the non-electoral classes complaining loudly that they were betrayed, and marked as a slave-class by the Reform Bill, and that the whigs were the most treacherous of all statesmen. Before the year ended, the king dismissed the ministry from his councils for being too liberal, though their measures (of which the new poor-law was the chief) were more unpopular in England than anything which they did in the previous session.

This narrative does not lead me farther into the parliamentary history of those times. I am only justified in relating this much of parliamentary history, because I have good cause to believe, and no cause to doubt, that, in the month of April 1834, I saved one or more of the cabinet ministers from the assassin's dagger, and the government offices from insurrectionary occupation; and because, in relating how they were endangered, how they were to have been surprised and overcome, how the palace and the king and queen were to have been taken, how the soldiers were to have been outwitted, how the Bank of England was to have been captured, and all London held by the insurgents (all Britain and Ireland to yield in their turn to the insurrection), it is necessary that I should show the political circumstances by which the ministry was then surrounded, and the popular sentiments then entertained for or against them.

To make this relation of ministerial circumstances complete, I also refer to the trades' unions, premising that the political conspiracy, though concocted under cover of the unions, was probably known to but few of the provincial leaders of those bodies, certainly not to the general members.

The object of most of the unions, if not of all, formed by the trades, previous to the years 1833 and 1834, was the attainment of trade advantages; their policy, to support one another by turns. Some trades were o work while others were on strike; those working, to support those not working, the object of not working being to enforce a higher rate of wages. When that higher rate of wages was obtained, they were to resume work, and allow another trade to strike. This arrangement was broken by the tailors of London, who struck work without the consent of many of the trades earning lower wages than they, and which, called upon to contribute to their support, did not respond to the call.

It was then that some labouring men were tried at Dorchester at the spring assizes of 1834, for being members of a union, and administering illegal oaths. They were indicted upon an obsolete statute enacted for the suppression of mutiny in the navy, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. A strong feeling arose throughout the country, from the first report of their conviction, that they had been harshly dealt with, as examples to other unionists rather than as criminals. This feeling deepened when they were hurried out of England, as soon as it was found that petitions to the government in their favour were preparing in almost every town in the kingdom. I never signed petitions with a stronger impression on my mind that I was performing a bare duty to unfortunate fellowmen, than the petitions I signed in favour of those poor labourers. The law, in their case, grappled with a giant's strength

upon the feeblest and most innocent of all the unionists; while those that were formidable, comprising the well-paid trades, led by men neither ignorant nor hungry, like the Dorsetshire labourers, were left untouched. The government seemed too weak to prosecute the great unions; at least, the unions thought so.

Preparations were made for a grand assemblage of all the trades in London, to meet in Copenhagen Fields, on the morning of the 21st of April, and march through London to the Home Office, at Whitehall, to present a petition, praying for the release of the Dorsetshire convicts, and then proceed over Westminster Bridge, to Kennington Common. No one who listened to the vehement and reckless speeches of the London leaders, or reflecting on their policy of intending to overawe the government on that day by a show of vast numbers, could have any other opinion than this, that they cared less for the fate of the poor labourers of Dorset than they cared for a display of their own leadership. That kind of reasoning which is called common sense would have suggested, that the more reserved in a display of physical strength, and the more mild in words the petitioners were in soliciting the pardon of the Dorset unionists (since the members of all unions were so much dreaded), the more likely they were to succeed.

The preparations for the grand display proceeded; deputations came from the provincial unions; the union parliament at the H—— P—— held its nightly sittings, and had its daily and nightly committees; secret deputations proceeded from it to secret committees sitting elsewhere. When the time between the preparations and the event was only eight days, news from France told how the trades' unions of Lyons had risen against the law,—had rescued a member from trial,—had resisted the military who were ordered to re-capture him,—had received the military bullets and bayonets bravely,—had returned the fire of battle upon the garrison, had defeated it, and then held the town and the authorities at discretion.

"Slaves, that we are!" cried the leaders in England; "knaves, let our names for ever be, if we suffer our brothers of union to be transported! Death to the tyrant whigs! death to ourselves! destruction to London and all that it contains if we be not amply revenged for their wrongs, and all our own!" Such were some of the interchanged sentiments and impromptu resolutions at the meetings of the sacred fraternal committees.

The news from Paris, under date of the 12th, conveyed the intimation that Lyons was subdued, and that law and order had resumed their reign. This was not believed: it was alleged to be forged news, to deter Paris from moving. The next mail, giving the fact that the military were subdued in Lyons, and the populace triumphant, confirmed the suspicion

of forged news at Paris, and led to the anticipation of a Parisian insurrection. Private information arrived that the "men of Leeds" were preparing to attack the mills; and that at Oldham two unionists apprehended by the police had been rescued, a factory demolished, life sacrificed, and the authorities set at defiance.

At the same time, the secret committee received information that Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, and Nottingham were "ready to rise," all being prepared; that they waited only for London to lead; and, almost at the same time, the news came that "Paris had risen."

Another post from France brought the intelligence that Paris had not succeeded,—the insurrection being only a riot, speedily suppressed by the military; and that, after four days of street warfare in Lyons, one thousand seven hundred of the military and five thousand of the inhabitants slain, and nearly one half of the houses and property of the town destroyed, the military power was triumphant, and martial law was established in Lyons.

Those failures and their terrible results in France, were anxiously deliberated upon in the secret committee of London. But they had no terrors. Lyons was only a provincial town, it was contended, and would have conquered if Paris had risen. Paris had not risen because the insurrection had begun in the streets, and especially in the streets of the poor inhabitants; as hopeless a case as if London were to begin in Spitalfields, and break the windows of Brick Lane. "No," said the chiefs who were to take London and England, and all the British empire, and give them a blow that they would feel, "it must be a blow to the *hearts* of the *tyrants;* a blow at the heart of tyranny; a stroke on the head, that shall not only do its work effectually and at once, but be a signal to the whole people to be up, to strike all the tyrants throughout Britain."

Such were the designs deliberated and fixed upon during the week preceding the great day, the 21st of April, 1834,—a day more perilous than the celebrated Tenth of April, 1848. When further explained, those designs comprised the plan of a select few of nerve and resolution accompanying the deputation, and in part forming it, which was to carry the memorial into the Home Office, to present it to Lord Melbourne. They were, at a given signal, to fall upon him and his attendants; seize the sentries at the door, disarm them; admit other leaders from the outside; possess the government offices, and as many of the ministers of government as they could find. The military, on the alarm being given, would rush from the barracks in St. James's Park, to rescue the government offices and the ministers. The thousands of men who had marched between Copenhagen Fields and Whitehall, and who would all have learned how to fall into their places on the field, and what colours they were to follow

and rally under, would rush into the barracks, which would by that time have few soldiers in them; overpower the barrack guard, take their arms and accoutrements, and also those of sick men, military servants, and others, and at once fall upon the palace guard, capture the king and queen, the lords in waiting, and the maids of honour; hold them in captivity until the military capitulated and laid down their arms; then arm a *People's Guard*, when the military were disarmed, and continue to hold the royal family and as many of the nobility and directors of the Bank of England as it might be convenient to retain *in hand* as securities against such regiments of the army as might not be disarmed. The Bank of England was to be taken much in the same way as the palace; but if it was not surrendered readily, the *People's Guard* was to see that none of the gold was carried out, and so let it remain until the more urgent business was settled at the west end. All the other banks in London were to be similarly held, by similar guards, until the people's government ordered the money in the banks to be brought forth and used for the benefit of the people. The East India house was to be attended to in like manner. And on the signal going throughout the kingdom of the great stroke being given, of the treasury, the palace, and the banks being taken; of the king and queen, the lords in waiting, and the maids of honour, being prisoners; some of the ministers being dead, and others held captive as security to the people with the king; a people's government formed under the protection of a people's guard;—those news going forth through the kingdom, would make it the people's own, and bring the "tyrant" masters everywhere to sue for peace, and for protection from their injured working men and women. Everywhere they would have to disgorge the ill-gotten wealth of "tyranny," and yield it to those whose labour had earned it.

Those who planned this great scheme of operations saw no difficulty in its accomplishment, if they had bold men enough to strike the first blows. These they felt sure of obtaining. But they were not certain of getting access to Lord Melbourne and the government offices. At last, as the time approached, that difficulty was removed. An intimation was conveyed to them that Lord Melbourne would, on the 21st of April, receive the deputation and the petition. This was satisfactory. He was set down as "done for," and the work almost as good as begun: there only remained the selection of the men who were to do it, and follow it up.

The reputation which I had acquired (forced upon me, I should say) through the affair in the Scots Greys, as "one who was supposed not likely to stick at trifles," turned their attention upon me. One of them had a good deal of conversation with me, before he made any propositions about joining a secret committee. I had signed the petition in favour of

the Dorsetshire labourers; and did not withhold my opinion of their sentence,—that it was excessive for their crime, and that there was a meanness about the manner of their prosecution unworthy of the dignity of justice.

I was urged to join the union. I replied that I belonged to no trade; to which it was rejoined that I might enter the general union,—it not being necessary to belong to a trade society. They required two or three hundred men like myself,—so the intimation gradually proceeded,—strong, energetic, not afraid of trifles, ready on any emergency, with a weapon or without one, to act or direct others to act. They had some good men already; and if I joined, they thought I might bring some more. They had the great elements of necessity ready and in abundance,—money, arms, and ammunition. And then followed a great deal about bishops, the House of Lords, the throne, the landed gentry, and the "tyrants," who lived on the profits of labour; that none of them could be endured longer; that as I had suffered in the army from "tyrants," I should be ready, they thought, to avenge myself, and serve my country, now that an opportunity was about to present itself.

I inquired when that opportunity was to come; in what shape it was to come, and what they expected two or three hundred men to do. They said I should know if I joined the union, and became one of the secret committee. I said, the tailors' union, which took the lead in London, was managed entirely by tailors; that the general committee of the trades was composed of delegated members from each trade. They replied that such was the case; and that so far as the trades' societies, simply as such, were concerned in the present movement, no other committees were required. But that other things, not of trade importance, but of national importance, must now be done; for now was the time to do them. The country was never so well organised as regarded working men (which was quite true) as then. More noise had been made about the political unions at the time of the Reform Bill, and, no doubt, rich "tyrants" belonged to them, who did not belong to the trades' unions; but this fact was all the better. This was supposed by the "tyrants" to be exclusively a trade movement. The "tyrants" would be off their guard as regarded any national effort to obtain freedom at one blow; and that one blow would be struck under cover of the trades' movement.

I replied, that if they would tell me what the two or three hundred men they spoke of were supposed to be able to do, I should judge more correctly of the probability of my taking a share in the enterprise. To this, one who had not before spoken said, "Scotchman-like, always cautious." "I have not always been cautious," I replied; "but I think

caution is desirable in any such purpose as that which you have foreshadowed to me." "We do not think the worse of you," said one of the first speakers, "for your caution; but we must also be cautious, and before we can go farther you must join our body." I said, I had no objection to become a member; and accordingly I was made a member.

This was on a Saturday night. We were to meet in a house near Drury Lane on the Sunday night, when I was to be introduced to the fraternal committee. The interval I spent in anxious cogitation, and called to mind words which had fallen from the talkative unionist who first conversed with me. He had spoken of the ease with which possession might be taken of all the government offices, from Downing Street to the Horse Guards; how easy it was to get access to, and catch the "tyrants" in their offices, and hold them there; how easily the guards could be disarmed; how easily, if this were done on a day when all the working men of London were on the streets ready to assist, the palace could be taken, King William and Queen Adelaide made captive, and, with the "tyrants," held as hostages until the army capitulated and gave up their arms to the people. I had treated such supposed possibilities as the ravings of a political lunatic; but now I called those sayings and others to mind, and pondered deeply and intensely upon them, and supposed that the person, whom I had believed to be a mere utterer of idle words, had really been trying to sound me for an opinion upon such a project.

I hesitated to go to Drury Lane on the Sunday night, and yet the desire to know more of that secret committee, of which they sought to make me a member, was irresistible. I went; and reached, soon after dark, the wall of that mean grave-yard in Drury Lane, the very earth of which smells of death. I stood there for a time, uncertain whether to go into the house appointed, which was not far distant. The thoughts of treason,—of Thistlewood's conspiracy,—of conspirators hanged, beheaded, drawn, and quartered,—came into my mind, and, as the cold wind of March searched through my clothes, rose up in my face, and went over my head into the grave-yard, and came back with the smell of death, it gave conviction that I should be better to die at once, and go to such a mean, but not dishonoured grave, as that foul yard afforded, rather than into the house to join conspirators. Then I said to myself, I had no intention of joining them: I did not even know if they were conspirators. Again, I said, if I go amongst them, even to know what they are, and the officers of justice come upon us all, and find proofs on them of treason, would not the officers, all London, all the world, believe, that the worst man there was myself, my political and military character being marked. No, said I, it must not be; I shall not go.

As I thus reasoned with myself, a person took me by the arm and said, "What, is that you? Why don't you come on? I was looking for you an hour ago. We are waiting for you."

"It won't do," I said.

"What won't do?"

"To proceed farther in the business spoken of last night."

"Oh! come along: you don't know what the business is. Here are many friends of yours waiting to see you."

"Who are they?"

"Many; some you know and some you don't know; excellent fellows all of them; the best men in England; you may rely on them."

I considered a few minutes, and felt that the chief danger would be the chance of the police coming and taking us all prisoners, and that of their finding anything treasonable in the house. I thought the first chance, upon which the last depended, was very remote, owing to the open way in which the trades' unionists met everywhere in London; and, as I determined not be sworn to the performance of any act until I knew explicitly what it was to be, and that if it were treason or any political adventure whatever I would have nothing to do with it, I assented and entered.

In the private room anxious words passed as to the deputation and the "glorious band" being admitted to the presence of the cabinet ministers. I was hailed as a brother. At that time, I was thin of flesh, and my tall and broad body of skin, muscle, and bone, arrayed in clothes which did not bespeak me to have much stake in the property of the country, together with that energy of action which was known, and those opinions which I was supposed to possess, made me, no doubt, seem a very likely person to join in a very desperate adventure. They probably, like every other person who knew me only through the fictions of the *Weekly Dispatch*, gave me no credit for being a *thinking* man; nor were any of them, so far as I had opportunity to judge, of the thinking order, or likely to give a man credit for his superior powers of reflection. Nor were they liberal enough—democrats though they were—to tolerate any one's spoken thoughts that were not in accordance with their thoughts.

It was proposed that I should be sworn, as the preliminary act to any other business. I said, some persons in the private room, and two or three more in the room outside, were professed unbelievers, who gloried in unbelief, and ridiculed me and others who held to the faith of our fathers: were they to be sworn? or, if not sworn, how were they to be bound? or, if they were sworn, what dependence was to be placed upon them, if they did not believe in the sanctity of an oath? To which it was rejoined, that they were all good men and true: they believed in

the moral obligation, if not in the sanctity, of oaths; that, without any personal imputation upon myself, it was thought that the word of a good democrat, he being a conscientious unbeliever, was as good as the oath of any Christian or other conscientious believer. It was a sense of virtue, in the one, that made him keep his word; it was a fear of punishment, in the other, which made him keep his oath. I replied, that I must know more of some of the unbelievers than I had been accustomed to see of them, before I could put any trust in their sense of virtue; at all events, if the business to be performed by me was such as I must be sworn to the performance of, I would not engage in it with others who were not sworn; nor would I swear to the performance of it until I knew what it was to be.

It was fortunate that the subject of oaths had come up before going farther: I saw in it a means of escape. I had resolved to retreat, and this way opened unexpectedly. Desirous, however, to know more of the purposes of the conspiracy, I pressed to know what the business to be done might be, before I engaged upon oath to do it. Upon which, as much was told as confirmed the opinion I had formed, of the design being to take the cabinet ministers and government offices by surprise, when the deputation and the "glorious band" went into the presence of the ministers with the great memorial. I was to be one of the leaders, if I would accept the dignity and the danger.

I expressed unwillingness to be engaged in any enterprise of that kind, with persons whom I did not know. It was rejoined, that I need not distrust them: some of the best men in England were present in this house, and others were coming to take the lead. There would be some of the boldest and best of the democrats from Birmingham, and there were already some present from Sheffield and Nottingham; all were in the secret, and they only wanted a few more such as myself. There were also, they said, some glorious fellows who had been in Paris during the "three days," and who knew what fighting was, and how to conduct street warfare; and there were Poles also, the best men in the world for a gallant enterprise.

Once more I urged that I would not be sworn to take share in such business until I knew who were to be engaged in it, and until I had maturely considered it. And having said this, I moved to go away; but they refused to let me go until I had engaged farther. It was urged that I should swear to hold within myself whatever secrets were learned there. To which I replied, "That I may not inform against you?" They rejoined, "Yes, that is it." Then said I, "My word of honour I hold to be as good as the word of any one of you, and I give my word of honour that I will not divulge your designs or your names." "That

will scarcely do," said one: "you should join now, heart and hand, body and soul, before you leave us, and then we shall have no doubt of you." Said another, "It is all right with Somerville, don't fear: he has given too many proofs of his devotion to the people, for us to mistrust him. Let him take his own way: we shall soon have him with us."

Infatuated creatures! They did more in that half-hour, by the revelation of their crimes and folly, to shake my faith in the wisdom of an ignorant democracy, than any amount of philosophic teaching could have done. I left them, went to my lodgings, and tumbled into bed; lay awake all night, and got out again in the morning unslept, restless, unhappy, and loaded to the earth with the weight of the horrible secret that had been confided to me. Had I been able to give it back, to throw off the burden, and bid them keep it,—able to forget it, and to believe that the secret committee of the great trades' unions was as innocent in its purpose as I had believed it to be, I should have felt myself to be a happy man.

Several days passed, and I was again and again applied to; but I pleaded illness. Indeed, I was ill, though not so sick but I might have gone out. I tried to read and think. I could think, but could not read. I felt that I was taking the right course in staying within doors. But, again I asked myself, was I doing my duty in only saving my own neck from the gallows and my reputation from ignominy? Was it not my duty to save those who would be victims of the conspiracy, if it succeeded,—the ministers of government, the sovereign, the royal family, everybody who was not of the order of democracy? and the unionists themselves (most of them innocent of the conspiracy), who would be hanged if the attempt were made and did not succeed? Was it not my duty to avert, if I could, the commission of the greatest crimes ever contemplated in political conspiracy?—to save the greatest commercial nation, and the most ancient political institutions on the face of the earth, from the most perilous of impending convulsions? I prayed to Almighty God to direct me what to do. What I did, and its effects, are related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Plot Frustrated.

The morning of Monday, 21st of April 1834, came, and with it an assemblage of thirty thousand unionists on Copenhagen Fields,—a series of meadows on the northern side of London, where in after years the New Smithfield Market was constructed. The trades present were thirty-three in number; some of them consisting of a few hundreds of persons only; others of more than one thousand, the tailors alone being about five thousand. The on-lookers, who crowded to the field to see the trades arranged in columns, under their respective colours, amounted to twenty thousand before eight o'clock in the morning. During the day the numbers attracted to look on as the procession moved through the streets, amounted probably to more than one hundred thousand.

From what I had been unwillingly compelled to know of the designs of the conspirators (only a few of whom were in the procession), I wrote private letters to the daily newspapers, requesting them to caution the innocent members of the unions against appearing in the streets on that day, hinting at a reason why; but, as that caution might be futile (the infatuated democrats seldom listening to counsel that did not come from their own chiefs, and hardly ever to newspapers which habitually opposed, or by turns cajoled and betrayed them), the mere sight-seers, and all women, persons in charge of children and heads of familles who could control their servants, were implored not to expose themselves in the streets. The newspapers were fervent in their warning; and the effect was, that probably more than half the sight-seers who would have been out, stayed within doors. Many unionists also took the caution, and remained away; for, in addition to the warnings of newspapers not to join the procession, they heard the secret injunctions of some leaders, and saw suspicious preparations of many fellow-workmen, to be prepared for what they called resistance, and they remained at home.

The killing of Colley the constable, while the police were employed to disperse a political meeting in Coldbath Fields, in the previous year, by a stab of an instrument which was alleged to have been a dagger, and the impunity of the assassin, together with the verdict of *justifiable homicide* by the coroner's jury, was frequently referred to now. That verdict, and the applause with which the public received it, proved that

the public (so it was reasoned) were favourable to resistance, should the government use force against the unionists. And further, it was suggested and reasoned, that working men could not be blamed for carrying their work-tools, or any part of them. A dagger had been effective at Coldbath Fields; but they need not incur the expense or danger, nor excite the suspicion of the government "tyrants," by each man providing himself with a dagger. The carpenters could carry a chisel; the tailors, a pair of shears, with a keeper to hold the shears close above the joint; the coal-heavers, if they had no particular instrument by which they earned their bread, had good knives to cut their bread, or, if they had them not, they might have them. No one could blame them for carrying each a knife. Any man of any other trade might have a knife. The tailors, accordingly, about five thousand in number, appeared upon the ground under their banners, and formed their columns, most of them having a pair of shears in their pockets fastened with a keeper of leather or string, to leave their points bare and make both blades one. And many, in addition to the shears, carried a bare bodkin, that they might make the *quietus* of all or sundry who took arms against them. The carpenters carried chisels; the shoemakers, their knives and hammers; and most of the other trades, something. Those members of the trades who were seriously alarmed at hearing the injunctions to carry such instruments, remained away. Fewer than half of the tailors in London were present.

But of those who carried their shop-tools, or other instruments, a small proportion only, knew of the design, and certainly not of the details, of the conspiracy, and the preparations for assassinating the cabinet ministers. The members of unions with shop-tools, carried them under the advice of leaders, who alleged that an attack of the police or military, or of both, might be made upon them, as in Coldbath Fields. Those who were to execute the business at Whitehall, kept their secret, and were only to reveal it with the commission of the first act of the conspiracy. To do *their* work, they had more formidable weapons than shears, awls, knives, or chisels.

Besides writing to newspapers, stating that I knew there was imminent danger, and urging editors to caution mere sight-seers from going near the line of procession, I wrote a letter, signed with my name and address, to Lord Melbourne, in which I related the personal danger he would be in, as well as the political danger to the state, if he admitted any deputation of unionists to an interview on that day, and especially a deputation accompanied by what might appear to be promiscuous followers. As I kept no copy of my letter (having good reasons, relating to personal safety, for not doing so), I cannot now repeat the precise information conveyed

but as the letter is still (so I have reason to believe) in the archives of the Home Office, those who have the privilege of obtaining a sight of government papers may see it. Such papers are considered sacred, and are not made public without the writer's consent. In this case the writer does not keep the matter secret himself. In the hope of teaching working men a lesson which they may never learn from other teachers,—of giving them a solemn warning of the danger their mad-headed leaders may place them in, while they blindly follow,—the writer of this "state paper" runs the risk of publishing what he now does, and has no objection to the publication of that letter, should any of those whose criminal intents were frustrated by it, choose in parliament to move for it, or those whose lives were saved by it, think fit to produce it.

At what particular time Lord Melbourne changed his intention, and resolved not to admit the unionists, as he had intimated he would do, I have no means of knowing. At what particular time the government and the commander-in-chief changed their preparations, I cannot tell; but I know they did change their preparations, and that very materially. During the Sunday night, detachments of cavalry marched into London from Hounslow and Croydon; several regiments of infantry were brought from Chatham, Woolwich, Windsor, and more distant places; and, most formidable of all, while London was still asleep and in darkness, and the dreaming madmen of politics saw visions of the deeds to be done with tailors' shears, shoemakers' knives, carpenters' chisels, their own pistols, and their own daggers, no less than twenty-nine pieces of artillery, with shells and shot, were brought from Woolwich, and quietly placed within the barracks in Birdcage Walk, in the palace of St. James's, on the parade-ground of St. James's Park, and within the closed gates of the Horse Guards. On the roofs of the government offices were placed light "mountain guns," to throw shells into the streets commanding the thoroughfare at Charing Cross, on one side, and Parliament Street and Westminster Bridge on the other. The park gates were closed against the public. No sentries were mounted in the ordinary way outside the Horse Guards. The military guard at the Bank of England was largely strengthened, and at all the military stations in the metropolis the troops were under arms. The metropolitan police were armed, and retained in quarters, or in positions out of public view. The police magistrates were early at their respective offices. General officers on duty sent out their aide-de-camps in plain clothes, to reconnoitre in the streets and at Copenhagen Fields. The military forces drawn to the metropolis for the emergency, in addition to the usual compliment of Life Guards and Foot Guards, were detachments of the 12th and 17th Lancers, two troops of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and the 1st Royal Dragoons, eight battalions of infantry, and twenty-nine pieces of field ordnance.

On the morning of Monday, the lord mayor, in obedience to a communication from Lord Melbourne calling on him to make preparations to preserve the peace of the city, as there were reasons to apprehend a breach of the peace, summoned a court of aldermen, which met at an unsually early hour. Summonses were also sent to the members of the common council, all of whom, then in London, attended with alacrity. After a brief deliberation, messengers were sent to the householders, requesting their attendance at Guildhall, to take upon themselves, by oath, the duty of special constables. The aldermen retired to their several wards, to order preparations there, except those who remained to swear in the constables. At Guildhall, the avenues of the court, in a brief period of time, were crowded with householders, and five thousand were sworn in. The aldermen then re-assembled, with the lord mayor, at the Mansion House, receiving reports every half-hour, or oftener, from the numerous messengers employed to observe the unionists at different points of procession. Some persons were with the deputation whose absence would have better satisfied the conspirators than their presence. One of these was the Rev. Dr. Wade, Rector of Warwick, a clergyman of the church, who had more pleasure in listening to that applause which his speeches of extreme and eccentric politics ministered to his gratified ears in London, than in ministering to his parishioners in Warwick, in return for the liberal income which the endowments of the church brought to his non-resident pockets. Another was Mr. Robert Owen. Another was Mr. John ——, more distinguished for making his liberal politics conducive to a liberal sale of gin, beer, and tobacco, than most other radical publicans in London. Another was the Rev. J. E. Smith, who, of all men known to me, had the greatest superabundance of metaphysical intellect to his small animal or matter-of-fact nature. Another was Mr. B. D. Cousins, the printer of the organ of the trade's unions (an unstamped paper). As a printer of unstamped papers, Mr. Cousins was brought into collision with the government, as other smugglers had been before a reduction of stamp-duty or custom-house duty rendered illegal printing or other smuggling unprofitable. Through the fame of that collision with the government, he was selected by the unionists of Birmingham, acting for other towns, to be their London printer and publisher. But no man within the British shores was more innocent of the designs of the conspirators of the 21st of April than he, though he printed for them and walked in the procession.

There were others, whom I need not particularise, in the foremost places of the management, who were not welcome there. The Rev. J. E. Smith had gone into the idealism of mataphysics until he was a long way past the borders of orthodoxy. That was a qualification for him

to be admitted where he was; just as the printer was qualified because he had refused to pay taxes; or as the reverend rector of Warwick was qualified because he railed at the church, of which, however, he was a non-resident sinecurist; or as the apostle of socialism was qualified, because, in propounding new theories, he found fault with every institution on the face of the earth,—political, social, and religious; or as the political publican was qualified, because, to sell beer and gin, he drew large custom to his house by preaching to the customers who drank and paid, and grumbled at the government and the country, that he was not satisfied with any party or creed,—tories, whigs, radicals, republicans, churchmen, or dissenters; that he was not satisfied with the borough of Marylebone, nor with London, nor with England, nor with the world, nor with heaven, nor with hell,—that neither God, devil, nor man could satisfy him. The travels of the Rev. Mr. Smith, since he had been a church of Scotland minister, up to his being in later years writer of the quaint metaphysics of the *Family Herald*, had led him across the Tweed of his country, as his wanderings in metaphysics had led him beyond the Tweed of his religion; and, being far from satisfied with some existing institutions, he was thereby qualified to be an associate of the leaders. But he was a philosopher, and had proved, not to the conviction of the leaders but to the conviction of most thinkers, that mankind are by nature monarchists; that there never was, and cannot be, a republic; that though the designation of the sovereign, and duration of the reign, and descent of the sovereignty, may be changed in the nominal republics, still they are monarchies. Such opinions in favour of the principle of monarchy, and of the limited monarchy of Britain, drew around him their disfavour. But their were causes of wider difference. The spirituality of his nature, ideal and metaphysical, gave him no feeling in common with the gross sensuality of some of them. They had put off religious belief, torn the garment, cast it away, followed after it, trampled on it, gloried in their nakedness, and they hoped before long to cast off political restraint. So far, metaphysical and speculative political philosophy might have contemplated them as interesting objects of abstract study. But they had gone farther than to strip themselves of religion and glory in the nakedness of their unbelief. Morals of the most ordinary quality, the mere social courtesies of life, were thrown aside. The reverend philosopher was constrained to tell some of them one day, that, though it might be denied that the state had any legitimate right to define and enforce a system of religion or a code of morals, there were moral usages upon which all men were agreed, upon the observance of which society could only be held together; and that they, by wilfully, openly, and vauntingly rending those moral observances from their conduct, pro-

claimed themselves the unfittest of men to become national reformers, or to continue to be trades' union leaders.

He and those whom I have named, and other political leaders of note, were present at the arrangements on Copenhagen Fields. Dr. Wade was arrayed in canonicals, as an Oxford doctor in divinity. He intended to open the business by prayer; but a shout of derision, led by Mr.——, prevented him. Mr.——, in his turn,—the proposition having been made to go to the houses of parliament,—was shouted down by derisive cries, when he reminded them that a law existed declaring the presence of an armed or hostile multitude at the doors of parliament to be treason.

No prayers were said; no legal advice about treason listened to. At nine o'clock, when the massive columns were formed, colours and horsemen at their heads, and they had become impatient to be led off, a rocket was fired as a signal of advance. They wheeled off in sections of sixes towards Battle Bridge; proceeding through Gray's-Inn Lane, Guildford Street, Russell Square, Keppel Street, Tottenham-Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, the Quadrant, Waterloo Place, Pall-mall, Charing Cross, to Whitehall. Mr. Robert Owen, who started with the procession from the field, and who had sought to have the honour of being the head of the deputation, and spokesman at the Home Office,—an honour not conceded,—left the procession in Tottenham-Court Road, and, taking a near cut by St. Giles's to the Home Office, presented himself as one of the deputation sent forward to arrange for the reception of the rest. On the arrival of the rest, Mr. Phillips, the under-secretary in the home department of government, gave them audience, and Mr. Owen proceeded to speak. The rest denied his authority, and Mr. Phillips declined to hear him. He retired. Mr. Phillips then informed them that the petition, though respectfully worded, could not be received accompanied by such an assemblage of people; nor could Lord Melbourne consent to give them audience. The petition, he said, would be accepted, and presented to the throne, if left at the Home Office in an ordinary manner. The deputation retired.

The petition, which had been carried in a triumphal car on a platform guarded by twelve men, was placed in a hackney coach, and carried away, while the procession moved onward, by Westminster Bridge and St. George's Road, to Kennington. As it approached the common, a squadron of cavalry stationed there moved out of sight. Those were the only soldiers which, at any time during the day, were visible to the public.

I reckoned the unionists at the Lambeth side of Westminster Bridge, and found that they marched past at the rate of about two hundred a minute. The whole passed any given point in about two hours and a half, which showed the number in procession to be thirty thousand.

Some of the unionist leaders published the number in procession at two hundred thousand; none of them would admit the number to be under one hundred thousand. Some of the newspapers estimated them at eight or ten thousand. The *Times* stated the number at thirty thousand, and gave a reason for that estimate. The mode of reckoning adopted by the reporters of that journal was the same as mine, and the result was the same.

At six o'clock in the evening, the aldermen of London dined with the lord mayor in peace; the five thousand special constables went to their homes; the military retired to their country quarters, or, remaining in town, took off their accoutrements, "eased springs," and put their arms in the rack. The unionists dispersed to their homes, or to the lodges in the public-houses, all tired, the uninitiated satisfied with the procession, though not with the home minister, the rest bitterly expressing their vexation.

How far the warning of danger conveyed to the secretary of state, had contributed to his safety, and that of the country, it is not for me to say. Each reader of these facts must judge; some believing more of their effect, some believing less. The ministers were neither assassinated nor assaulted. The king, the queen, the royal family, the lords in waiting, and the maids of honour, were not captives to be held until the army would disband itself. The nation was not enveloped in revolution and ruin; the Bank of England stood upon its coffers of gold undisturbed, and, though the augmented military guard remained during the night, the directors, with their government, like the aldermen with the lord mayor, went to dinner in peace; nor, in the absence of a successful revolution of the highest magnitude, as designed, were there the smaller crimes of foiled attempts at treason, with the trial and execution of state criminals.

Next morning, about the time of breakfast, I was told that a gentleman was at the door who wanted to see me. I went to him. He said he came from Bow Street; that Sir Frederick Roe, the police magistrate, had sent for me. I went with him. I was taken into a private room, where Sir Frederick Roe came and seated himself, and bade me be seated. He said he had received a communication from Lord Melbourne, directing him to obtain from me the particulars of that danger to the government, of which I had written in my letter. I said that the danger was now past; that, as the government had acted on my suggestion, and the home secretary had not received the deputation as he had intimated to them he would do, there was no necessity for me to do or say more: I had done all which my duty as a citizen required. Sir Frederick Roe said, that no doubt Lord Melbourne was obliged to me for the service

I had done; still it was dangerous that such persons and designs as I warned him to beware of, should be allowed to remain undiscovered. He inquired if I were sworn to secrecy. I replied that I was not; but it was not my intention to say more upon the subject. He said he should like to see me again; and in reply to an objection I made to coming again to Bow Street, as I might possibly be watched, he appointed, as the place of interview, his own house, in Langham Place, Regent Street.

I proceeded there on the evening of the next day, as appointed; but in the meanwhile had firmly resolved not to make any disclosures upon the political lunatics of the conspiracy, beyond what I had already done; namely, that I had considered it my duty to put the cabinet ministers on their guard against a conspiracy, to which I had been solicited, but in which I had refused to take a part; and that having fulfilled that duty, I should not be prevailed upon to do more. Sir Frederick put many searching questions to me at this interview, and urged that the danger might be as great now as before, for aught I knew, if I did not know what the conspirators were now doing. I replied, that I did not know what they were now doing, but they had been disappointed in having an opportunity to do that which they had intended. On parting, he remarked, that I might possibly change my mind, and return and say more; that I should find him at his house, in Langham Place, at six o'clock any evening. I again, and finally, replied, that nothing in fear or favour would induce me to say more than I had said. I was not sent for again; nor did I return. From that day in April, 1834, until this present day of writing (21st January, 1847, at Dublin), my knowledge of those matters here related, has remained within myself.

The foregoing chapter of the Autobiography was first written in Dublin, on the 21st January, 1847, sealed up, and sent to the careful keeping of friends in London. Famine, fever, and the worst ills of the worst times of poor Ireland, were then at their crisis. I was sent to travel through that country to examine into its actual condition, without regard to political or religious parties, and to report what I saw. The task I fulfilled. But upon my first arrival in Dublin from England, I was taken suddenly and severely ill while visiting some of the deplorable abodes of poverty and disease in that city. When I recovered sufficiently to be able to write, I reflected on the chances of recurring illness and death while travelling in the fevered, famine-stricken districts of the south and west of Ireland; and that if I did not write this chapter then, I might pass from the world without the facts being known,—without the lesson to working men contained in the facts being written.

CHAPTER XIX.

Glimpses of unwritten history. Economic error of the British government in imposing a high-priced newspaper stamp. Premium thereby offered to unstamped journals. The great conflict of the "unstamped" with government. Disastrous results to morality and religion. Martyrdom not in all cases evidence of a good cause. Antagonism of Physical and Moral Forces: Is it a necessity in Physical and Moral Progress? Political Antagonism. Dream of a Temple projected by the author at Gospel Oak Fields, London. Dream of a National Bank. Working Man's Witness against the atheists as leaders of the people. Life sketch of H. R. of Edinburgh. Secularization of Sunday. Who are the men of gloom?

During a space of fifteen years or thereabout previous to the close of 1833, a conflict was maintained by the different Tory Governments and by their Whig successors, abetted or prompted, perhaps impelled, by high-priced newspapers, high-class literature, by upper-class and middle-class society, against a small number of London printers and a large number of their provincial agents, and other vendors of unstamped newspapers and almanacks. The prosecutions varied in slackness or intensity, but over all those years they were in progress; and in the end, government, which should never be in the wrong if possible to be in the right, was beaten. This unique contest left behind it results which survive as living influences which have given a mould and form, not always of moral lovliness, to the body of the age we live in. Its complete history may never be written. Authors who did not know it cannot write it.

It was not the reduction of the stamp on newspapers from fourpence to a penny and their removal from almanacks in 1833, which brought forth inferior and seditious literature; though this has been alleged recently in Blackwood's Magazine. It was the wide margin of profit offered to printers who evaded the stamp law, which, in the first instance attracted them to adventure in journalism without a stamp. Prosecutions followed. Those smugglers, when they had gained celebrity in the illegal trade, raised their battle-cry of a free press, which, with some of them though not all, meant freedom in blasphemy and obscenity, as well as in political sedition.

Richard Carlile, Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, B. D. Cousins, William Benbow, Henry Dugdale, William Duncombe, and several more who had command of printing-presses, were carried to prison, their types

and presses confiscated, their shops closed, yet they printed and sold ten or twenty times more after each prosecution than they had done before.

High-priced journalism approved what government did, because those men were in the newspaper world equivalent to freebooters and smugglers. Upper-class literature approved what government did, because those men issued from their unconquerable presses low-class literature. High Church clergymen and prelates approved the prosecutions, because the church, by the multifarious agencies of those London infidels, was declared a nuisance, while bishops and clergy where caricatured and exposed to course ridicule. Religious dissenters approved the prosecutions, because all religion was ridiculed in the literature which the unstamped sheets carried forth upon the world. The prosecuted printers sent young men to provincial towns as agents; the local booksellers declining to sell their bad paper, bad print, bad morality, and infidelity. Those young men were, one after another, five, ten, twenty, at a time, and, on at least one occasion, two hundred at a time, crowded into the county gaols. When their London masters were themselves in gaol, wives and daughters carried on the business. When wives and daughters went to prison, their neighbours, who had not before thought of turning printers and distributors of cheap literature, abandoned their planes upon the bench, their hammers on the anvil, their shuttles and their looms, and rushed, yes, rushed in crowds, to supply the vacant places. A sense of unfair play laid hold of the popular mind. By persisting in prosecuting these new men, government conferred still a higher fame upon literary rubbish. Fresh men from joiner's bench and tailor's board, from anvil and from loom, still flocked to the trade, and were in the end too numerous to be imprisoned. Government and the Jupiters of high-priced journalism succumbed. The four-penny stamp was reduced to a penny. With that reduction the unstamped newspapers broke down. Not so the vendors. The printers betook themselves to worse literature than politics. Working men and women in every considerable town in England, and in some larger cities of Scotland, had become accustomed to the prosecuted and proscribed shops of the "unstamped," and of London atheism. They continued their custom. Those new men, all energetic and enterprising, rose to be the chief dealers, ultimately the wholesale merchants, of popular literature in their respective towns. The clergy of all denominations, and most persons who breathed an atmosphere of gentility, held aloof from their shops. So much the worse. The working multitudes purchased such literature as they found on the shelves of these distributors; and they became wealthy men,—in not a few cases, town councillors and aldermen. They gave the peculiar tone of thought to the hives of industry in their respective towns. Antagonism to the

church of England, to church establishments everywhere, and, in most cases, to churches of all kinds, and to all the political and social relations of churches, to ministers of religion, and religion itself, soon became a plant of pestilent growth, which quickened, deepened, extended, and branched out with irresistible vitality. The obstinate persistence of upper-class newspapers in urging government to vindicate the retention of a high-priced stamp, was the unhappy cause of that sowing of Britain broad-cast with the agencies of political and religious disaffection.

Do these facts preach no sermon? Yes: they tell all churches and opposing sets of opinions, that martyrdom does not in itself prove its cause to be the only true one. And more: those facts, with an unlimited number of antecedent incidents of a like kind lying in the grave of past time unappropriated by religious philosophy, prove that an immutable law of God overrules man's law of repression in all cases. What does belief in that immutable law suggest? This,—that out of human antagonisms and discords there arises a sublime harmony in present glory to the Supreme; giving promise of a higher moral and spiritual destiny to the whole family of man, than mortal vision can yet descry in the deep future.

Those facts and that belief impel the unsatisfied mind to an earnest, reverent inquiry into the physical laws of the universe; the sublime inquest quickened and facilitated by many recent conquests of science, —by discoveries made in chemistry on earth and by astronomy in the heavens,—by agency of the electric forces, the repelling and attracting relations of magnetism, and by the affinities of light. And the inquirer discovers analogies between Physical and Moral Nature, so remarkable, that he accepts them all as phenomena of one series of Eternal and Immutable Laws. The conclusion is irresistible, that revelation was made to man, in his night of ignorance, sufficient, and no more, to direct him, by force of the reason planted in him by God, and by the conquests of reason through successive steps of scientific discovery, to deduce, by logical inferences, a pathway of knowledge out of the profound past into the profound future. Had God revealed all knowledge at once, man's condition would have ceased to be probationary. Sufficient was revealed for salvation through faith and moral obedience.

All the rest was left for the conquest of reason. But that rest is so grandly stupenduous as to include the phenomena of geological epochs, these marking probably the intercourse of comets with the earth in vastly remote periods of the eternal journey through the infinity of space; and including in that series of epochs not yet ended, the most glorious of them all,—the future resurrection of the dead. The physical laws, when examined in a spirit of reverent allegiance to the Almighty, and in faith

that redemption is offered through revelation, satisfy the mind engaged on the sublime inquest, that God has ever manifested will and power by exact natural forces, and never by a reversal of any law, physical or moral. Even the miracle of resurrection of the dead is explicable by a major overruling a minor law. All conceivable miracles resolve themselves into one, and that one is God. Admit divine power, and there is no other miracle remaining: all the rest is exact law.

This assumption of exact laws being God's agencies, operating through all physical and moral government, leads to the solution of many difficulties at which believers in revelation have stumbled, and behind which the infidel and atheist have entrenched themselves in pestilent hostility to faith and its holy influences.

Conservative science, in treating of the conditions of perpetual youth in nations, and of a Political Economy which shall or may become guardian of the elements of human happiness, reposes absolutely on a belief in exact physical and moral law. The history of extinguished nations supports this assumption. Conservative science discovers analogies, and traces them back to facts. By whatever grotesque appellative man may designate his political circles and antagonisms,—however foolish or wise may be their various aims and operations, as Tories, Whigs, Radicals, in Britain; Democrats, Republicans, Know-Nothings, Hard-Shells, Soft-Shells, in the United States; Blues, Rouges, Clear-Grits, in Canada,—they are all logical products of moral nature, all cohering, repelling, and attracting by laws as true as the operating forces of the planetary bodies in their circles and orbits in the universe; and all indispensable to progression and moral vitality. Conservative science rises above them all, and appropriates their antagonisms, their impelling and vitalizing forces, and makes use of all as common property.

Geological phenomena, with their traces of lower, higher, and still higher organized life, seem to have relations of intimacy with the profound journey of the sun and his family of planets, and of all other suns and their planetary families, through the universe, and possibly into an infinity of universes, as is now almost a demonstration of astronomy; and these assumptions, with the other indications of scientific discovery, draw the mind of the reverent inquirer irresistibly to this conclusion,—that present human life is only probationary; that all nature is progressive; that man is endowed with reason and all its assistant faculties, to surround his race with the elements of earthly happiness.

In the cases of the London atheist printers now under review, the immutable law of God overruling man's law of repression, was seen in operation thus. The men who, humanly speaking, were the only orders of persons in Britain capable of breaking through the bondage of the news-

paper monopoly, carried with them a free press, which, for years bygone and now, is correcting its own errors and moral impurities. If atheism be not yet extinguished in the light of religion, open obscenity is. Cheap literature both in Britain and America is its own alembic: it refines itself.

Holding in my hand a pen which intense application, in the pursuit of the actualities of men and things, had endowed to some extent with power,—the intensity of application lasting through the twenty years succeeding my return from the battle-fields and civil broils of Spain,—I beheld the dry and bitter ashes of unbebelief scattered over densely peopled London, and throughout earnest hard-working Lancashire, and in many hives of industry elsewhere. To have recommended as a corrective the tenets and forms of Scottish Presbyterianism in which I was educated, green and flourishing though they be in Scotland, would have been fruitless in England. They could not, by human estimate, take root among people who resisted, actively or passively, all religion. There a church variously proportioned, and expansive in all its parts, already existed. Its extension and adaptability to English popular wants were themes which employed my pen. By this leverage, powerful only because persistently applied, I aided in the erection and endowment of many a church in districts of industry remotely situated from one another; and that when none but God, in whom I trusted for direction, knew who the enthusiast was that arrested the reading eye of contented opulence, and, tuning its conscience and benevolence to harmony, inspired the opening of its treasury to build churches for those who could not, or would not themselves, build and endow them.

In Saint Pancras parish, where it joins with Hampstead, I once hoped to see, on the elevated ground in the fields of the "Gospel Oak," a grand Temple of God, surpassing all other structural works of man, in which every Christian denomination might have a church and its missionary offices, all worshipping in their several chapels in one transcendant harmony under one roof,—the temple, a local memorial of the place to which tradition points the finger of reverence, and tells that there the earliest Christian missionary to Pagan London first preached the Gospel. I urged that such a temple of temples was a work for the Prince whose exalted station had secured for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in 1851, an instant vigour and popularity. No one responded to that dream of faith. On returning to London after an absence of some months in Lancashire in 1853, the Gospel Oak Fields were re-visited to indulge in my dream, but a speculative builder had meanwhile occupied a portion of the ground with the "Gospel Oak Tavern."

In 1845, I had been with the late Dr. Cooke Taylor, the joint projector

and literary apostle of a permanent exhibition of the industry of all nations, and with him surveyed Primrose Hill and the Chalcott Fields, lying towards Hampstead, as a site for a Palace, its roof to be of glass (see my papers written during the great Anti-Corn-Law League Bazaar in Covent Garden Theatre, May 1845); and having seen those projects realized within a few years, by the influence of the Prince Consort and the applicative genius of Sir Joseph Paxton, I do not yet despair of hearing that a temple of God far transcending any ever erected on earth, has become an object of princely and universal solicitude, its foundations to be laid on the higher section of the "Gospel Oak Fields" at London.

To speak with due humility, I, as a writer for the people, accept the Church of England for the English working classes, because it exists. So also, in my attempts to endow political economy with the vitality and functions of a conservative science, I accept the British monarchy and House of Lords as civilizing and humanizing agencies of progress, because they exist. I assert them to be requisite in the newer supremacy and despotism of the sordid instincts. They exist, and are therefore accepted. I seek to develope their utility. Mr. Cobden rails at the "barbaric pomp of the court, and at men making Guys of themselves" to go to court. I assert that the human being, whether a subject in monarchies or a citizen in republics, loves pomp, and delights in the dresses of a "Guy." Conservative science commands our acceptance of all natural sentiments and all existing institutions, in whatever country they be, as facts to be expanded and adapted to public wants and common enjoyments. The Bank of England exists; an appalling system of British taxation exists; and there is a national debt which cannot be extinguished. I accept these as facts, and would turn them all into one national institution, uniting with the common functions of banking and minting, the business of life insurances in union with a greatly extended savings-bank system, in which almost every individual or family would become political conservatives, the whole sustained by national credit, as the credit of the public debt is sustained now. That effected, commercial panics would never again arise. And this other fact exists: panics about invasion are in the British public mind a chronic disease. I accept both the panic and the danger as facts to be met by policy. Conservative science directs the endowment of the whole population with a higher interest in national defences than personal fear. All who are capable of bearing arms should be taught their use. The internal safety of Britain must finally repose on an equality of political rights; not so much for any abstract virtue residing in a popular franchise, but that the people, liberated from the endless agitation for political enfranchisement, which agitation is in itself the seed and fruit of disaffection and internal danger, would aspire to lead and be led to a higher social and moral life.

I cannot quit the story of the great conflict of government with the unstamped press, without some farther illustration of the law of repression. The nature of the subject almost forbids reference to personal instances in which fine and imprisonment called men from the workshop and the factory to print and distribute sedition and infidelity. Yet there is one who may be particularized, as he rejoices in publicity; that is, H. R., of Edinburgh, formerly of Glasgow, before that of Derby, and still previously of London. He is a native of London, and was by trade a house-carpenter.

When Richard Carlile the tin-plate worker, who is depicted in Chapter V., had emerged from the tinsmith's bench, and been raised to fame by the Attorney-General, though a series of prosecutions for blasphemy, until Richard Carlile and blasphemy had become jointly a power, almost an institution,—a power which nine years of imprisonment only strengthened, his sons in prison, his wife in prison, his shopmen in prison, yet his shop kept open by a succession of volunteers,—when that celebrity was in process of attainment, H. R. called at the shop in Fleet street one evening when going home from work, a basket of carpenters' tools in his hand. A female attendant remarked that a small job in carpentery was required in the shop, and asked if he would do it. She had observed him to call for his paper during a time sufficiently long to suggest that he was friendly to the establishment. This woman, in addition to all the rest, expected to be prosecuted by the Attorney-General, and required to have a screen made in such a way that customers could be served without exposing to view the person who served them. H. R. did the work, and, the female being taken to prison, he volunteered to be shopman. He continued to serve there until sent to Derby as one of their country agents. He had been a Sunday-school pupil of the church, had a warm regard, so he has told me, for the parish clergyman who taught him; but the notoriety of the prosecution which consigned Richard Carlile and his family and assistants one after another to prison, had awakened a sympathy and a combativeness that led him to reason, fallaciously enough, yet after the manner of Englishmen who cry for fair play, that there must be something not so bad in that cause of the "unstamped" for which so many persons were risking personal liberty, even though its literature was called "blasphemy" and "sedition." He in turn was imprisoned at Derby, and, on liberation, came out advertised by government as an agent of atheism. He very quickly became a propogandist. The work was comparatively easy in England. Robinson courted difficulties.

He looked to Scotland—stern convenanting Scotland—where no man had dared to open a shop for the united literature of infidelity and sedition. He beheld Glasgow from afar, as some devotee of a holier mission beholds in the mind's eye the supposed cannibals of the Feegee Islands. He

penetrated to his "benighted" field, and encountered prosecutions and imprisonment. Those blows from the arm of the law only fulfilled his visions of duty and destiny. His trade became a triumph. He advanced to Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scottish divinity, to defy it to its beard. A youth from a cotton-mill, too feeble for work, was placed, by his advice and assistance, as his Glasgow successor. For years past, and at the present time, this latter person is at the head of the largest newspaper and cheap literature agency out of London, those of Manchester and Birmingham only excepted. The great concerns of Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Leeds, Newcastle, and Edinburgh, are all off-shoots of the London "unstamped" prosecutions.

In general literature, or even in religious publications, those wholesale agents are tradesmen, and trade as such. But they are faithful to their first mission. Here is an instance. Mr. —— of Glasgow had sold some of my works published in England previous to 1857. In that year I issued a little work in numbers bearing the following title:

"The Working Man's Witness against the London Literary Infidels.

"*First.*—In relation to injury suffered by the Working Classes, through leadership in their ameliorative movements having been generally usurped by bold and boisterous unbelievers; Christians of influence being thereby deterred from assisting or sympathising.

"*Second.*—In relation to the wreck of myriads of men and women, chiefly young persons, cut adrift from Christian restraint by literary and lecturing infidels, left helpless castaways among the shallows of unbelief, there miserably perishing, the Gospel of grace, mercy, and peace within sight.

"By Alexander Somerville, 'One who has Whistled at the Plough.'"

It bore the name of the person spoken of, as agent for its distribution to the retail trade in the West of Scotland. When Nos. 1 and 2 were printed, but not sold, he wrote what he called a repudiation, thus:

"GLASGOW.

"MR. SOMERVILLE,—Sir, as I entirely disapprove and repudiate the contents of Nos. 1 and 2 *Working Man's Witness*, I beg you withdraw my name as agent, and am, Sir, yours."

His name had been printed on five thousand copies, causing no small loss and difficulty, as no other agent would take them with his name.

Mr. Robinson of Edinburgh was more discreet, and said he thought his friend of Glasgow, as a supporter of liberty of speech and liberty of the press, should not have opposed the circulation of this work.

The "Dark Passages in Popular Agitation" (Spa-Fields Leaders of 1816) formed the principal portions of the two numbers "repudiated" by the chief wholesale agent of cheap literature in Scotland's greatest commercial city. Mine was not a religious journal in a doctrinal or controversial sense. It was to be published only for a limited time to convey conservative opinions deduced from much observation and reflection into circles, factories, and workshops, where my "Dissuasive Warnings on Street Warfare" had been useful in teaching the working men of Western Scotland to revolt against their dangerous guides to sedition and rebellion, and into which a religious periodical, or a journal issuing from the religious periodical trade of England, would have had only a remote chance of entering. A circulation was therefore sought for it through the usual channels of secular sheets.

I do not refer to this poor incident as a grievance to be recorded in a book. My heart sickens at the very shadow of grievances. I would rather dwell on the memory of delightful years spent in gathering up harvests of matter-of-fact about men and things, and on the memory of hopeful and successful efforts directed to the assortment of the facts and to the strewing of them on the paths of statesmen and people. Some other chapter may review those efforts. This concludes with a few passages from the work which was in 1858 repudiated by the wholesale agent of cheap literature in Glasgow.

FROM SOMERVILLE'S WORKING MAN'S WITNESS.

"CORPORAL JOHN SWAIN.—Previous to 1854 you were a ploughman. In 1855 you were a militiamen. Now you are a corporal in the grenadier company of a regiment of the line, under orders for India. I addressed letters to you in the year last named, and announced their publication, with additions, under the title of "Fallacies about the Army and the Aristocracy." Such, however, was the state of public sentiment at the time, that all publishers whom I consulted said, "Such a work will not sell to pay." The late Earl of Ellesmere having seen the prospectus, wrote thus:—

'HATCHFORD, COBBAM, SURREY,
April 2, 1855.

'SIR,—I can conceive no better subject than the one you have chosen at the present moment, as I do not know any one more likely to treat it well, than yourself. I may well be prejudiced in the matter in question, but the cry which assails the aristocratic element in our army as the cause of any recent military misfortunes seems to me senseless. If your book carries out your prospectus, I will do what I can to promote its circulation.

'I remain, Sir, your obediant servant,
'EGERTON ELLESMERE.'

"Publishers, however, had pronounced such a work to be an unsafe opposition to popular fallacies, and I found that its object was liable to misapprehension with others than booksellers, a Manchester friend having written, "The aristocracy don't need your help: they can take care of themselves. I wish you well, but will not buy that book"; whereas, in seeking to dissipate a cloud of popular mistakes, my purpose was the well-being of the soldier and the service of the public. Ill health also interfering,—the effect of wounds in the head received in action long ago,—the work was abandoned. One part of the prospectus, however, I intend to illustrate in the present series of letters,—'*Soldiers not the less cheerful that they pay respect to religious duties: instances.*" I may also touch incidentally on some of the topics indicated under another head of the prospectus of 1855. These: '*Divided authority only one of the causes of suffering in the present war. The incorrigible tendency of the contractors for clothing, boots, shoes, tools, other stores, and even in transport shipping, to overreach all authorities, and defraud the soldier, a cause of present suffering in the Crimea.*' Also the topics suggested by another head,—'*Popular fallacies about soldiers distinguishing themselves in battle. Good soldiers remain in their places and are not individually distinguished: exceptions to this rule.*'

"But the chief object of this series of letters in the WORKING MAN'S WITNESS AGAINST THE LITERARY INFIDELS, Corporal Swain, is to show you the perilous conflict which the soul has occasionally with itself in hours of solitary 'sentry go' near the enemy's lines, or in battle, if the transcendant questions of belief or unbelief have not been already settled. A soldier, particularly an officer or non-commissioned officer in charge of other men, cannot do his military duty and debate with himself between doubt and belief. Nor can he, in every exigency, pray. As colour-sergeant of a company exposed on many occasions to deadly fire, —once, especially, separated from the rest of the regiment and army, all present officers slain or wounded, the men dropping down with faint cries of 'Oh!' and gone to eternity before they could complete the words 'I am wounded,' the duty instantly devolving on the colour-sergeant to devise means of defence in an almost untenable position,—his head cut with a bullet which glanced off, yet momentarily stunned, wounded elsewhere by other three,—was that a time and circumstance for debate between doubt and belief, or even for prayer? Corporal Swain, it was not until half an hour after this crisis, when lying on my back faint from loss of blood, a tailor (no surgeon present) stitching a wound in a part of my body where any deviation from 'slight' would have been 'mortal,' that I recalled my thoughts sufficiently from the exigencies of military duty to think what the consequences might be were I—wrung

as my soul had been by the literary infidels of London—to enter the presence of God, as many hundreds had done within the hour, and, judging from the thundering conflict heard close by but not seen, as many hundreds more were still doing.

"Being named by the general of brigade, Godfrey, for a commission, I declined it; first, because of the expense and my consequent indebtness for an officer's outfit. Second, because a subaltern officer having only his pay to rely on, could not associate on terms of equality with those who enjoyed a private income; nor was he as well circumstanced as I, the sergeant holding the colour rank and payment of the company. Third, because officers advanced from the ranks, left behind them many other men, sergeants, corporals, and privates, as fit to be promoted as they, who, in the envy arising out of a consciousness of that qualification, aggravated the natural want of esteem in which the private soldier holds the superior advanced from his own level. It accords with British human nature,—the genius of the British nation, developed in artizans, shopkeepers, and all grades of civil life,—that the soldier should prefer to be commanded by the gentleman of high connection, rather than by a person selected from his side, whom he estimates as no more than his social and professional equal, possibly less. Such were my reasons for declining a commission, when General Godfrey, formerly my colonel, offered to obtain me one."

Note to the foregoing. It is not on a supposition of their possessing superior faculties that I prefer the aristocracy as officers. If every officer in a British regiment were selected from the rank and file,—say, forty out of a thousand,—there would remain nine hundred and sixty disappointed men, one third of whom, at least, would be as well qualified by natural ability to command, as any of the forty. I prefer the aristocracy as officers on these two grounds: first, they exist, and should be utilized; second, they bring into the service high social influences and fortune, which the officer raised from the ranks to live in their society, feels, if he be a man of independent spirit, to be a shadow upon his life, imposing on him a daily martyrdom. True, a man of small fortune but independent mind, if living with the moneyocracy of Manchester, finds himself stranded amongst associates more haughty and heartless than military officers; but he may, like me, flee from them to the wilderness, or to a garret, or to God.

"THE 'SUNDAY LEAGUE.'—Religious obligation, and the secular interests of man, alike demand the observance of the Sabbath as a day of worship, and of rest. Who are they that have organised the 'Sunday League' with the object of securlarising the Lord's Day? As men of the world, are they distinguished from their neighbours? Only in this, that the

harsher and more sordid dogmas of the high and dry economists have their special approval. The working man, working woman, and working child, are, in their system of political economy, excluded from consideration as elements in national wealth. Many of them being merchants and manufacturers, they have, as a rule, (the Owenite socialists and a very few of themselves excepted,) opposed all legislation for restricting hours of factory labour, for preventing accidents to life and limb, and far applying an educational test to children before admission to work in the mills. Such are they with whom the Sunday League originated; let them prevail, and, humanly speaking, the Lord's Day is blotted out from among the existing privileges of the working man."

"THE SABBATH AND 'THE MEN OF GLOOM.'—The men who strive to secularize the Lord's Day in London, write in newspapers and speak on platforms as if they were the peculiarly happy and cheerful people of our land; as if devotional and meditative men and women were oppressed with cheerless and unhealthful gloom. A long and intimate familiarity with social and political life in England, has taught me that the reverse of this is true. The mental idiosyncrasies which call for Sunday amusements, form an order of unhappy beings, not confined to any social class, but which comprises most if not the whole of the men and women of shallow thought and of morose humour in town and country, in villa and cottage, in social club, workshop, and family circle,—the order of Abnormal Discontent. They have their newspapers, conducted and written to by kindred spirits of gloom and growl. No system of politics ever devised by human wisdom could satisfy those mental idiosyncrasies of unrest. No existing institution, nor law, nor possible act of legislation, nor change in the personality of government, gives them satisfaction. Everything that *is*, is wrong; all earthly government an offence; and they only recognise the authority of Heaven to enjoy their dismal revolt against it."

"SOCIETY OF MATERIALISTS, AND THE LORD'S DAY.—This society, founded in August, 1857, declares its objects in a first report, dated 6th December. Of the Sabbath they say:—

'Could we succeed in getting museums and other collections of a scientific and artistic nature opened on Sundays, and lectures delivered explanatory of their contents, and also amusements of a moral character for that day, we should do much for improving the people intellectually and morally.'

"What is this society in its other objects? Listen, Christian world: 'The necessity for a systematic propogandism is self-evident. We live in the midst of a most energetic organization for spiritualistic purposes. The state church, with its rich endowments, fine buildings, and other imposing appliances for services; its colleges for education; its bible

societies and home and foreign missions; and the various bodies of Dissenters, with machinery pretty similar, all—orthodox or heterodox—have an active, zealous, and well-supported organization for the ceaseless propagation of the *dire doctrine of Spiritualism.* . . . The combinations among free-thinkers which have hitherto taken place, have not been for pure materalism. When the great Owenite party was broken up, a few years ago, in consequence of the failure of their cherished hopes of community, the only organised body which represented liberal views was gone. The Secular Society has not confronted the error of spiritualism with a direct negative, and with sound truth; there is, therefore, a necessity for founding a society which shall meet the monster evil of our time with the direct truth of pure materialism.'

"They therefore teach that matter exists without God; that man exists without a soul; that there is no spiritual hereafter, and no accountability for the sins of this life. To whom does this society look for assistence? We have seen them looking to the attraction of amusements on the Lord's Day. To what else? Nothing less than to the aid of Government! They say,

'The government might also be induced to extend their present system of scientific instruction, so that the lectures might be more varied and frequent, and in places suited to the convenience of the working classes.'

"No government holding office under the present political constitution of Great Britain, which has for its basis protection to Christianity, dare comply with these desires of atheism, which, if seemingly intellectual, owe that character to the surrounding influences of Christian civilization. But there is room to fear for the weakly reflective and the politically disaffected of the people; because, says the report, 'your committee would also recommend that *the exertions of our society should be given to aid the people in obtaining their just political rights*'; so that here, as well as in the Chartist organs, (mentioned in No. 1 of *Working Man's Witness*,) we have political rights and an escape from religious belief associated as one movement. Alas, for the people, with such leaders, such instructors! A people so instructed, so enfranchised with the political power claimed, forming in the nation a prevailing numerical majority, would be led to what? to extinguish by legislation their own day of rest; to deny God's existence; to live without hope or fear of eternity; to feel an assurance of non-accountability after the body's demise; and to enjoy a brutish security in any chosen course of wickedness during a graceless life.

CHAPTER XX.

Wars for "Constitutional Liberty." The expedition to Spain in 1835. To what account I turned a knowledge of the accursed effects of Intestine War in Spain, on my return to Britain. The "Physical Force" Chartists. What Sir John Coleridge, an eminent English judge, has said of some of them in 1859.

If I had no object in this book but self-laudation, it might be largely extended with the narrative of my military service in Spain. Over that narrative the reader might laugh and weep by turns; nor would he think the less of me if he read it. But to bring the matter which belongs to the service of public safety in Britain within the limited space which now remains, the Spanish expedition can only be glanced at.

The historian of "Britain in Thirty Years of Peace," published by Charles Knight, London 1850, and subsequently by the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, quotes me as an authority for assailing Sir de Lacy Evans, and all who followed him to Spain, as inspired only by a mercenary spirit. I cannot conceive by what obliquity of judgment the historian could twist and turn a casual statement of mine into such a charge. I had said in a former work, that in going to Spain I had some indistinct idea, should I survive the casualities of war, that the incidents of service would be good material for a book; that I was ambitious of being an author, and, amongst other motives for taking military service in 1835 with the expedition sent to Spain, was a literary effort at a future day. But I also stated that I left employment at which I was earning thirty-five shillings a week, to enter that service as a private soldier of infantry at thirteen pence a day. Also, that I had two other sets of ideas:—One, that the brief and incomplete knowledge of military service in the Scots Greys exposed me to the reproach, not sparingly applied, of being incapable of performing soldierly duties,—that, in short, I had none of the military elements in me; whereas I felt conscious that such an accusation was not well founded, and desired to have opportunities to prove the contrary. The other set of ideas was, that the popular outcry of the time, against despotism and the European "Holy Alliance," and in favour of constitutional government, offered a cause worth fighting for. Such a cause that of Spain, as between Don Carlos, supported by the Holy Alliance, and the young Queen Isabella, supported by constitutional France and constitutional Britain, seemed to be.

I joined the expedition influenced by all these motives. But where or in what manner the "mercenary" object lay or could arise, I cannot discover. Nor can I perceive it in the general-in-chief, a man of independent fortune, then as now a member of parliament, living comfortably at the west end of London, with a very high amount of military distinction already acquired. As little can the "mercenary" objects of the various grades of officers be discovered. In many instances, the officers were gentlemen of fortune, who sought service under Sir De Lacy Evans as in the highest order of military schools. As for the men of the ranks, they were a very miscellaneous assemblage, it is true,—very. But I wish the exigencies of Great Britain and her colonies may always find men for defensive armies as good as they. This wish is all the more lively and pregnant with meaning, that I express it in the face of a changed population,—changed through extensive emigration in late years and by higher wages to working men at home; in face of a compulsory depopulation of Ireland, and portions both of the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland, in opposition to the Warnings of Economic Science; in face of the enormous requisitions of India on the British army, and of wants which may arise in the colonies,—wants which may be urgent enough and not easily supplied,—all those considerations impel me to the expression of a wish,—a prayer disturbed by apprehension,—that Britain may never be in a worse position than with a sufficiency of such men and officers as formed the calumniated British Auxiliary Legion of Spain in 1835, 1836, 1837.

That the reader may see that I am not writing of the Spanish episode of my life to suit the atmosphere of Canada in 1859, I quote a passage from a review of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, which was published in "Somerville's School of Political Economy," July 1850. My object was then to expose the instability of popular opinion, and the danger to nations of being swayed by popular cries passing over the surface of society like a transient breeze,—the breeze fanned into a gale by the breath of faction:

"Lord Palmerston in his great speech of 25th June, said:

'We had no interest in the abstract whether the Queen of Spain should remain on the throne or whether Don Carlos should succeed to it. If nothing else was at stake, that was a question with which the government of England would not have thought proper to interfere. Questions of succession have been matters in which all other countries have concerned themselves, but only when it was their interest to do so. But it was in Spain a question between a constitutional government and a despotic government.'

"Lord John Russell said in same debate, June 28: 'We interfered in Portugal, and the case of Spain soon followed; and I may observe that the interference in Spain was suggested by a very eminent statesman, Prince Talleyrand, who felt that the success of Don Carlos would be dangerous to the House of Orleans in France.'"

On which the author remarked, thus:

"There is no doubt that the question of 'constitutional government' in those three countries, France, Portugal, and Spain, was the object of British interference. And three remarkable phases of public opinion in Britain have arisen thereupon. First, the public enthusiasm which sanctioned, applauded, shouted to men upon the sea, 'God speed!' as they left the British shores, to interfere, in obedience to the popular cry, with force of arms, for constitutional government. Second, that phase of indifference, contempt, even scorn, of the forces who had gallantly fought and accomplished the popular policy,—yea, indifference and contempt, if not scorn, for that policy itself when successfully accomplished, freely and generally expressed by the same public writers and speakers who at first were so enthusiastic in its favour. This lasted for more than ten years. Then came the third phase,—an enthusiasm for Lord Palmerston's general policy of foreign interference, and particularly in the affairs of Greece, evinced in a kind of political phrenzy, even in Manchester, by men who had but a few months before leaped from their seats in the Free Trade Hall to wave their hats and applaud Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright for their somewhat warm advocacy of a contrary line of foreign policy.

"It has always been in such times of public excitement and non-reflectiveness that the substantial interests of nations have been wronged."

[Here followed an account of how Manchester, in its protectionist days, had burned William Pitt in effigy for attempting to carry out free trade with Ireland and with France.]

Of the expedition itself, I offer a summary, extracted from a disquisition on the fickleness of popular sympathies and antagonisms in matters of inteference in the affairs of foreign nations. The work quoted is "Internal Enemies of England," 1854.

"Had our service in Spain afforded no lesson on the deplorable effects of intestine war, it is yet full of instruction. It is fruitful of suggestions to men of ardent minds, and especially to young men, generous in temperament, enthusiastic, and inexperienced.

"Wind, rain, and sunshine, are unstable. Not more reliable is that impulsive popular opinion which takes cognizance of foreign revolutions, and is so apt to rush, or talk of rushing, between 'liberalism' and 'despotism,' or the opposing forces, so called. The lesson I deduce from experience in Spain comes thus.

"Before the intervention of Britain began in the question of succession to the Spanish crown (the dispute occasioned by the death of Ferdinand IV., father of Queen Isabella II., in 1833), a loudly-expressed cry resounded through all British liberalism for an active military domonstration in favour of the 'constitution and liberty,' as the Queen's cause was called, and against 'despotism,' as the cause of Don Carlos, the Queen's uncle, was called. When the British and Foreign Enlistment Act was suspended for two years, to allow British subjects to take military service under the Queen of Spain, their enlistment was still approved and applauded by British liberalism.

"But, without reason, and in the mere wanton fickleness of the 'popular voice,' and popular ignorance, the military force, which performed the duty it was sent to do, was, on and before its return, treated with scorn and contumely.

"We left our homes applauded by political liberalism. We landed in Spain in August and September, 1835, were accoutred, drilled, inured to fatigue and hardship; were sifted and sorted by disease, temporary famine, death, and discipline, until a highly efficient fighting corps occupied the field, in front of the enemy, in May, 1836.

"We attacked—5th May, 1836—an army of mountaineers on a threefold range of fortified hills; stormed and took those positions one after the other; our casualties, compared with numbers engaged, equal to the hardest-fought battle of history. On the 6th of June following we were attacked by the same enemy, repulsed and drove him in turn from his new positions. We were harassed by severe marches in the mountains and by several minor engagements, with frequent skirmishes, and continual out-lying piquet duty in July, August, and September. On the 1st of October we were attacked by a greatly re-inforced enemy, whom we defeated at every point.

"Numerous incidents of field duty, desultory skirmishing, and field fortification, occupied this winter, as such duties had done the winter of the previous year. The enemy's siege of Bilboa was defeated by a combined force, of which we formed part, in January, 1837. On 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of March, 1837, we were engaged in mountain warfare daily, advancing against and over fortified positions, until, overpowered by numbers and the questionable fidelity of allies, on the 16th, a day of defeat, and the only day of defeat we experienced in the entire period of two years' service. On 4th May, 1837, and several subsequent days, we were partially engaged. On the 14th, we were engaged severely when marching through ravines and defiles, though the engagement was brief, the enemy fleeing before us. On the 15th May we attacked the strongly-fortified town of Irun; continued the attack until the next

day, when, at eleven a.m., we scaled walls, carried positions of defence, and entered the town. Though it was full of the enemy's stores, besides the wine, brandy, and cider of commerce, and though our thousands of men had been exposed to the enemy's fire, standing in rain and on wet ground two-and-twenty hours, some only with half a biscuit for rations, others with none, all having been on the line of march and out of bed two nights previously,—notwithstanding all those causes, predisposing to indulgence and indiscipline, in the hour of bursting triumphantly into a town filled to overflowing with stores of intoxicating liquors, and defended from house to house by a desperate enemy, who had never taken our soldiers prisoners, but killed them savagely when taken, every one,—yet by two o'clock p.m, three hours only after Irun was entered, General Evans had his whole force paraded in perfect order outside the town, except the guards doing duty over the prisoners of war, over stores, over quarters, or collecting and burying the dead. Not one inebriated soldier was visible, and only two or three were found, taken to the provost and flogged for thieving or assaulting distracted women, in contravention of the general's orders. Other operations of war followed.

"Such was our almost perfect discipline; such was the nature of the service which effected the purposes intended by our governement, and desired by our 'popular opinion' at home. Yet what was our reward? Had such services been performed in some cause which engaged the national sympathy of Britain, bells would have rung from every steeple, cannon would have fired from every bastion. It was not a national cause. A great political party, probably the wisest in this instance, disapproved of an armed intervention from the first: they included Wellington. The newspapers not for us, were against us. Those against us were the greater in number and greatest in circulation. They were open to every species of depreciatory intelligence, or fault of conduct, or allegation of fault. All armies have their Falstaff, Nym, Bardolph, and Ancient Pistol. We had not many of these, yet some. Our Bardolphs and Nyms were not hanged, as those of Shakspeare were. Our Ancient Pistols were not cudgelled by our Fluellens: they were committed to the provost-martial. But our Falstaffs were cashiered. They became newspaper correspondents, and reported the incidents of actions which they did not see. The general did not hang, nor shoot, nor ship off for home, as most generals would have done, those unworthy persons; but, magnanimous in that as in everything else, trusted to the ultimate triumph of truth; suffered them to remain in the country and write, exaggerate, falsify, or invent according to their fancy, or interest, or malignity.

"I asked, what was our reward for doing what our government and

'public opinion' sent us to do? I refer not to pay, nor to a six months' gratuity promised, and after much delay discharged by Spain. As to the ordinary pay, it was discharged to the uttermost copper on the day before the two years of service ended, though 'popular opinion' at home preferred to believe the more picturesque report, that the men who sold their clothes, spent, or were robbed by comrades of their money, and came home beggars, had received no pay. The reward at home, which we had a right to expect, was the approval of that 'popular voice,' which so loudly applauded an armed intervention against Don Carlos and his cause, called by it the 'Interests of despotism,' the 'Holy alliance,' the 'Inquisition,' and other like names. Without knowing more of our military merit or demerit than it knew of the two conflicting causes before we engaged in the service of 'liberty,' our 'popular opinion' beheld us return with indifference, contempt, scorn, and calumny.

"Had we dethroned a crowned head, instead of enthroning one, or chopped it off, or done our best to uncrown or chop it off,—had we pulled down some established government and initiated revolution and intestine war, instead of retrieving a crown and constitutional government from a chaos of faction, treason, and mutual butchery,—we might have been met at disembarkation in England by the Cobdens of the time, nightcap on head; or by three hundred Quakers and as many thousand Manchester men of peace, as they met certain revolutionists who escaped in 1848. . . . . .

"'Oh *Liberty*, what crimes are committed in thy name!' and, oh Peace Society, what absurdities in thine!

"But in advancing to another subject, let me say that the government and present statesmen then its members, whose policy we fulfilled, have consistently approved our services and defended our military reputation. Nor do these remarks reflect on that wholesome public opinion recognised in the British constitution and protected by our laws. They refer only to the whimsical 'popular voice,' unstable as the wind, but equally certain as the wind to return to the same quarter with returning causes of change, —the 'popular voice' of 'war' and 'peace' demagogues, with the responses of their unthinking crowds,—the 'popular voice' of demagogues, whether professing peace, or more honestly announcing sympathy with revolution; all approving and applauding European rebellion while it is new and raw; all of them embracing fugitive insurgents while fresh from intestine war, and smelling of treason and gunpowder; but despising revolutions when they subside to settled government; neglecting fugitive rebels when they become stale,—unless, indeed, they be suspected or detected in plotting new rebellions, and in acquiring new stores of ammunition. It is that 'popular voice' of which I write."

Chapter IV. of this volume relates what I did for peace in the year 1838, on arrival from Spain at Glasgow. Let me give a glimpse of what followed:

In the summer of 1839, a Chartist Convention assembled in London; its members representing the extreme democracy of all the principal, and most of the inferior towns in the kingdom. The Convention comprised two parties,—the moral-force and the physical-force Chartists. The latter held private conference of their own, apart from the rest.

I visited the Convention once as a spectator, and no more; but knowing some of the members personally, held occasional conversation with them at their lodgings and places of resort, such as the Arundel Coffee-House, Strand, where they had private committee rooms. The sittings of the Convention, and its debates, took place at the Doctor Johnson Tavern, in Fleet Street.

Dissenting earnestly from many of their projects, I was not entrusted with the exact plans and details of their intented revolution. Yet I heard a hundred times more than sufficient to inform me that they had the project—its plans and details—of an insurrection under discussion in their more private committees.

From what I then saw, and had before seen, of those members of the Convention, and from what I knew of some of their constituents, there was little room to doubt that they themselves believed in the propriety and practicability of a revolution which should level the entire fabric of our political constitution and existing orders of society. I frequently descanted, with a fervent earnestness, as at Glasgow when fresh from the intestine wars of Spain, on the folly and wickedness of their contemplated insurrection,—the folly, from its impracticability,—the wickedness, from the absence of all justification of a revolution in a country practically the freest on the face of the earth.

I made some impression on those whose ears I reached, but they were few. Deeply impressed myself with the danger which threatened the public peace, I then wrote, printed, and circulated a series of weekly pamphlets, entitled, "*Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare*," to which my name was attached. A book was then in much popular favour, entitled, "*Defensive Instructions to the People on Street Warfare, by Colonel Macerone*" (a foreign refugee, I believe). Portions of my pamphlets were addressed to a refutation of this mischievous and absurd book; the others depicted the operation of disciplined troops against desultory mobs. I took for illustration of argument, the streets of towns which I knew; imagined a street-battle in Birmingham, another in Glasgow, a third in London, Charing Cross the centre; a fourth in the City, around the Bank of England; gave them all the weapons and

implements of war recommended in the book of *Instructions* by Macerone, the hand-grenades and pikes of O'Connor; allowed them the benefit of courageous and faithful leaders, and enthusiasm among themselves; then showed how artillery could act almost without exposure upon their positions; traced, step by step, their discomfiture, until they were shot down by musketry, cut down by sabres, blown up by shells, or hung up by the hangman.

Besides the wide circulation of those "*Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare*," as printed by me, they were in part reprinted and almost universally circulated in the provincial newspapers. They were translated into Welsh, and in Welsh and English reprinted at Monmouth, and sent among the iron and coal workers of South Wales.

They did not prevent all attempts at insurrection, as was proved by that which involved John Frost, ex-mayor of Newport, and his co-traitors, convicted of high treason and sentenced to death by a Special Commission in 1840. But they doubtless had an effect in deterring others from joining that insurrection, and in arresting its outbreak elsewhere. I was told by Mr. Henry Hetherington, a Chartist bookseller of London,—a man of extreme opinions, personally intimate with Frost,—shortly after the latter, with Williams and Jones, were convicted, that Frost had told him before the outbreak, that, "but for those mischievous tracts of that Somerville, called '*Warnings on Street Warfare*,' an appeal to arms would have occurred six months sooner; that it was quite understood, when the Convention dispersed in 1839, at least by him and delegates from South Wales, Birmingham, and the North, that the insurrection was to begin in July or August." It was to have been commenced by the Welsh multitudes of iron-workers rising (as they did rise subsequently), marching to Bristol and Gloucester, and their seizing the mail-coaches; the non-arrival of the mails to be a signal to Birmingham and London. At Birmingham, and York, and Manchester, the mails were in like manner to be arrested as a signal to Scotland.

The earnestness of tone and broad descriptiveness of sketch which the most ignorant who could read might understand, together with pictorial illustrations of Shrapnell-shells exploding among a crowd, made not a few of the thoughtful Chartist leaders change their mind about a physical revolution.

When danger is over, people forget that it ever existed. I have found many grave persons, some Quakers in the number, who, in calmer years, doubted if an insurrection were ever seriously contemplated in 1839. I had occasion to refer to this in a Manchester newspaper in 1847, and to Dr. McDowall, who was a member of the Convention, and one of its war committee. It was denied on his behalf that the Con-

vention of 1839 plotted Frost's insurrection, or any other such movement. On reading this, Mr. R. J. Richardson, of Salford, came voluntarily and informed me, that, not only had the members of Convention, in their private committees, though not openly in their discussions, undertaken to levy war against the crown and government in 1839, but that this person, with Dr. John Taylor, a political leader of Glasgow, and himself (he being member of Convention for Manchester,) were the secret committee—two medico-chemical members and a mechanical engineer—appointed to visit, view, and report upon the means of surprising and occupying Woolwich arsenal. They did report on the practicability of taking the arsenal. Others reported in like manner about the Horse Guards, the Palaces, the Tower, and the Bank of England. Mr. Richardson added, that being then (1847) ashamed of the folly of 1839, and resolved never to give countenance to such projects again, he did not object to my publishing his statement and name, in corroboration of my own account of the political plots of 1839 and 1840. He also testified to the good effect which the "*Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare*" had on him and others in Manchester at that dangerous time.

1842 was a year of political conspiracies. Mr. Feargus O'Connor possessed at that period, and several years after, a great and dangerous influence over the manufacturing operative population. He induced them, through his paper, the *Northern Star*, to celebrate a "sacred month," which was to inaugurate an insurrection. In Lancashire it introduced what were called the "plug riots," so termed from bands of operative mechanics going from mill to mill, town to town, drawing the plugs of the steam boilers; thus by compulsion stopping the machinery. At Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, a house was blown up by the premature explosion of a store of hand-grenades, and several men engaged in their manufacture were injured. This, and several accidents of a like kind, was kept secret, but it alarmed the warlike conspirators. [At Ashton-under-Lyne the soldiers captured four pieces of cannon. A man from Ashton now (1859) in Quebec, has told me more of that affair than I before knew.]

I have the authority of Mr. Joshua Hobson, of Huddersfield, then co-editor and printer of O'Connor's newspaper at Leeds, to state, that, so sure were some of the Yorkshire Chartists of a successful revolution in 1842, that, under O'Connor's guidance at Leeds, they had allotted the principal mansions, demesnes, and estates of the kingdom, in their wills, made preparatory to the revolution. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, for his services, modestly took to himself, by anticipation, the estates of Earl Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Devonshire; but of course he was only to hold them as trustee of the wool-combers and Yorkshire weavers! Having coursed the country from town to town to see that all were ready,

and to inspirit the flagging or the doubtful by his bold presence (?), he returned to Leeds, and intimated to Mr. Hobson and others that he was urgently required for a day, only a day, on his Irish estates. In reality he never possessed an acre of Irish estate in his life, though much of his success in England was sustained by the pretence of being an Irish land-owner. He went, not to Ireland, but to a retreat in the Isle of Man, and there stood by to await the firing of the trains he had laid, and the working of the plots he had concocted in England, ready to re-appear and share the success, or be out of harm's way, as the result might be. The premature explosion of the grenades at Dewsbury, the efficient though quiet precautions of government, together with the difficulty of the scheme, the empty-headedness of some of its conductors, the vehement impatience of its main body, and the unaccountable absence of its chief instigator,—all those elements of defeat brought about its appropriate termination.

My concern, on the side of public morality, peace, law, order, and industrial humanity, as opposed to the great Land Scheme fraud of O'Connor; the dalliance of the Peacist press with revolutionary politics; remain to be briefly narrated. Briefly, I say, and yet that prolonged conflict in which I triumphed over the Land Bank fraud was almost sufficient to have alone ruined me and broken my heart.

NOTE ON CHARTIST LEADERS.—While this chapter is in the printer's hands at Montreal, I have seen an English newspaper bearing date Oct. 9, 1859, containing an abbreviated report of a lecture entitled "Reminiscences of Circuit," by that highly esteemed judge and estimable gentleman, Sir John Coleridge. I extract a paragraph for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the quality of men who were, in their several localities, leaders of Chartism:—

"The right honourable gentleman, in referring to the trials at which he presided as judge, observed that the Chartist body at that time interested him a good deal. For the most part, its members appeared to have been honest, but misguided persons. He had no doubt, if the movement had not been suppressed, that it would have led on to plunder and havoc, and that blood would have flowed like water; for the occupation and habits of those men made them a hard-handed and stern race. The way in which some of them defended themselves was remarkable. Although speaking with a Lancashire pronounciation, which was very difficult to understand, they nevertheless spoke pure English, and quoted, not the works of Tome Paine and other infidel writers, but such writers as Algernon Sidney, Sir William Jones, John Locke, and John Milton. There were men among them, who, after working ten or twelve hours a day, had been diligent readers, and were better English scholars than many of the jurymen who tried them."

The newspaper does not give the date to which the judge refers, but either 1839 or 1842 was the period. I distinguish between "local" leaders and "national" leaders of Chartism. It is to the local men that the judge refers. The national leaders were a species of "gentlemen" agitators, in most cases like Feargus O'Connor, fluent in speech, weakly reflective, shallow in knowledge, cunning, and vindictive. When the local leaders presumed to criticise and dissent from the plans of the chiefs, they were denounced as "traitors to the people," and as remorselessly placed under popular malediction, as Robespierre, Danton, and Marat thrust better men than themselves under the guillotine in the first French revolution. Had Mr. Feargus O'Connor commanded the use of the French instrument, Bronterre O'Brien would not have lived to extol Robespierre and the "wondrous instrument of silence," as he has done in some of his latest eccentricities of genius. It was the policy of O'Connor to hold controul over the Chartist newspaper and Chartist funds. Through that paper and with his fluency of coarse speech and his peculiar aptitude for plot and counter-plot, he denounced all his confreres in turn; Bronterre O'Brien, and Joshua Hobson, his printer and co-editor, among others. I never exchanged words with O'Connor, and saw him only three times,—once in 1834, once in 1839, and once in 1848. I have spoken with Bronterre O'Brien, though not then knowing who he was, and have read his politico-poetical maledictions. I know nothing in literature like them. If Milton's enthroned Satan had been a reality, and a Chartist with a pen dipped in molten brimstone, he, and only he, might have written, besides him who did write, the scorching anathemas addressed to Louis Napoleon, and to some of our British statesmen. In these unique productions, all the dictionaries have been ransacked and exhausted for rhymes that follow in jangling succession, ten, fifteen, or twenty lines rhyming together, comically for a time, until the clanging words became fiery bolts which strike and make the heart quiver as shocks of electricity. They who have not read Bronterre O'Brien, have yet to become acquainted with literary genius in one of its most weird and eccentric forms.

Sir John Coleridge, though naming the trials of Feargus O'Connor and Bronterre O'Brien, does not refer to those metropolitan leaders, but to the provincial Chartists, as the men of deep reading, strong thinking, and fervid vernacular utterance. Every town and district of country throughout the kingdom had some of those men, the manufacturing districts many of them. It was amongst those thinking Chartists that I disseminated the various publications in seasons of peril, to which reference —almost tiresome reference, I fear—has been already made. I did not wait until they were distributed by sale, but, in addition to private hands,

used the post-office and railway parcels without stint,—my literary earnings being in those years large and sufficient for such outlay. Many of those strongly-thinking, deeply-reading men, each of them central figures in small circles, were dissuaded by my influence. But for that influence, Sir John Coleridge would have known many more of them at the assize bar.

"He had no doubt," says the report of his lecture, "if the movement had not been suppressed, that it would have led to plunder and havoc, and that blood would have flowed like water; for the occupation and habits of those men made them a hard-handed and stern race."

That is the testimony of one of the acute intellects of the English judicial bench, not now speaking under apprehension of the fact, but drawing calm philosophy out of past disquietude. If they who hold the heritage of power in Britain, and all below them who repose this day contentedly under security of the laws, would allow themselves to be told how much they owe to my enthusiastic devotion to the service of public safety, not as yet related in this volume, but as remaining to be told, let them carry in their mind that judicial and historical assertion of Sir John Coleridge, "that there would have been plunder and havoc," and that "blood would have flowed like water," had not the greater part of the central men of the innumerable small circles of Chartism been detached from the leadership of those who inflamed the excited multitudes. Sir John Coleridge says "suppressed." That is the correct phrase from his point of view; but the suppression took place without physical collision between army and armed people. From this fact I claim a right to draw other inferences, and to add, that if the collision had occurred and the army had been successful, as I never doubted and always urged on the Chartists that it would be,—must be,—the blood of multitudes slain in so many towns as threatened to rise, would have sunk into the ground, the seeds of "dragon's teeth," and grown until now a series of poisonous cankers requiring the presence of overawing armies always. Peaceable government would have become impossible. Political blood-spilling is not forgotten nor forgiven so soon among our stern Saxon races as among the vivacious French, who dethrone dynasties, kill one another in thousands, and dance next day. What then would have been done with the Indian revolt, the army being required at every point at home?

First in order, let me as briefly as possibly relate the history of the Chartist Land and Labour Bank.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Chartist Land Scheme, and Land and Labour Bank. The ultimate confiscation of all landed estates in Britain its object. The Author's position in exposing its Economic Fallacies. Its dimensions and progress.

If British and Irish landowners, whether of large or small estates, think it a matter of no concern to have escaped with their title-deeds and rent-rolls from the scheme of confiscation which was in process of rapid growth in 1846, 1847, and 1848, towards a magnitude which might long ere now have been irresistibly destructive of all present territorial families, they will glance at this impatiently, as they may at an old dog who watched while they slept, and say, "Ah! yes, he was faithful to what he believed right. But his day is gone by. Take him to the backwoods: let him die where we cannot see or hear of what he suffers! True, Somerville spent, in money and time and effort, from two to three hundred pounds of his literary earnings in saving us and our estates from impending confiscation, and, in doing so, lost opportunities of earning other money and of making himself popular with the multitude, who alone can make an author wealthy. True, the Land Scheme of O'Connor was directed at the ultimate subversion of all the territorial property of Britain and Ireland; and Somerville, by his exposures of the Economic Fallacies of the Land and Labour Bank, in connection with the Land Scheme, subverted both and saved us. The greater fool he! Why should a man who had no land himself, have cared for us? He cared also for the people of his own order; did he? What call had he to care for anybody but himself? When a man deceives himself into a conviction that he is a missionary in the service of public safety, spending two or three hundred pounds of previous literary earnings, and neglecting profitable pursuits to replace that expenditure, let him take the consequences; let him become dejected in mind, and sink to cheerless poverty with his family; or let them go to Canada and perish out of our sight. What have we to do with him? He did us good service, but we are done with him: let him die the death of our other dogs!"

I say, if it be now a matter of no concern to British and Irish territorialists to have escaped confiscation of their properties, they will pass over this and the next chapter, and continue to talk thus, as practically they have already done. If they think, on the contrary, that quiet possession

of territorial revenues, with all the privileges and enjoyments of vast wealth, are not incidents and attributes of life to be lightly esteemed, they will read this, the next, and probably several succeeding chapters, and learn to comprehend the magnitude of the danger which they escaped by the collapse of the Chartist Land Scheme.

What says Joshua Hobson, who was O'Connor's printer and co-editor seven years at Leeds?

"Mr. O'Connor, of all men I ever knew, was the most careful to conceal a real meaning under clouds of seemingly meaningless words."

What, then, did O'Connor mean in the manifestos which containe dthe following passage?

"I tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel, and all the bailiffs, land-agents, farmers, landlords, and even the directors of the Land Company, that no man does comprehend this Land Plan in its entirety but myself."—*Feargus O'Connor, Esq., M.P., in Northern Star, October* 28, 1847.

That and similar declarations was made to induce inquiry among the working classes as to what he did mean. He dared not publish ultimate plans, but they were whispered by agent to agent and spread everywhere. Mr. Hobson knew them to mean future confiscation of all landed property. Within two months of the date of the declaration that "no man knows the Land Plan in its entirety but myself," the new subscribers which came into the scheme represented £40,000; these being in addition to former subscribers for £80,000. The managers of Benefit Societies, of Trades Union Societies, of Burial Societies, and of many other associations of working men and women, when a majority happened to be Chartists, transferred or proposed to transfer their funds to O'Connor's Land and Labour Bank, an establishment occupying a prominent building in New Oxford Street, London.

It was to arrest the influx of deposits to this bank that I addressed myself. The Machine Makers Society at Manchester had placed £625, an instalment of their "cash in hand," in the Land Bank, and were about to risk their whole capital fund of £26,000 in it. Some time afterwards they sent a deputation of their body offering me a handsome box filled with sovereigns, as an acknowledgment of my timely interposition. I declined to accept the present, stating, that while the conflict lasted between the Land Bank directorate and me, the acceptance of such a gift would weaken my influence. Moreover, I was not then poor. Work, pursued with almost a fanaticism, fifteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, I writing on and on incessantly, for newspapers and literary periodicals, and for one or more of my larger works, afterwards publised in several volumes, such as the *Biographic History of the*

Pioneers of Commerce, Freedom of Opinion and Civilization, and *Industrial Wonders of Lancashire*, these labours kept my pecuniary resources in a condition of vitality. I was paid for the articles in the Manchester *Examiner* treating of the Land Scheme, a sum which might have remunerated me had they cost nothing but literary effort. But the whole amount received from that paper did not suffice to defray railway fares between Manchester and London, and travelling expenses from those cities respectively to the several Chartist estates, in pursuit of information. Mr. Ireland's circular quoted in Chapter VI. indicates, though by no means fully, what I did in this terrible conflict with an unscrupulous demagogue;—he sustained by an abundance of money and the temporary confidence of nearly the whole working population of Lancashire; I waylaid, beaten, and bruised by his "Old Guard," as they called themselves. Mr. Ireland, being co-proprietor and commercial manager of the Manchester *Examiner* and of another paper on which I was then a writer, knew what I did. He knew also that my articles were at that time instantly reprinted in probably four hundred other newspapers, that reproduction proving their efficacy.

He said in his circular of 1850,—

"I need not occupy your time in recounting the services which Mr. Somerville, in his various writings, has rendered to the public on questions of financial science, commercial reform, and in disseminating sound views on other social questions; nor in reminding you of the great personal exertions and sacrifices he has made in combatting the doctrines of the Physical-Force Chartists, and in exposing the delusive Land Scheme of Feargus O'Connor. Suffice it to say," &c. (see page 58.)

It may be asked, why I did not remain connected with such a newspaper as that Manchester Examiner, which is now said to be at the head of the English provincial press in point of circulation. Briefly, I did not for these reasons: In July 1847, the Short Time Act came into operation in the cotton mills, after being vehemently and factiously opposed by the manufacturers of Lancashire. I addressed them through the Examiner newspaper in favour of giving the act fair play and forgetting animosities. That paper and I got a "warning" quite as portentous as any of those which the present ruler of France gives to his newspaper press when it touches too nearly on his iron heel.

Then there came a time where the Manchester Examiner dropped the O'Connor Land Scheme question, the operative population having combined against the paper, and materially reduced its circulation. In that troubled ship I was the Jonah thrown overboard. But did I drop the Land Scheme and Bank? No: not while a rag of them was left. I rushed to the production of pamphlets and tracts, sending these to newspapers and public places of resort in all directions.

On other subjects my articles were still admitted and paid for in the Manchester paper, on condition that my name or designation should be suppressed. This was done in hope of allaying the storm raised by the hostile factory-workers. But a new event occurred: the French revolution of February, 1848. Any Manchester newspaper professing to be a popular organ would have been then extinguished like a taper in a night of storm, had it not approved of that event. The "liberal" journals of that city vied with each other in publishing extra editions up to seventh and eighth,—inflaming the Chartist mind with revolutionary news from France and the other convulsed kingdoms of Europe. I peremptorily refused to write a sentence in approval of those convulsions, but, on the contrary, laboured to prove that all revolutions must, by logical necessity, end in military despotism. Having been driven out of Manchester by Chartist mobs, I was then in London, and sent down articles of earnest appeal for publication at Manchester. They remained unpublished, until rescued by me from a waste-paper cupboard in the Examiner office two years afterwards. I obtained space for six letters of a similar kind in the Sheffield *Independent;* but there also the Chartist opposition in the spring months of 1848 was too formidable for the proprietor of the paper to continue to admit my expositions of a Conservative Political Economy. My book the *Autobiography* had just passed through the press in London when news of the French revolution arrived. I delayed it in the binder's hands to add appendices of earnest warning to working men. It was those chapters which reviewers quoted and circulated widely, and spoke of in such terms as I have cited in Chapter IV. It was of these that my Quaker publisher warned me thus: "Thee will injure the sale of thy book by writing against the revolution in France. Dost thee not think the republic is a good thing in France!" The prediction of an injured sale he took care on a future occasion to prove to have been well founded. It was then too that I brought out the "National Wealth Tracts," and reprinted some of my "Letters from Ireland" which had attracted wide notice in the previous year. Some of the influential Catholic priests assisted to circulate the Irish tracts; for a reason which I will make plain enough in another chapter, by which it will be seen that the peasantry of Tipperary and county of Limerick had good reasons for detaching themselves from Mr. Smith O'Brien when he assumed the leadership of insurrection in August 1848.

Let me first dispose of the sad story of the Chartist Land scheme in England.

It is possible that Sir William Hayter, M.P., may be displeased at my publication of what was perhaps once a private note, though the writing is not so marked; but how am I to prove my public services and

justify the causes of my poverty before the world, if all such letters are to be held at all times too sacred to be named or adduced in evidence? I was assailed in all quarters, by literary critics, in 1854, for publishing a series of letters written to me by Mr. Richard Cobden, M. P., during the years 1842–1848 inclusive, some of which damaged him in public estimation. I gave them publicity partly to prove how much of his success as a public man was owing to me, and partly to illustrate his proposed system of arbitration between strong and weak nations, by relating particulars of the cause which I forced to arbitration between the Anti-Corn-Law League and myself, after good naturedly allowing it to await their sense of justice during a space of five years. He was the principal party concerned in my claim, and refused me justice in the matter of arbitrators, as some Nicholas of Russia, or Louis Napoleon of France, with their mighty line-of-battle-ships, may have refused fair play to the trembling Turk or to feeble Portugal. Such I found Mr. Cobden to be when he became a party to arbitration in practice.

If such letters must never be referred to as those which I then published, or that which is here printed, the alternative seems to be that such a literary worker as I must prefer to perish, all proof or trace of my services to British public safety to perish with me. I shall not accept that alternative. It is enough that I never crossed the path of Sir William Hayter during the ten years subsequent to June 1848, most of which time he was "patronage" secretary to the Treasury, or what is vulgarly termed "Government whipper-in" of the House of Commons. I doubt if there be many other men connected with political literature, who, having been in my position, would have omitted to renew, or seek to prolong, their acquaintance with a gentleman who for so many years had the disposal of nearly all crown and government patronage, and for the same reasons which restrained me; namely, that so long as I could earn bread to eat by an independent pen, I would not impair its influence by seeking connection with government. There came a time that I could neither earn bread nor eat it, though my children required it, when I had none to give them. At that time a friend introduced my name to Sir William Hayter, but found from the rebuff he met that the poison of the "Manchester party" was doing its work. Of this hereafter.

In June 1848, Mr. Hayter (he was not then a baronet) was Judge Advocate General. I need hardly say, that he is in every sense a gentleman, affable, polished, courteous, and independent in fortune. Without such qualifications, he would not have been (and he a lawyer taken from practice at the bar) appointed to the onerous office of patronage-secretary to the treasury.

The post brought me the following letter on the morning after date:—

"35 GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER,
Friday evening, June 2, 1848.

"SIR,—I understand from my friend Mr. Cobden, who has kindly permitted me to use his name, that you could give the committee who have been appointed to inquire into Mr. O'Connor's Land Scheme, some useful information. The committee have been pleased to appoint me their chairman, and I should feel greatly obliged to you if you would have the goodness to furnish me with any information in your power, and you would be examined or not as you wish.

"The committee meet on Tuesday next at twelve o'clock. Should you wish to be present, I will take care that the opportunity shall be given you. Upon that occasion Mr. O'Connor is to state his case and his plan.

"In the interval I should be glad to see you. I shall be at my office, 35 Great George Street, from eleven o'clock on Monday until half-past three. If during that time it would be convenient for you to call upon me, I should be glad to see you and to confer with you on the matter.

"I am very truly yours,
"W. G. HAYTER.

"A. Somerville, Esq., 11 Hoxton Square."

So far as the assistance I may have given to this gentleman as an individual member was concerned, he more than paid me. But unfortunately my printer delayed the work which I had prepared for the committee and the other members of parliament. When it came out, the committee had advanced beyond any need of it. I had two thousand copies printed, expecting to sell some of them through the celebrity of the case, but they remained dead stock. As the subject was subsequently named in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Connor, alleging falsely that I was paid "secret-service money" for the work, I now place on record the precise facts. Sir William Hayter gave me a check on his banker for £25, in payment for putting him individually as chairman in possession of particulars of the Land Scheme and Land and Labour Bank, so far as I knew them. Of that sum I paid my printers, Ward & Griffiths, of Bear Alley, London, £24 on account of printing my National Wealth Tract No. 2, giving my wife £1. That one pound in twenty-five does not quite represent the proportion of my earnings, which, in those years of revolutionary peril, procured my family domestic comforts; but if I say that a fifth of my earnings was the proportion, I say truly. The rest was devoted to those "Expositions of Political Economy" and "Street Warfare Warnings to the People," already spoken of, and other publications not yet named, none of which ever yielded me a shilling's worth of profit.

But anticipating, as I do, what the reader is about to say in reproach, —that I evinced a want of ordinary prudence in expending time, intellectual vigour, and money thus, I have to add, that I looked forward to success and fame,—to a time when I might be acknowledged as a true expounder of Economic Science,—a time when my works would sell largely and profitably, and both the rich and the poor would recognise the man who had harmonized their seemingly adverse interests.

Mr. O'Connor had attained his highest point of success with the Land Scheme in the spring of 1848, a time when royal dynasties trembled in the balance and were in some instances overthrown. The Chartists had then become formidable in a new development of strength: they had acquired the following properties:—

"Herringsgate (surnamed O'Connorville), seven miles from Watford, in Hertfordshire, 104 acres, cost £1,900; Minster Lovel, two miles from Whitney, in Oxfordshire, 505 acres, cost £9,952; Snig's End, situated four miles from the city of Gloucester, 270 acres, cost £8,100; Mathon, situated in the neighbourhood of Great Malvern, in Worcestershire, 500 acres, cost £20,000; Bamford's Farm, in Worcestershire, near Bromsgrove, 300 acres, cost £10,000; Lowbands, also in Worcestershire, situated near the village of Red Marley, 164 acres, cost £5,576; Filkin's Hall, near Burford, in Oxfordshire, 511 acres, cost £21,000."

My book intended for the committee of the House of Commons began thus:

"At the first of June 1848 the sum of £80,000 has been collected in fully-paid shares, and £40,000 is in process of collection for shares not paid up; all obtained in small sums from persons chiefly of the working class. If the subscribers should live to receive the benefits promised, namely, a comfortable cottage, and two, three, or four acres of land (say three as an average), the sum of money required to procure those advantages and locate them according to Mr. O'Connor's 'plan,' so far as that plan can be understood, will be little short of £4,000,000 (*four millions sterling*).

"The charm in this land scheme, which draws so many subscribers, is, first, the natural desire of all persons to improve their condition in life; second, the pleasing hope of having a cottage, a small farm, and farm stock, which they can call *their own for ever;* and third, the excitement of being ballotted for and placed in the immediate enjoyment of this cottage and farm, as soon as each of them has paid the sum of fifty shillings.

"Mr. O'Connor has set forth the rules and principles of his land plan variously, at different times, within two years. But the following is probably as true a statement as any of them: (See his newspaper, *Northern Star*, Oct. 23rd, 1847.)

'I tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel, and all the bailiffs, land-agents, farmers, landlords, and directors of the Land Company, and all other companies, that no man does comprehend this Land Plan in its entirety BUT MYSELF.'"

The directors were persons who yielded all pecuniary management to O'Connor. They were expelled and denounced as traitors if they did not. They knew, as did all the Physical-Force Chartists, that the real attraction of that Land Scheme was the early prospect of the body becoming so formidable as to confiscate from present owners all the land of Great Britain and Ireland.

When O'Connor inspirited the flagging subscribers in October 1847, and doubled their number within two or three months with the public declaration, privately conveyed all over the kingdom, *that no man comprehended the Land Plan in its entirety but himself*, his meaning was well understood.

Notwithstanding the increase of subscribers to the Land Fund at that period, the Bank dwindled and gradually collapsed from the time that my expositions of the unsoudness of the united Schemes induced Benefit Societies to withhold or withdraw their deposits. Mr. O'Connor himself attributed his failure to me. Hence his unfounded allegation of my being engaged by government and paid out of "secret-service money." My journeys from Manchester to the Registration Office in London, from thence to the several estates, and to the alleged places of residence of directors and trustees, were unremitting for many months. I had taken witnesses to London at my own cost; but they not being required by the parliamentary committee,—the inquiry being abandoned, and transferred to the Court of Chancery,—their expenses fell wholly on me, as well as my own.

As a specimen of the controversy, I may select a rejoinder to Doctor McDowall, first published at Manchester, October 9, 1847, and reprinted in whole or part in several hundreds of English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers. It contains his arguments and mine in juxtaposition.

The Doctor had challenged me thus:—

"Meet me at Manchester at any time or place, and on your own terms. Don't shelter yourself under the drab wings of Mr. Bright, but have pluck to be a real examiner by testing, weighing, and deciding the merits of the Land Company and Land Bank, in a public discussion with your determined opponent, "P. McDowall."

This was addressed "To the Whistler." Manchester dead-walls were covered with placards of "Challenge" and "Defiance." I was waylaid at night, thrown in the mud, thrashed with a stick, kicked, and on one occa-

sion all but strangled, and twice thrown into a canal. O'Connor and his "Old Guards," as he called them, held a meeting in the "Hall of Science" in Manchester, a few weeks after McDowall's challenge; many thousands of excited men and women surrounding the doors in addition to the crowd within. The front of the gallery was hung with cabbages, of which some displayed a circumference of thirty-six and forty inches, also carrots and leeks of such dimensions as might have suggested to persons practically acquainted with culinary gardening, that the thin gravely soil of Herringsgate (alias O'Connorville), from whence they were said to have come, had reversed the whole order of nature in bringing forth those monster products. None of the excited thousands of men and women in the maddened multitude outside and inside the Hall knew, nor did I until five years afterwards, when the whole scheme was exploded, (and then one of the late directors and the late secretary informed me; their names are forthcoming should this be in any quarter denied,) that the gigantic vegetables had been selected and paid for in the London market-gardens at Fulham, that they had never been seen at Herringsgate, but were taken to Manchester by O'Connor in closed deal-boxes, a distance of two hundred miles. The purpose of that impudent fraud was to deceive the thousands and tens of thousands of factory-workers then contributing or expected to contribute their weekly three-pences to the Land Scheme.

Let the reader imagine, from these incidental revelations, the nature of the conflict I then maintained, left almost single-handed, against the unscrupulous agents of a man capable of such devices of imposture. The other Manchester papers omitted the whole subject. At that time too, it suited O'Connor to assert in his newspaper, and report from week to week, that I had been paid by rich men in Manchester to go "nine months to Ireland, to hunt up disreputable stories about him among his relations," and so forth. There was not a shadow of truth in that assertion. I had been sent to Ireland on business of quite a different nature, —to report on the condition of the people and the disposal of money sent to their relief during the famine of 1846–47. In February 1847, at Kilkenny, I happened to meet Mr. Mannix, a Dublin solicitor, who was in that district receiving rents for the Court of Chancery. We were at the same hotel, and naturally fell into conversation. He seemed urgent to know, through me, what Mr. Feargus O'Connor's pecuniary position was in England, and brought up the Chartist Land Scheme on several occasions, even when I was indisposed to talk of it. At last I discovered that he, as a solicitor, was concerned in certain judgments held against O'Connor from the time when he had last contested the county of Cork. It required but little discernment on my part to see that the solicitor

contemplated execution of those judgments if he were assured that the funds of the Land and Labour Bank, or the estates of the Land Company, were held in the individual name of the "People's Bailiff," as O'Connor termed himself.

In discussing the nature of the security which the Land Bank offered to the benefit societies whose funds were in process of transfer to that bottomless pit, whose sole manager was the "People's Bailiff," I alluded to his personal liabilities as a reason, amongst others, why such a body as the Machine Makers' Society should not entrust him with £26,000, many hundreds of other societies being ready to follow them.

It was to the assertion that I was sent to Ireland, at the expense of Mr. Bright, M.P., and other wealthy persons, to damage O'Connor, that Dr. McDowall alluded in the term "drab wings." Mr. Bright never contributed as much as six-pence to my expenses. My mission, as already stated, was the condition of the Irish people during the famine. I was paid for two letters a week sent to the Manchester paper; which Mr. Ireland, its proprietor, testifies to have come with "unfailing regularity." (See Ch. VI.) I supplemented my income from that journal, by also writing for a London paper; and by working late at night, often all night, at volumes on other subjects which I had then in progress. Once for all, O'Connor's name and personalities were never hinted at as subjects to engage my inquiries in Ireland and to be paid for; but finding certain facts to be in my way, I saw their applicability to the controversy in which I was involved about the stability of the Land Bank, and used them accordingly.

Somerville to the "Manchester Examiner," in reply to Dr. McDowall, published October 9, 1847.

MR. EDITOR,—You will be good enough to reprint in the Examiner Saturday, if possible, the letter of Dr. McDowall, which appeared in the Chartist organ, Northern Star, last week, addressed to "The Whistler." I write this letter in the hope,—small hope, I confess it to be,—that the editors of the Chartist organ will allow a letter of "The Whistler" to ome before the eyes of their readers.

There have been many "Challenges to 'The Whistler,'" both in London and on the dead walls of Manchester. "The Whistler" is challenged to discuss the merits of the Land Scheme. The doctor sets out with a repetition of the challenge, and, in his letter, ends with it. One would suppose that I had never gone to see the Chartist property; had not gone to the Chartist Land-office in London; had not gone to the Registration-office of Joint-stock Companies; had not written and published what I saw there, and found there, and was told there; had not

repeated my visits to the Registration-office, to see if the registration of the company were completed in the manner and time it was promised: as if I had not dissected the proceedings of the Land Company from beginning to end, and applied the Act of Parliament to them section by section; as if I had not reverted to the subject again and again, each time being once oftener than the parties challenging desired. What end is to be served by all these repititions of challenge? The subject has been discussed. If there be parties interested in the discussion, as no doubt there are, who have not read the *Examiner*, let the editors of the *Star* reprint my letters from the *Examiner*. The right to challenge is on my side. I have a right to ask the manager of the Land Scheme, or his deputies, to answer what I have already—much against his or their desire—said, and proved. They who have not thought fit to give their readers the benefit of that information which so intimately concerns them, and which has been offered, cannot be greatly in earnest to hear the matter repeated in verbal controversy.

But to end, so far as I am concerned, these challenges to a controversy before a public meeting, I have to state, that, were I qualified to conduct such a discussion, I would not make the attempt. The question is too complex, and requires the patient ears of a reflective, not of an excited auditory.

But I undertake, by the force of common sense, to show that the Chartist Land Scheme is unsound, unsafe, and pregnant with disaster. To clear the question which is really at issue from other matters hitherto mingled with it in the *Star*, but not at issue, let me state some propositions, and, by disposing of them, come at once to the real question,—the *management* of the Chartist Land Scheme.

1. The first proposition is this: It is not only the *interest*, but the *duty*, of working-men, for their own sake and the sake of their class, to save money in every way in which they can save it, to obtain property, and the power and independence which property can give. [My object then as now, was to make them conservative of their country and its institutions.]

2. That land first, and labour next, are the sources of all property.

It was reserved neither for me nor the manager of the Land Scheme to discover and develop this cardinal truth. It has been partially known through all generations to all mankind; though in a publication called the *Labourer*, for October 1847, the manager of the Chartist Land Scheme expounds the principle, as if he had not known it before, and were now imparting the knowledge of his discovery to readers who are still as ignorant of it as he had been. Had he transcribed for them *the fifth chapter of Locke's Essay on Civil Government*, published one hundred

and fifty years ago, and re-published many a time since, they would have had all the truth which his recent discovery has laid before them in the *Labourer.*

3. That land, by reason of complicated legal restrictions, which render the application of capital to its culture insecure, has never been, and is not yet, rendered productive as labour and capital might make it.

4. That, if the tenure of an estate or farm be insecure, capital will shrink from it, whether it be the twenty pounds of the working-man's capital brought in contact with two acres of land, or the two thousand pounds of a richer man's capital brought in contact with two hundred acres.

5. That the tenure of the occupiers of the Chartist estatesi s insecure; the title of the shareholders, who are not occupiers, is so bad as to have no legal existence; and the whole management of the scheme, from first to last, in theory and in practice, is so much opposed to all sound principles of business, that it cannot be the means of safely investing the savings of working-men, nor the capital of any men; consequently it cannot advance their political privileges, nor raise them in person, family, or class, above their present condition; but, by deluding and deceiving them, it must sink them deeper than the level at which they now stand, and render them less inclined than ever to efforts of self-advancement and self-dependence.

I apprehend we may set the first four propositions aside, and join issue on the last. So far as I find anything to grapple with in the doctor's letter, and which is applicable to the matter involved in the last proposition, which, briefly, is the *management* of the Chartist Land Scheme, I now lay hold of it.

A passage near the end of his letter contains the gist of the whole:—

"Many land-stewards buy, sell, let out farms, and displace tenants without the presence of the landholder; but does he suffer for the steward's debts, or is his property seized by the heirs of his deceased bailiff?"

If the doctor can tell us of any landowner whose bailiff buys and sells land with the landowner's money, in his, the bailiff's, own name, having the property which he purchases conveyed to *himself* in his own name, I may find a reply to his interrogatory. But, says he, —

"Factories, banks, railways, and companies of every kind, have agents and directors who are liable to those who employ them, and who may die in their respective employments; but no concern whatever can have its stock, shares, or property seized, held, or disposed of, on account of the decease of such agents, or for the payment of their debts, or for the benefit of their heirs."

Will the doctor tell by name, or reference, of any factory, bank, rail-

way, or other company, whose shareholders have allowed one director to invest all the funds and transact all the business in his own name, as his own personal business? The funds of the Chartist land shareholders have been so invested, and are so invested at this moment, in the individual name and as the personal property of Feargus O'Connor; and, therefore, will, at his death, go to his next of kin!

The doctor in another place says:—

" You make a dash at the bank. . . . . . Our bank does not require to be registered; and, what may seem more emphatic evidence of your imbecility and ignorance, *cannot be registered.*"

From beginning to end of that letter which the doctor is reviewing, or any letter which I have written, there is not a sentence nor word directly or indirectly referring to the registration of the bank. I mentioned the non-registration of the land company, in connection with the bank question, to show that the bank depositors of cash had no security for their cash by the land being reckoned upon as security for their deposits, inasmuch as the land company was not registered, and had no legal existence.

The doctor says:—

" You have a fling at the land as a valuable investment. You say, that if an estate worth £7,000 were stripped of its timber, its marketable value would decrease to £5,000."

And from this point he proceeds to show that the improvable nature of the property may raise its value to £10,000, and is likely to do so before they are done with it. Possibly it may be so improved. The greater part of all the land in England would be improved as corn-growing land if less timber grew on it, and the ultimate market value of the land might be sustained. But this is not the question.

Here is the question:—What will that land, which, in 1846, cost £7,000, and from which, in 1846, timber was removed valued at £2,000, sell for in the market in 1847, if, as a bank security, it should require to come into the market, to enable bank depositors to withdraw their cash? I reply, as I asserted before, that the land stripped of its timber would sell for no more, under such circumstances, than £5,000. Mr. O'Connor's balance-sheet shows, that by *subtracting* the timber represented by £2,000 from land represented by £7,000, these representatives represent bank security to the amount of £9,000.

But the doctor says:—

" The improvement of the land, the erection of houses, and general expenditure of labour in refining, beautifying, and producing, render the £7,000 estate worth nearer £10,000 than £5,000."

Suppose it do, can the land—the estate of Herringsgate, for instance—

be pledged with the bank as security for deposits lodged there, which deposits are to be expended in the purchase of other estates, when Herringsgate is already the debtor of the shareholders for all the cash advanced by them as its purchase-money, for all the cash paid for bricks, mortar, and building, and for all the cash furnished to each of its occupants as farming capital?

The doctor says:—

"The National Labour Bank receives money on the security of landed property; that valuable investment being voluntarily supplied to their bailiff and banker, Mr. O'Connor, by the National Land Company."

But the land company does not exist; and, no matter how valuable the landed property may be, it is not, legally, in a condition to become *security* for bank deposits. The company is not registered. But he says:—

"The deed is ready, and has been lying for signature in London for some time; but, *as if to offer a signal refutation of your calumnies, the members of the Land Company are in no hurry to sign.*"

I doubt if this slowness to sign the deed, and complete their existence as a company, improves the value of the bank security. But the depositors are the best judges of their own satisfaction in respect of such security.

Mr. O'Connor's Defence by himself.

Northern Star, October 9, 1847.

When my letter relating to the funds of the machine-makers appeared in the Manchester *Examiner*, Mr. O'Connor was on the Continent. He had published in his paper that he was going there "to fetch Mr. Cobden home." He knew that Mr. Cobden, after a tour of twelve months through Europe, had arranged to return to England in October. Mr. Cobden returned at that time, and then Mr. O'Connor published that he had succeeded in fetching him home. It is needless to observe, that a more impudent and unfounded assertion could not be made even by Feargus O'Connor. It was only equalled by his subsequent assertion that all the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, except Mr. Cobden, had subscribed money to ruin him and to pay me; but that when Mr. Cobden was applied to, he refused to have anything to do with the matter. O'Connor then proceeded to lavish praises upon Mr. Cobden; called him the only benevolent, honest, and well-meaning member of the league, and so forth. Mr. Cobden, on hearing of this, said, "What wrong can I have been doing to deserve this?"

On the Manchester *Examiner* reaching Mr. O'Connor, it brought him home.

I record a few passages from his defence referring to me. He addressed his Board of Directors thus:—

"Gentlemen,—Immediately upon my return, I shall proceed to Manchester, on Tuesday, the 26th of October; and, having thus given my accuser ample time to prepare his case, and the benefit of my absence to circulate the slander, I shall face him in the Hall of Science, single-handed and alone, to answer any charge that he or any other man may bring against me. All I require is, that notice may be given him, and proper arrangements for the public investigation may be made; and, if the evidence of Mr. Mannix [the Irish solicitor already referred to], or any other lawyer, is necessary, I will pay their expenses.

"Gentlemen,—Permit me now to offer a few comments upon the nature of the charge, the circumstances under which it is made, and the character of my accuser. When I had demolished the rubbish of this base fellow in December and January last, he was sent to the County of Cork by John Bright, his employer, to see what evidence of my baseness he could glean in my native county. He tells you, distinctly, that he has been upon this reputable mission; that he has seen the Chancery barrister, Mannix, the solicitor of my family, and my nearest relatives; and although a volunteer in this honourable mission, and after being in labor for now some months, behold the abortion he has brought forth. [I said nothing of the kind.]

"Gentlemen—Englishmen—Working Men—here was an honourable mission, a creditable commissioner, and a virtuous employer; and yet, though thus importantly charged, behold the weak, the slender production! Oh! gentlemen, if I were assailable, what a rack, what a torture, what an inquisition, what a secret conspiracy, to be subjected to! Gentlemen, in ancient or modern times has this baseness, this perfidy, been equalled?" . . . .

In the work intended for the committee of the House of Commons, I gave O'Connor's and McDowall's letters and expositions at full length, but can only cull a very few passages here.

The following is a specimen of the style of the man who was to have been first President of the British Republic, after the 10th of April, 1848, according to the published programme in the last week of March. He named Mr. Cobden as his probable prime minister; but, in justice to the latter, I record an opinion, that the allusion to his name, in relation to such a contingency, was alike offensive and unwarrantable. Mr. Cobden, however, had himself to blame by glozing and flattering O'Connor when face to face. Mr. John Bright, on the contrary, had at all times the blunt honesty to speak to O'Connor before his face as behind his back.

Literary style of the intending President of the British Republic, Northern Star, October 9, 1847 :—

"My Friends,—I now address you from the frontier town of the Swiss republic; and my *location*, and what I have seen on my journey here, inspire me, if possible, with greater zeal and confidence in your cause. Gentlemen, not one of my relatives would hold converse with this disreputable beast [Somerville]. Now, you unblushing rascal, you hired prostitute, you wilful and corrupt liar, was ever exposure to your every lie equal to what I have given you? I am a rock, you brute; I am invulnerable, you savage: and all *the money of the League* being freely spent to frighten me from the performance of my duty in Parliament, will but nerve me for the good fight. . . Bring the balance-sheet, you beast, and write to all whose names appear there, and ask them if they received the same. Mind, no flinching; meet me and expose me, you unfortunate victim. It would appear as if the Lord had doomed you!"

This was O'Connor's challenge to me, in addition to that of McDowall, to meet them at the place called the Hall of Science. They were there true to time, and with them the monster cabbages, carrots, and leeks, gathered from the London market-gardens, as evidence of the fertility of the Chartist allotments at O'Connorville.

I dared not remain in Manchester after the repeated assaults to which I was subjected by O'Connor's agents of violence. I should have preferred to lead the deadliest forlorn hope in war (and I had passed through some deadly enough in Spain), where the place and weapons of an enemy could at least be guessed at, rather than be liable to be pounced upon at times the most unexpected, in lanes and lonely streets in Manchester. That was more than I felt disposed to risk daily and nightly. I left that place, and returned to London.

A sentence from the following letter was quoted in Chapter IV. I now give it all, as a proper conclusion to this sad narrative. It came from the shareholders located at Red Marley. The original I have with me in Canada.

"Committee on the Lowbands Estates of the National Land Company,
"RED MARLEY, near Ledbury, 5th Aug., 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—That we should address you may appear strange; but convinced as we are that your great exertions prevented many hundreds of our countrymen from suffering, as we have suffered, through the machinations of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, though many thousands have been duped by him in their share-money, this is a mere nothing compared to our sufferings.

"Sincerely do we regret the course we pursued towards you, who

laboured to convince us of the futility of Mr. O'Connor's representations. Dear-bought experience has taught that you were right as to what Mr. O'Connor is. It will be well not to give an opinion just now; but earnestly do we hope that ere long the country will see his chicanery and worse, as we do. Dear Sir, his conduct towards us has been the most heartless villany. Would to God that we could have you for a few days amongst us! Such tales would be unfolded as would make those who already believe him to be a rogue, wonder how such a fellow is permitted to sit in the House of Commons. It is here that his trickery, lies, and deception can be uncovered. Hoping to hear from you, or see you shortly, if possible, we are, dear Sir,

"Yours respectfully, "W. A. How,
"H. T. Askard,
"P. J. O'Brien, Schoolmaster.

"To Mr. Alexander Somerville."

CHAPTER XXII.

French Revolution of 1848. France at Enmity with Political Economy.

The French revolution of 1848, began on the 22d of February. A political banquet had been announced for the 21st, at which bold speaking was expected from opposition members of the Legislative Chambers. King Louis Philippe and his ministers thought it prudent to forbid those members of opposition to meet, dine, and talk. The attempt to prevent them gave vitality to the slumbering disaffection of Paris. It was sections of the upper and middle strata of society who were forbidden to hold the political banquet; and their disappointment and chagrin were seized by the lower, deeper, and wider under-stratum of society, the Parisian multitude of mingled industry and destitution. That multitude took to arms. The "Citizen King," as Louis Philippe was called, hesitated to permit the use of artillery against his subjects; for which humanity and forbearance he, his throne, and family fell. He came to England, and soon after died.

A provisional government was formed, chiefly of persons holding communistic ideas. They proclaimed a Republic. Prussia, Austria, and minor states of Germany, and also Italy, were convulsed. Britain and Ireland felt the contagion. Meetings were held daily for a time in Trafalgar Square, London, and inflamed by men such as G. W. M. Reynolds, who thus cheaply advertised their newspapers into profitable celebrity. In all large towns and many small ones throughout Britain, mobs resorted to violence. At Glasgow the forces of insurrection were met by the military at a point exactly described as the point of collision in "Somerville's Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare," published nine years before. So precisely did all the incidents of attack and counter-attack happen on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March 1848, as I had described them in an imaginary Glasgow street-battle in 1839, that the mob armed itself with the iron railings of London Street as I said it would, was driven back by the military into the gullet of streets formed by the union of Gallowgate, Saltmarket, Trongate, and High Streets, as I said it would, and there helplessly wedged in. The only thing which I had depicted in 1839, and which did not happen in 1848, was the fire of artillery from a position on Glasgow Green, throwing shells over the houses to fall amongst that insurgent crowd and destroy them in the

hour of their helplessness, the artillery itself unharmed by them. The Glasgow insurrection of 1848 subsided before that extreme appliance of military resources became necessary.

I need not describe the collisions in other towns. Doctor McDowall headed the "Youths of Nottingham." Newspapers which should have taken another course,—their conductors probably afraid of after-consequences, should Britain fall under a "provisional" government,—inflamed the elements of disaffection in the English manufacturing towns by approving everything monstrous in the incidents of revolution on the continent of Europe, and by picking out of history or current events any item which could be exaggerated and urged against British monarchy and aristocracy.

Amongst many things written and circulated by me at that time, and read by the thinking men of the Chartists, I venture to reprint the following:

France at Enmity with Political Economy.

In reviewing the political and social phases of France, let me state that the basis of argument is that laid down in a previous Tract under head of National Wealth and Political Economy, namely: "The wealth of a community or nation is composed of personal numbers; health, food, clothing, housing, furniture, industrial education, books, and the other accessories of intellectual enjoyment; the ministrations which exalt man's spiritual being; the instruments of production, tools, machinery, locomotion, exchanges, money; security from enemies, which includes freedom to produce, to possess, to enjoy, to buy, to sell; freedom from the invader, from the monopolist, from unfair taxation. Those elements of National Wealth form the material elements of human happiness. Political Economy is the science which teaches individuals, communities, or nations, how to expand the elements of human happiness. Political Economy, in teaching how to expand and diffuse happiness, demands an unvarying adherence to this rule,—"*that individuals, families, communities, nations, must bring more wealth into existence than they put out of existence.*"

This is the ground on which we stand to review the changing phases of military France.

First Phase.—The hunters of the forest clothed in the skins of their prey; their arms, clubs, spears, arrows; their occupation hunting and warring upon one another; swiftest foremost, strongest uppermost. Their idea of wealth, subjugation of captives, and the personal prowess to subjugate or slay.

Second Phase.—The strong and the swift; the subjugators of captives

are now chiefs in feudal society; lords paramount some; a monarch one, but that one subject to the turbulent will of the others; knights of chivalry and men-at-arms. Tillers of the soil and herdsmen held as personal chattels. No accumulation of the savings of labour to lay the foundation of productive capital, except where fugitives from bondage have taken sanctuary before the altar, and are retained as freedmen around the church, or in the walled towns to work as handicraftsmen under the uncertain protection of some lord superior who grants a charter, which he breaks as often as he sees them accumulating productive capital.

Third Phase.—The monarchy is consolidated by the power of theocratic feudalism. The aristocratic yields to the theocratic; both have below them many degrees of dependency; all are fed, clothed, furnished, adorned, by their bondmen. No higher idea is yet held of national wealth than what is suggested by the expensiveness of the grand monarchy; the prodigiousness of the number of its privileged dependents; the completeness of the subjugation of the serf producers, who must yield all their wealth to their superiors, their lives also, if demanded.

Fourth Phase, 1790–92.—Productive capital eaten up by the royal taxes; the baronial and clerical exactions. All France contributing its best workmen to the Parisian population to be employed in furnishing, clothing, and adorning the privileged orders, and that population paid only out of the taxes and exactions levied on the unprivileged cultivators of the soil. The serfs become more feeble the more they are taxed, and in their feebleness the less able to sustain Paris in working only for metropolitan consumption, and not for commercial exchanges. Paris cries for bread. The monarchy calls for taxes to fill its empty treasury, to pay its armies, and to find Paris in work that Paris may have bread. But the producers of the grain from which bread is made, are themselves naked and hungry, and cannot bring sufficient crops out of their fields: the taxes to feed non-producing Paris, all the garrisons, palaces, castles, and cathedrals, have consumed the fertility of their soil, their seed-corn, their implements, their own food, and their own clothes. They can no longer feed hungry Paris. It rebels; decapitates royalty; abolishes aristocracy, theocracy, and all privileges; sequestrates all property thereto attached. But it only transfers the consuming power to a greater number of non-producing persons than before. All industry is directed to the propagation of *ideas* by force of arms and invasion; by civil war, plots, and counter-plots. Not in any case is the industrial power directed to the development of the national resources to feed, clothe, house, furnish, and elevate the French people. Property, liberty, security, and human life itself,—all is wreck, whirling, sinking, rising, driven backward, forward, shattered, and shattering, amid convulsions and crimes

such as were never before written of on earth, such as were never imagined out of hell.

Fifth Phase, Napoleon I.—The iron foot of a military chief tramples convulsion into submission. But France must be fed, else submission will be brief. He embodies its male population in warlike legions; leads them beyond the frontiers to feed themselves, to fight and conquer, and carry food and treasure to the people left at home. These last are largely employed in making stores, clothes, arms, munitions of war, and warlike furnishings for their armies abroad, and are paid by the spoils of neighbouring nations. France is now living at the expense of Europe, as Paris lived at the expense of France before the abolition of the monarchy and the privileged orders. At last, confined to her own wasted resources and her own neglected corn-fields, she is powerless, and her military ruler falls; a convulsive effort to rise, and he falls again, and rises no more.

Sixth Phase, 1815.—France is poor indeed. Her fields are fertile, and her skies clear. But her old monarchy returns, learning nothing, forgetting nothing. Nor have her people, or any of the people's teachers, learned more than the old monarchy. They differ as to the colour of the national flag, as to the form of the government. But all are as one in the error that luxurious, non-productive Paris should feed at the expense of frugal, rural France; all are one in the error of thinking, that their own respective classes, by subsisting at the expense of some other class, are doing a service to those whose productions they consume, whose productive capital they subdue or annihilate.

Seventh Phase, 1830.—The convulsion of three days; a dethronement; a new king; the old errors; enormous armies; military colonies; the governing mistakes of Britain imitated, her industrial successes and virtues despised. Two millions of rural families, feeding themselves on the most meagre food produced from land of their own, valued at £2 per annum for each family; "each with a bit of arable land for bread, a bit of garden for potatoes, a bit of pasture for the goat, and those bits hardly ever lying together: the vine must be on the hill, and the grass in the valley." (*Mounier's French Agriculture*, 1846.) In all, eleven millions of persons rated for the land-tax; five millions of whom occupy holdings under five acres per family; three millions, three hundred thousand of whom hold under ten acres per family. The average income of five and a half millions of proprietors, as indicated by the valuation for land-tax, is 287 francs (£11 10s. sterling). These proprietors, some with families, some without, form a majority of the rural population. Upon them, and upon the minority of proprietors and occupiers of land in a somewhat better condition, and upon other branches of productive

industry, fall the taxes to maintain the armies and the hordes of adventurers of all ranks and classes who put wealth out of existence, and bring none, or no sufficient equivalent, into existence.

Eighth Phase, 1848.—Another revolution; the king dethroned; no princes allowed; no aristocracy; a republic; no privileged orders. Yet the first act of the republic is to add fifty per cent to the taxes already levied on those five-and-a-half millions of proprietors whose properties average ten acres; and on the minority, whose properties average but little over ten acres. One of the first acts of the republic is to create a new privileged order, the order of Parisian workmen, to be paid and fed at the expense of that fifty per cent of new taxation, and at the expense of new levies. And a coincident act is, to add one hundred and fifty thousand men to the regular army, to be fed, clothed, armed, and lodged, at the expense of the industrial classes; besides raising new legions of guards, in like manner to eat, to be clothed, to be armed, to be paid.

On the 25th of March, a month and a day after the revolution of February, 1848, (*the Eighth Phase*,) I wrote in reference to the street mobs of London and Glasgow, which had committed excesses:

"The moderation of the people of Paris is spoken of in their '*late* revolution,' when the excesses of English, or Scottish, or Irish mobs are referred to. When the 'late' revolution in Paris is over, it will be time enough to speak of the *moderation* of the Parisian multitude. *The revolution of France in* 1848 *has only begun.* Grievous as was the taxation in France to sustain the armies of royalty, the provisional republic goes beyond royalty in its number of military men. Who are to pay them? who but the *workers*?"

And again, "Let us glance our eyes, and carry our reflective faculties to the internal condition of France. One of the most momentous of its circumstances is that of its continual subdivision of land. France requires more of the necessaries of life. Neither the republican *idea*, as it is called, which is the phrase of the enthusiasts who are at present uppermost in the accidents of revolution, nor any other *idea*, will make the divided fields fertile which are already exhausted by cropping, without capital or agricultural skill. *The political disease of France has been, and is, a series of economical errors common to its royalty and its republicanism.* From primogeniture, it proceeded to a *compulsory division* of property."

With an industrial population too weak to bear more taxes for the republic, by fifty per cent. than it contributed to royalty; with 150,000 more soldiers than there were under royalty; with the working population of Paris to be paid out of the taxes, it required no spirit of prophecy to write, a month after the revolution of February, that it was not over, that

it was only beginning. No one can fix the precise date of a future event; but common sense, not prophecy, foretold new insurrections, street-battles, slaughter, convulsion. Let me trace the process. And first, of the operation of taxes, and OF THE FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNMENT OF FREE MEN.

1st. *Of taxes levied for government.*

All taxes levied on the producers of wealth (on the operative workman, on the master employer, the shopkeeper, the merchant, the cultivator of the fields, the banker or other capitalist who lends money for productive purposes) are an abstraction from their capital; by the loss of which, they are less able to give a movement to labour to make it productive, than they would have been had the amount of the taxes been left in their possession.

And again: the expenditure of those taxes sends into the markets where national wealth is to be purchased for consumption, a number of consumers with a power to make wealth scarce by putting it out of existence, equal to the amount of the taxes.

Thus, the levy of a tax operates against him who pays it in a two-fold degree;—it lessens his capital by which he produces wealth, so that less is produced, and less is by him enjoyed; and it enables the person to whom it is paid to go into the market where wealth is stored up, and make that wealth still less.

Exception.—That expenditure which is indispensable to the dignity and stability of the governing power, whereby the free operation of productive capital and of labour is secured, must be excepted: that is a productive expenditure.

But as the expenditure of taxes is not productive except in so far as it is indispensable to the dignity and stability of the governing power, it is clear that to prevent the producers of wealth from being unduly impoverished on the one hand, and the wealth produced by them from being unduly reduced in quantity on the other hand, the tax-payers and all good rulers must see that the levy and the expenditure should be restricted to the lowest amount which will secure the free and safe operation of the nation's industry.

2nd. *Of taxes levied by a government to establish national workshops.*

The act of levying a tax to establish workshops, is a declaration that the political personages forming the government believe that they can put productive capital to a better use than can the owners of that capital. They cannot, for these reasons, selected from many which might be adduced:

The person who has accumulated his savings from personal labour, or his profits upon a capital invested in raw material, tools, shop-room, and

wages for the employment of other men's labour, knows better how to employ his capital, than any member or agent of the national government can do.

And again, it cannot be collected from him, paid into the treasury, disbursed to agents to buy raw materials and tools, to erect work-shops, hire workmen, pay wages, and sell the products of the workshops, but through the hands of persons over whom there is no control equal to that which he would have over his own agents and workmen.

And again, the most industrious or most frugal, who have accumulated some capital, are taxed under such a levy,—as that recently [1848] made in France,—while the least industrious, or least frugal, who have accumulated nothing, escape its payment.

And again, the tax is paid in wages alike to him who works expeditiously and skilfully, as to him who is an idler and a sloven. Its direct tendency is to make the expeditious and skilful man an idler and a sloven, and prevent him from accumulating savings, when he sees himself liable to taxation which the idler escapes, and receiving only the wages which the idler receives. Whereas the system which leaves productive capital under the management of its owner, and which pays the workman according to the quality and quantity of his labour, tends to elevate the idler, and the sloven, to the level of him who is expeditious and skilful.

And again, a tax collected, and its payment enforced, by collectors accompanied by military escort, bullets, and bayonets, (as recently in France,) from the majority of the population, who are the peasant-owners and tillers of the soil, is not only a transfer of their capital from the culture of their land, already feebly cultivated by reason of their poverty, but the tax was paid to a small section of the whole population of the republic,—the workmen of Paris; while, again, they were chiefly employed in manufacturing clothes, arms, and munitions of war, for the new levies of armed men, a labour which, instead of adding to the national wealth, still continued to diminish it.

The most degraded condition, physically and morally, in which men have been placed was that condition of surrendering their own judgment, foresight, and enterprise to some lord superior, to be provided for in work, food, clothing, or lodging, according to the judgment, foresight, enterprise, mistake, misfortune, or self-interest of that superior. This was the condition of serfdom. It is still the condition of the slave. It was the condition of France through all her phases up to the revolution which first abolished the monarchy. This, the worst principle in feudalism, has been a primary idea with the leaders of both the French republics. They had it in 1792; they have it in 1848. It is antagonistic to the privileges of free men; it is political childhood.

The privilege of a free man is to be his own wealth-maker; to labour at whatever employment he may find agreeable, or profitable, in whatever place he can find it; to exchange the products of his labour for such other commodity as he deems to be the best return for that which he disposes of. Liberty to accumulate the products of his labour, or the price of those products in shape of capital; to possess it; to set in motion other labour with it; or lend it on such security *as he alone shall deem good*, for others to set in motion labour with it; liberty to receive and possess the profits;—secured by his government, alike from the idler, the monopolist, and the inequality of taxation.

To rule such a nation of free men, a government has no higher duty than to allow them to exercise their own industrial enterprise.

But to make such a nation of free men, obstacles to industrial enterprise must be removed. In Britain they are in process of reduction; and when their ineconomic operation is better understood, Britain will be seen working in her fields, in her workshops, factories, warehouses, docks, ships, without the bondage upon her industrial limbs, which, by ages of error, she has worn, and still wears, in one shape or other, in almost every one of her productive operations.

In France the several changes of constitutions, and the many changes of ruling men under those constitutions, have effected no reduction of the restrictions upon the freedom of industry; no diminution of the burthens which weigh it to the earth, no contraction of the enormously consuming power which eats its products as fast as they are made, which gnaws into the heart of all national well-being, living upon productive capital, day by day making it less and less.

But of all the states of the world, of all the constitutions of France which have permitted those errors, it was reserved for the provisional government of the republic of February 1848 to formally proclaim the principle of eating up productive capital,—of paying the idler or the sloven equally with the industrious or expert workman, as a necessary and a good principle of government; of feeding the workmen of Paris at the expense of the taxes levied on the peasant proprietors of the provinces, as an expedient of sound policy.

To have prophecied the exact date and nature of the events which would ensue, was not within the compass of human knowledge. But the simplest exercise of reflection could foretel that terrible consequences would ensue within a brief period of time; that the provincial population, which had fifty per cent. added to the taxes by a decree of the provisional government, would send up representatives to keep a jealous eye on the Parisian public workshops established by those taxes; that the national treasury, converted into a fund for paying wages, must be exhausted, if

the wages did not return a profit to the treasury equal to all the expenses incurred in the operation; that if taxes were still demanded to supply the treasury from those who had once been employers, and were once in the receipt of profits, but were so no longer (the national workshops being their competitors), they must stop payment alike to their own creditors and to the tax-gatherer; that absence of profit in the workshops would break them down, and expose the workmen to starvation, and the capital to revolt or a fresh revolution.

And men were exposed to starvation; and women and children, numbered only by tens of thousands. The "*idea*" of the republic appeased no appetite; it added to the sharpness of want the sting of disappointment. To the sharpness of want and the disappointed hopes of the working people, there were added the fermenting elements of ambitious adventurers, who had not realized their hopes of high places in the state, and who, like the humblest artizan, woke in the morning without a breakfast.

The state rose in the morning, kindled the fire, put on the kettle, and was willing enough to be housemaid and cook for all Paris; but it had not the means, without sending out for them day by day, often late in the day, the messengers sent being mounted cavalry, flying artillery, and at least a hundred thousand infantry of the line.

Imagination rises amazed, reason stands confounded, at the contemplation of such a project.

The result—what was it? The state failed to spread the table, as it undertook to do, and Paris, tired, waiting with an empty stomach, took its muskets and its bullets to go out and shoot a breakfast for itself. The state had little reason to wonder that hungry Paris did that. It had recognized the right, and hardly condemned the expedient. That overwhelming majority of the National Assembly sent up by the peasantry, upon whom the mounted cavalry, flying artillery, and hundred thousand infantry levied the money to feed Paris, and who now gave unmistakeable signs that they held the opinion that the people of the capital should support themselves, as they and their constituents did at home,—that majority of the National Assembly were deemed to be the enemies of the state and of the unfed.

Unable to reach them, the insurgent of the empty stomach saw his next-door neighbour, once his employer, the man with an empty workshop, and sent a bullet through his head. Strange fate! fatal office, was that of this dead National Guard. The little capital which he possessed to buy materials for workmen to work upon, and to provide shop-room and tools, was in part taken by the state to pay those workmen in the national shops, where they worked without profit; the remainder is

comprised in bad debts and over-due bills, of which the state decreed that he should not enforce payment. He was called upon to defend the state from the insurgent of the empty stomach, whom it had failed to satisfy with food, whom it took out of his workshop away from his work, and from which workshop it also extracted the employing capital, and now the insurgent slays *him.*

And so they go on, life for life. Upon a line of three miles, crossing the city from right to left, and the Seine river in the midst of the city, and the island in the midst of the Seine, defences of war are reared, trenches of defence are dug out and thrown up. We were in London, on a day in June, startled by a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder from a low cloud; on that summer day in Paris, and the next day, the next, and the next, and through all the intervening nights, there was one continued roll of thunder; and flashes of light never ceasing, and clouds of sulphurous smoke wrapping the city in suffocation. Across streets and at angles, up streets, down streets, out of windows, in at windows, flew the bullets, —the force of death in every one,—each expected to decide, by the fall of a dead man, whether or no the state shall in perpetuity levy taxes to feed Paris, to pay the idler alike with the industrious workman, the sloven alike with the expert worker.

All day and all night do they thunder behind breastworks, on the roofs of houses, through windows, over the barricades of stones, and through the loop-holes of the barricades, upon the advancing battalions of republican National Guards, and of Guards Mobile, the youths early trained to the offices and feelings of demons. Over their heads, in return, the artillery of the Republic throw shells charged with destructiveness to explode among the republican insurgents, and blow up the barricades and the houses in which insurrection is sheltered,—Cavaignac, the stern republican, commanding. Day by day, hour by hour, the fratricide becomes more demoniacal. Dashing through walls, go cannon-bullets,—crashing roll the walls on men, women, children, aged, young, weak, strong, innocent, and criminal; loud is the cry of mercy,—louder the curse of vengeance!

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

From the day when those blessed words were spoken on the Mount, to this day, one of the blackest in the calendar of time, no minister of peace has gone forth on a mission more perilous—and perilous, more sublime—than does that priest with the uplifted cross and the flag of truce! But what is the presence of the cross, what the flag of truce, what the mission of peace, when brother slays brother? "Down with the cross!" "Kill that Archbishop!" And he is killed. Demons are uppermost. Anything but mercy, honour, or forbearance, this day!

And all those deepest atrocities are committed, and twenty thousand human beings lie dead, or dying, or maimed, their city shattered and crumbling, because citizen battles with citizen, neighbour with neighbour, apprentice with journeyman, shopmate with shopmaster, employer with employed.

And they battle thus with one another because a government which can as well command the sun to shine when the day is cloudy, or the shower to fall when the earth is thirsty, as feed a nation when it demands feeding, find profitable employment for it, when it cannot find it for itself, undertakes to execute these impossibilities, and deceives those who trust in it.

They battle thus with one another, tearing down their city, upturning their thoroughfares, to be repaired at an expenditure of heavier taxation, which they must bear, and are subdued by armed men, whom they must pay; or are victorious over their insurgent brothers by armed forces, whom still they must pay,—more and more force required to preserve order; heavier and heavier taxes required to pay the force; industry and land, sources of all wealth, less and less able to sustain the weight of taxation,—they battle thus, and incur those consequences, because the simple, economic principles upon which all national well-being is founded, are not understood nor admitted to be right, by the classes who for generations have been the regulators of trade by inheritance, nor by those who aspire to regulate it by a philosophical adaptation of the old errors.

Nor is the warfare in France over. The economic error is not corrected in the national understanding; the demon spirit of social convulsion is not exorcised.

Such were the arguments suggested by the logic of a conservative Political Economy while the revolution was in progress. But that portion of it relating to the fragmentary division of land in France, demands that a modifying remark be attached.

If the quarrels of nations were at an end, and armies could be safely neglected, the process of "clearing" away the rural population of Britain and Ireland, in favour of large and still larger farms, or in Ireland in favour of vast grazing tracts instead of tillage, humanity also being kept from consideration as a worthless sentiment,—under such circumstances those clearances might be approved in a system of Materialistic Economic Science. But war is not removed beyond the limits of probability. Defensive forces cannot be safely neglected in Britain. Whence does the Emperor of the French collect his formidable army? By far its greater proportion comes from the rural districts, where the minute occupations of land are favourable to the growth of the future *chasseur-à-pied*, and the bold, agile, ubiquitous *zouave*.

And again, in what quarter lies the danger of war between Britain and France? Mr. Milner Gibson moved and Mr. John Bright seconded, in the spring of 1858, a hostile motion in the House of Commons directed against Lord Palmerston on personal grounds, by which the Palmerston government fell. The subject of that motion was a defiance to France; though the mover and seconder had no other motive in reversing the whole of their ultra peace principles, than to avenge the loss of their seats as members for Manchester in the previous year. In that previous year, March 1857, Mr. Cobden moved and carried a hostile vote in the House of Commons against Lord Palmerston on the China question, making "political capital" on the occasion by attacking in bitterest invective his former friend, Her Majesty's representative at Hong Kong, Sir John Bowring. (Vide a pamphlet, "*Bowring, Cobden, and China,*" then published by Menzies, Edinburgh, 1857, and scattered throughout England during the contested elections.) Lord Palmerston advised Her Majesty to dissolve parliament, and thereby appealed to the country. The verdict of the nation was emphatic. Cobden, Bright, Gibson, and others of their party, missed re-election. The pamphlet just referred to was anonymous; but at very considerable expense, I, its author, sent it in large quantities to election committees and sub-committees in all towns and counties where it was likely to be of use. When Sir John Bowring saw it in China, he wrote home to the publisher inquiring to whom he was indebted for that "generous and vigorous defence" against Mr. Cobden's spiteful attack. As a literary man, I had been entrusted with certain matters by Sir John Bowring some years before he went to China, and now used them *at the right moment.* The anonimity of the pamphlet was a mistake; but I sent it out without my name at the suggestion of a second party. Mr. Cobden may be pleased to learn that the labour of writing and much of the cost of circulating "*Bowring, Cobden, and China,*" among those who, with it in their hands, defeated his return for Huddersfield in 1857, resulted, like so many things else of mine, in a dead pecuniary loss. But I am pleased that he is restored to parliament. He represents sentiments which had better be uttered in the House of Commons than on platforms of agitation out of doors.

[The work may now be purchased with my name on a new title-page, the title altered thus:—"Life of Sir John Bowring; Writings of Mr. Cobden; A True Narrative of the Rupture in China." Sold by Robinson, Edinburgh, to whom I gave a large remainder, 750 copies, for the price of waste paper.]

To avenge on Lord Palmerston in 1858, the loss of their seats in 1857, the party of "Peace at any price," led by Gibson and Bright, and supported by the Conservatives under guidance of Disraeli, all taking

advantage of a popular British excitement arising out of the attempted assassination of the French emperor by Orsini and the defiance of Britain in the addresses of the French colonels to their sovereign, carried a hostile vote in terms of counter-defiance to France. So much for the peace men.

I do not pronounce that vote to have been wholly wrong. I name the fact of its occurrence and the source whence it issued, as evidence that a defensive army in Britain cannot be safely neglected. You tell me in Canada that you do not care about British political parties. Would war with France be no concern of yours?

That being admitted, conservative economy takes note of the fact, that France is in full possession of a vigorous rural people, available for military service, while Ireland is being compulsorily laid down in grass, one man and a boy only employed on three or four hundred acres, where not long ago was a thickly-seated population. Also that the Highlands of Scotland are "cleared" of their people, and devoted to the sportsmen of England, who hire the glens, moors, and forests for amusement. Also that in England the process of merging several small farms in one large occupation, to reduce the number of rural families, in imitation of the "improved" culture of the Lowlands of Scotland, is widely spreading; while in those "improved" Lowlands of Scotland, say in my native county, Haddingtonshire, the population has been gradually decreasing in all the strictly agricultural parishes during the last forty, and especially the last twenty years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Visit to Cahermoyle and Mr. Smith O'Brien's district of Limerick county, in March 1847. Famine. Relief Works. Similarity of Cahermoyle to Whitefield Farm in Gloucestershire, England. Earl of Ducie, a Political Economist, and Mr. Smith O'Brien, an Anti-Political Economist. The culture of their land contrasted.

The following account of Mr. Smith O'Brien's estate was first published in 1847. It was reprinted in several forms, as part of an appendix to my Autobiography, and as National Wealth Tracts at the revolutionary crisis of 1848 in England. It was also widely circulated in Ireland, and recommended to the followers of Mr. Smith O'Brien by many Catholic priests in Tipperary, Cork, Kerry, and Limerick county, for reasons fully developed in another chapter. I claim, that, through the influence of the priests and others opposed to the Irish insurrectionary movement in the summer of 1848, this, and my other Economic Expositions relating to Ireland, had a considerable influence in detaching the peasantry from Mr. O'Brien and from the enterprise of a "Celtic war against the Saxon," or "tenant war against landlord."

I am constrained by pressure on space to strip off all descriptive portions of the narrative and give bare figures. The district about to be depicted is that of which the small town of Newcastle, twenty-three miles south from Limerick, is the centre. The village of Ardagh is four or five miles north-west from Newcastle. It contained when I saw it a densely packed, fevered, starving population, many of whom had been "cleared" away,—driven by military force from Smith O'Brien's property some years before. He, individually, may not have "cleared" the land of its population in the first instance; but while I was there in March 1847, he was declaiming in the House of Commons against the British government for allowing the Irish people to starve. Yet his own estate of what might have been richly productive land, lay without drainage, over-run with acquatic weeds, government paying 1s. 4d. a day in relief works to improve it and adjoining properties, while he paid 4d. less per day for labour wholly inadequate to the wants of his land. In the hovels of Ardagh, within half a mile of his park walls, the fever-stricken people, living and dying and dead, lay in a state of mingled putrefaction. At my instance, money came from England to bury some of them.

The poor rate in Manchester was then 6s. 8d. in the pound; in Liverpool it was in one district 13s., and in another 18s. in the pound, much of that enormous rateage being required to preserve alive the thousands of Irish fleeing from their own country. On land yielding Mr. Smith O'Brien £1 10s. per acre, and employing only about one man to £200 of rental, the poor rate was *tenpence* in the pound.

From Somerville's National Wealth Tracts (Irish Series):

"The nearest and most remarkable landlord to the village of Ardagh, is Mr. William Smith O'Brien, M. P. Cahermoyle, his residence, is about half a mile distant. The Cahermoyle estate is almost wholly laid down in large grazing farms, on none of which are the overgrowing popu-tion of the district allowed to build houses: they have only the choice of going, and they must go, to Ardagh, and obtain leave to erect a hovel in rear of the other hovels there, at an exorbitant rent, paid to the inhabitant of the hovel who permits the new-comer to come; or they locate themselves in some nook of a field, or siding of a road, without a foot of ground save what the clay-hut stands on. Mr. Smith O'Brien permits none to settle on his estate in that manner, nor in any way else.

Part of his property is in the Newcastle poor-law union, and part of it in Rathkeale union. The portions of it in Newcastle union are rated for the poor at 9d. in the pound, there being two half-yearly rates of 4½d. each. His farms which are in the Rathkeale union, are rated at 10d. in the pound per annum, only one rate for the year having been made there; while Rathkeale district, being more densely peopled, is rated at 2s. 6d. in the pound. Thus, the poorer district of Rathkeale pays three times more money for the relief of the poor than the rich grazing farms of Cahermoyle.

The entire population of Ardagh, and of the farms of Cahermoyle, and of adjoining properties, are employed on the public works, save five men who are draining within the demesne of Mr. Smith O'Brien, with men and boys at the rate of about one full-grown man and two half-grown lads to 350 acres of grazing land. Those men and boys have only been kept on the farms and prevented from going to the public works by being hired for the year. The wages on the public works have been 1s. 4d. per day. They were not paid by piece-work, but at 1s. 4d. overhead, married and single, weak and strong. The farmers have not given higher wages than 10d. in 1847, that being 2d. more than the wages given previous to this year. The men hired by them are paid, the highest, £1 per quarter, or £4 per annum, with diet in the farm-houses. But a man receiving £1 per quarter is a first-rate ploughman or herdsman; the more common rate for hired men is 15s. per quarter, £3 per annum, and diet. The boys receive from 5s. per quarter to 10s., accord-

ing to their strength. The ploughman of Mr. Barry, a tenant farmer, told me that Mr. Barry's service was considered the best in Ardagh parish; it was a most excellent house for diet; they had meat twice a week. None of the other farmers thereabout give their men meat at all, save perhaps once in six months. No man or woman ate butcher's meat on Smith O'Brien's estate; all cattle, sheep, and hogs were sold and sent away.

With meal of Indian corn, or of oats at 3s. per stone, labourers under the Board of Works on the roads around Cahermoyle are only able to procure forty-two pounds five ounces per week; which, divided among a family of five, or six, or seven persons, of which families there are many, in small unhealthy huts in Ardagh, and on the adjoining farms, gives an allowance less than can possibly sustain them in health, even had they wholesome dwelling-places to live in. But Mr. Smith O'Brien has men working for him who live in such huts, with such families, and in greater hunger, for they have less food by one fourth, he paying no more than one shilling a day.

I was told that of five men employed in the demesne of Cahermoyle, four might be reckoned as employed there in charity. If they be so employed, the charity is a fourth less than the relief money paid by government in the locality [about which Mr. O'Brien was then loudly declaiming in parliament as inadequate]. But I demur to their employment being called charity or relief. They perform work necesary to be done,—draining; work which, if done to the extent required on the Cahermoyle estate, should employ two hundred men six months of the year, for five years; an estate which, if cultivated as it should be, to yield the greatest amount of produce for the food markets, and of profit to the owner, should employ as many men per one hundred acres as the Earl of Ducie's Whitefield farm, in Gloucestershire. The geology of Cahermoyle and Whitefield is the same. The present state of Cahermoyle is similar to the previous state of Whitefield. Weeds, rushes, inferior grasses, inferior cattle; utter waste of manure from the cattle; corn-growing portions of the farms over-cropped and exhausted; potatoes planted for the one or two workmen on each farm to live upon, as the chief part of their wages;—these are the characteristics of the estate of Cahermoyle. These were the characteristics of Whitefield farm up to 1840, when the Earl of Ducie's capital with Mr. Morton's skill began to transform it. The likeness of the two places extends farther. Cahermoyle, besides being on the same geological strata as Whitefield, is seven miles from the Shannon. Whitefield is about seven miles from the Severn. Cahermoyle is twenty miles from the city of Limerick; Whitefield is nearly the same distance from the city of Bristol.

But here the likeness ends. Whitefield contains 240 acres; Cahermoyle, upwards of 1,000. The best land of the latter is superior to any of the land of the former, and constitutes more than a half of the whole; the best land—the alluvium—of Whitefield is but a few acres; of Cahermoyle, it is 400.

The expenditure for drainage, buildings, and useful roads on Whitefield, was £7,828. The expenditure for drainage on the farm-land of Cahermoyle, is nothing; that on the useful roads, for improving the value of the land, is nothing by landlords or tenants; the Board of Works, with the public money, is improving the farm roads.

Besides the sum of £7,828 expended on permanent improvements on Whitefield farm by the landlord, Earl of Ducie, Mr. Morton, the tenant, has stock and working capital on it to the amount of £4,500. The rent before he took the farm in 1840, and before the capital was expended on it, was £200 per annum; tithe, £33; poor rate, £28; and road rate, £4. The rent is now augmented to the amount of five per cent upon £7,828. The farmer calculates upon ten per cent on his working capital of £4,500; on £200 per annum as remuneration for his personal services on the farm; on wages for ten men, at twelve shillings a week each, and on all the payments to keep implements and roads in repair. What he obtains over all those returns, is profit. And he has had profit after all those returns.

I apprehend that such a landlord as the Earl of Ducie is the true benefactor of his country, and that if Mr. Smith O'Brien would turn his attention to his own property, to enrich himself by producing human food from that land so naturally rich, now lying waste, he would be a patriot.

23d March, 1847.

Since writing the foregoing, I have been on another farm of Mr. O'Brien's, where the natural quality of the soil far exceeds that of Gloucestershire. Mr. Sheehy, one of his tenants, holding about 150 acres, at 24s. per acre, has only one lad in his employment, and not another person, not even of his own family, employed in cultivation. The land is just sloping enough to be of easy drainage; a stream of water runs through it, fit for irrigation or machinery; the Board of Works has just made a road through the farm. A fine, rich, loamy soil, all in grass and rushes, covers the whole surface; the limestone rock is everywhere on the farm, within two, three, four, or six feet of the surface. An inferior coal, available for burning lime, is found in the mountains, within one hour's walk, and roads were made to it by government grants of money several years ago, and more roads are being made to it by government now; but no attempt is made, has been made, or seems likely to be made,

by Mr. O'Brien, to manufacture lime, or bring lime, to his farm land. The farm-buildings are clay huts, the roofs fallen or falling in; the fences are crooked mounds of earth, with crooked ditches besides them; all manure from cattle runs waste into the ditches; the cattle lie in continual wetness, and are overtaken by periodical epidemics; but when fattened (as fattened they are, despite all the wreck and waste of the land, the soil is so rich) they go to the contractors for the navy in Cork, and to England, to be sold and consumed.

Such is Mr. Sheehy's farm, with only one lad, at 10s. per quarter of wages, and his diet, employed. The other man, who has a family, and who used to be on the farm at 5d. per day and his diet, is now on the public works at 1s. 4d. per day.

Mr. Patrick Power has a farm of about 250 acres. Some of his fields have been in tillage, and are laid down to rest to recover their exhaustion. They lie thus without grass or crop of any kind, but weeds that rise spontaneously for five or six years. Meanwhile, all his cattle manure runs to waste; the cattle lie without straw or bedding to make manure; the roofs are falling in above them; epidemic diseases periodically destroy them; two women only are hired in summer to make the butter; only one lad, at 10s. per quarter, is on the farm at present. The herdsman, Walsh, is on the public roads, at 1s. 4d. per day, with Mr. Power's consent, and Walsh's mother, a widow, is doing the herdsman's work in payment of 30s. of house rent.

Cahermoyle demesne, consisting of 150 acres, is valued at £185 for rates, and rented by Mr. Massey for about £2 per acre, for grazing.

Mr. O'Brien's house and garden, and 14 acres of plantation, are valued for poor-rate at £70; the rate, 10d. in the pound.

Mr. Condin's farm, of 55 acres, belonging to Mr. O'Brien, is rated on a rental of £66. This, and a quantity of other land not on Mr. O'Brien's estate, employs at present one youth at 10s. per quarter, and diet, as a herdsman.

Mr. Magner's farm of 150 acres, rated at £190, is connected with other land, not Mr. O'Brien's. It has two persons employed.

Mr. Robert O'Brien, brother to Smith O'Brien, gave evidence before the Devon Commission. The reader will understand its force after reading the state of those grazing farms, and I have given a picture of them considerably within the truth. Mr. Robert O'Brien is agent for his brother, Sir Lucius O'Brien, in Clare; for his brother, William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M.P., of Cahermoyle; for their mother, Lady O'Brien; and for himself and other proprietors in Limerick and Clare. He states (Devon Blue Book, Part II., page 810): "If a pasture farm is converted into tillage, it may be taken as a sign that the tenant is going down in

the world." The explanation of this is, that the tillage farms are carried on without capital; the grazing farms must have *some* capital. Whitefield farm in Gloucestershire, England, barely afforded a living to its tenant, and £200 of rent to its landlord, when the working capital was only £3 2s. 7d. per acre, and the wages of labour, part of it for a thresher, was only £75 per annum. Now, exclusive of all wages for draining, building, and road-making, the sum of £312 per annum is paid in wages, though there be machinery for threshing. The working capital is £19 per acre.

Mr. Morton, like his landlord Earl of Ducie, is a political economist, and as such pays 12s. per week to his men, though the current wages of the district be 8s. and 9s. He gets *better workmen* and *cheaper labour* by paying 12s. This is political economy.

Mr. Smith O'Brien is not a political economist. No portion of his estate, measuring 240 acres (the size of Whitefield), pays more than £20 of wages per annum, and the capital per acre is under £3. Instead of trying to get better workmen or to *make better workmen*, in order to have *cheaper labour*, by paying higher wages than the wages of the neighbourhood, as a sound economist would do, he pays one fourth less for work than the government pays in charity.

The Earl of Ducie advocated the repeal of the corn-laws. Mr. Smith O'Brien used all the power he possessed to preserve the corn-laws.

It was one of the commonest arguments used on Mr. O'Brien's side of the question, that land would go out of cultivation, and become pasture, if protection was taken away. In Limerick County and on his own estate, it is deemed a sign of a "farmer going down in the world," when he brings his farm into tillage.—*Evidence of Robert O'Brien, Esq.*

Mr. O'Brien demands a repeal of the Union, in order that Ireland may keep her produce and her wealth at home. He and his tenants send their cattle to England for sale; and they keep none of their produce at home for the people to consume, nor allow the people the means of consuming it.

Remarks upon the foregoing circulated with it in presence of the approaching "Tenth of April," day of dread to London:

April 4th, 1848.

The loftiest patriotism is that which is humblest in its pretensions, and most pratically useful. If William Smith O'Brien were a practical man, who would set himself to the noble task of regenerating his country, by giving its ill-cultivated soil a productiveness worthy of its natural fertility; by admitting the people to the privilege of labouring, to enlarge

the supply of home-grown food; by permitting them to live in healthful houses, instead of the filthy, hungry, pestilential holes, into which, in Ardagh village, he, his relatives, and his neighbours have driven them; he might become an honoured patriot, without revolution, without a republic, without repeal, without a riot. What I have described of him and his wretchedly mis-managed property, may be said of every one of his political brotherhood who possess property. . . .

And now to conclude, let us take a parting glance at the threatened "British Revolution." The republican constitution which is to be proclaimed when the revolution is effected, has just been published in the *Northern Star*. Those who believe in Mr. O'Connor will know how much of that document to believe. My present business is not with it, nor with him in relation to it.

In the first place, there is not at present a national desire for political enfranchisment. There is, on the contrary, a general aversion to it among all persons possessed of property; no matter what the property may be, a mansion with a demesne around it, or a huxter's shop with a glass window. No set of men now breathing the April air of 1848, have done so much to retard the enfranchisment of the people, as the Chartist leaders of the last nine years. Their practice has been to excite hatred between classes. Until there is an alliance between classes, there cannot be in Britain an act of universal enfranchisment. And, I fear, that until the Chartists withdraw their avowed hostility to the existence of private capital, moneyed or landed, and their avowed belief that they can do physical battle against the regularly armed military forces, they are not likely to obtain the sympathy of the people, interested in the preservation of property.

CHAPTER XXIV.

French Revolutionary Crisis continued. Approach of the "Tenth of April," in Britain. Doctor McDowall's discourse at Nottingham on the "British Revolution."

[Extracts from the Autobiography of a Working Man.]

LONDON, March 25th, 1848.

In these times of change, remarks on the revolutionary occurences and accidents of the day written while the day is passing, to be read hereafter, —written thus by me because the book is closing,—require to have a date upon their face. It is but a month and a day since France, deprived of the freedom of political discussion, exploded in revolution, her political safety-valves closed. Since then an empire, two or three kingdoms, and a score of inferior states, which possessed no safety-valves, but which had a breathing, living, working, tax-burthened, thinking mass of human beings screwed down and bolted,—these states, disturbed by the concussion of the French explosion, have also trembled, heaved, and blown up; and Britain,—which possesses and exercises freedom of thought, freedom of utterance, freedom of the press; which is in the daily, nightly, hourly practice of liberty,—but for those political safety-valves, would have had a revolution too; and her practical people would be now abiding the accidents of convulsion. But she is saved from convulsion, because her people are practical. Britain has nothing to gain by revolution: she has great advantages, already gained, to lose. Let us glance at her position.

She is not not beyond danger. She his threatened with a revolution by persons who seem incapable of comprehending the simplest principles of liberty, or of national well-being, or of political progress, past, present, or to come. She may also be endangered by a party who would oppose by force of arms, any concession to popular progress. She was endangered by such persons in 1832, when they threatened the military power against the national opinion, expressed repeatedly by the House of Commons, and almost by the entire newspaper press of the United Kingdom. But were the nation as nearly unanimous now as in 1832, there would be less danger now than there was then. Britain can now reason a minority into a majority. She has reasoned away the corn monopoly which her landowners, land-occupiers, and many of her trading citizens, believed

to be the foundation-stone of her well-being. By argument she convinced them that even, for their own personal and class interests, they were in error. Other nations resort to bloodshed, and overthrow dynasties for ends of less importance. . . . .

Britain has had revolutions, and paid dearly for them, in consequent wars, standing armies, national debt, penal laws, proscriptions, confiscations of landed property, creations of new privileged orders to keep down those whose property was confiscated by revolutions, more soldiers, more taxes, more debt, more taxes, and more and more. . . . .

Britain has yet a grand march of progress before her. As surely as men were not created to work and perish as the beasts of the field, but were endowed with faculties fitting them for high moral enjoyments, so surely will the old nations and the new accomplish their destiny. All men, by the suffrage of manhood, legislating; all by virtue of their voice in government, obeying; all by their capital, producing,—their capital of strength, capital of skill, capital of enterprise, capital of accumulated profits, capital of land, capital of intelligence to cultivate land; all producing; none idly consuming; all enjoying in every nation; every nation exchanging products of use and offices of friendship, that all may the more perfectly enjoy! such is the future for all mankind. . . . . .

[Note of 1859.—Prince Louis Napoleon was in London when this and similar works of mine were published. The Prince was so courteous as to confess himself my pupil to some extent on reading this and National Wealth Tracts. Also the chapter on Mr. Smith O'Brien which follows this.]

As surely as men were not created to work, eat, sleep, work again, and perish like the beasts of the field, but were *all* endowed with natures "only a little lower than the angels," so surely will they accomplish their destiny. Britain has achieved the freedom of the person, the freedom of opinion, the freedom of the press, and of discussion. The highest condition of freedom and true sign of civilization is a voluntary and habitual surrender of some impulse and right of personal liberty. Such sign of freedom is emphatically British.

Let Britain retain her place. She will retain it, if she avoid those prodigious calamities to mankind,—wars with national neighbours; and those more terrible calamities, revolutions and internal disorders, in which the young, the vicious, the ignorant, are alike armed with weapons of bloodshed, to menace the men of experience, virtue, and wisdom.

Britain has her warlike politicians, who cry for revolution by force of arms. Heaven help them and her if she had a revolution such as they desire! She has also those who, deprecating bloodshed and revolution in their own country,—little regarding the accidents out of which revolutions have arisen, or the accidents which may arise from them,—little

understanding the terrible disaster to civilization and the progress of liberty which internal warfare, discord, expatriation of classes, confiscation of property, threats of new convulsions, the paralysis of industrial enterprise, the insecurity of all property and all rights,—little understanding how disastrous those consequences are which have always followed, and must always follow, an internal revolution,—they direct their faces to France, some of them their steps, and point the political finger, and bid us admire France which has become *free!*

By a provisional government, responsible only to the accidental moderation or probable excesses of an armed multitude, France issues decress which the same or another armed multitude may revoke. Her decrees are pronounced to be "illustrious"; and Britain, in which our revolutionists live, and have liberty to do and say what no citizen of France before, after, or in any of her revolutions, ever dared do or say,—Britain, in which they live, is exhorted to follow her "illustrious example." France liberates her colonial slaves. It takes a revolution to do it, and we are told to admire. Britain liberated her colonial slaves by the power of discussion. France was not permitted to hold public meetings for discussion, until the privilege was obtained (if obtained it be, when only one side is privileged to discuss) by a series of accidents ending in street warfare and national convulsion. Britain, in possession of the liberty of meeting and discussion, is invited to imitate France, and have street warfare and national convulsion. Those who do not quite invite her to the imitation of France, bid us look and admire France in her struggles for freedom. What does she struggle with? who keeps freedom from her? She has had revolution enough to be free, if she knew the practical uses of liberty. She struggles, but it is with *herself* and her abortions. She is again in convulsions, but they are the throes of another unnatural birth. Liberty is not born of revolution. It comes not in shape of the demon passions,—of distrust, jealousy, violence to private property, nor aggression on personal rights. America, it is true, obtained her independence by arms; but, in her act of independence, she only separated from a goverment already separated from her by four thousand miles of ocean; already separated by navigation laws and monopolies, never allied to her by residence within her shores, or the ownership and culture of her soil. America is not an exception to the argument: she comes not within its scope.

France has decreed that political offenders shall not suffer death; and while the armed mob is still in the streets, threatening death to the politician who offends them, we are told to admire her clemency, and this at the very time that a notice of motion is on the table of the House of Commons, having for its object the return from banishment of three men

—the last three—capitally convicted of the highest species of political offence in Britain,—treason, and the levying of war against the crown and government. That they were not capitally executed eight years ago, but live now to be the objects of political friendship to some, and of humane solicitude to others, is proof that those who bid us admire France for her clemency, may admire Britain for hers, which has resulted from her superior freedom,—the liberty of discussion. [Note, 1859.—This referred to Mr. Frost of Newport, since returned to England a free man, and to his companions in the insurrection of 1840, Mr. Williams and Mr. Jones, now flourishing colonists in Tasmania.]

France, by her street warfare, and the *impromptu* decrees of a provisional government, which sees the loaded muskets of armed workmen beneath its windows, orders that those workmen shall only labour ten hours per day. By the privilege of free discussion in Britain, an enactment reducing the working hours of the largest class of operatives in the kingdom to ten hours, was carried without any threat or fear of street warfare.

Next to a revolution in an industrial nation like Britain, is the evil of being threatened with one, or subjected to one in its incipient stages of riot. To-day, 25th March, 1848, we read in the London daily newspapers, that at Nottingham, "on Thursday evening a large number of people were collected to hear what Dr. McDowall had to say about the charter," &c.

Dr. McDowall on the British Revolution.

"He said he would never be engaged in any riot, though it was probable the Chartists might soon see him engaged in a revolution. Unless their just demands were shortly conceded, he would, if necessary, walk barefoot from London to Nottingham, to head them in a revolution. In the year 1842, he was expatriated, he said, (query, absconded, after urging men to mischief in the plug riots, for which they were imprisoned and transported). He suffered transportation for two years; he escaped to the Continent, eluding the police; but he would not again be compelled to leave them. On the 10th of April, a petition would be presented, praying that the charter might become the law of the land. It would be the last petition. If rejected, as he expected it would be, other measures would be adopted. If the Chartist leaders invited every town in the kingdom to select twenty-five deputies, and every village five deputies, and each deputy appeared in London with a musket under his coat, they would be able to advance such arguments as would not only establish the charter, but enable them to go much farther.

"The orator having concluded, his auditors marched through the streets

of Nottingham, headed by persons carrying blazing torches, singing, &c. The mob was composed, in most part, of youths from fourteen to twenty years of age. The magistrates, the police, and the military were fully prepared to prevent a riot; but, fortunately, their services were not required, though some alarm was excited amongst the peaceable house-keepers. The business was terminated by fresh harangues of the same nature."

Another account says, that when the Doctor declared that he would place reliance in their discipline, "A procession was formed, and the people marched six or eight deep, through the principal streets of the town, headed by large blazing torches. As a natural consequence, the peaceful inhabitants were much alarmed, especially as, in the darkness of the evening, the tramping of so many men in military order, headed by flambeaux, had a very imposing and alarming effect. To make matters worse, the mob was composed for the most part of youths; and although the military, magistracy, and police were fully on the alert, it was generally anticipated that if once the peace were broken, the mob—a Nottingham mob, be it remembered—would observe no bounds in their excesses. Happily, however, they were allowed to proceed again to the market-place without interruption, when the Doctor again delivered exciting harangues; and having recommended his hearers to continue holding every night, such meetings as that he then witnessed, until the 10th of April, he concluded by proposing three cheers for the '*British Revolution*,' which were heartily given."

On which the author remarked thus, with a view to detach the Nottingham youths from the Doctor's leadership:

"The British people, who have nothing to hope for in revolution, but everything to fear,—a greater stake than any other nation on the face of the earth to lose,—need be under no apprehension about the Doctor heading the youths of from fourteen years of age to twenty, in a British revolution. It is for these youths to fear the Doctor, who says he would lead them. This person has had opportunities enough to revolt, and take up arms. His colleague in the War-Department of the Convention of 1839, who accompanied him to Woolwich Arsenal to see how the arsenal could be taken, and to learn the artillery drill by looking at the gunners on the common for two or three days, has informed me that, at Birmingham, that same year, when marching at the head of a band to make an attack on —— Hall, which, being set on fire, was to be the signal for all Birmingham to *begin;* the leader and the led met a patrol of police, some half-dozen in number, on the road; that the leader, though he had two loaded pistols with him, which he brandished and boasted of, to inspirit his followers, shied at the sight of the police,

'skirted,' fled, and returned to the house in Moor Street, where the colleague and another delegate were; that he came in breathless and exhausted with running; told, like Falstaff, what a battle he had been in; laid his pistols on the table, telling how he would defend himself if the police came to apprehended him; heard the measured tramp of a patrol of military or police approaching in the street; heard the command 'Halt!' given under the window; turned pale as death, and drew the charges from the pistols, saying, it would be best not to have them loaded when apprehended; and re-loaded them again, and resumed the colour of confidence in his face, impudence in his behaviour,—both natural,—when the patrol went to the police-office in Moor Street, and did not enter that house.

At Hyde, Ashton, Bury, and other places, in 1839 and 1842, in the north, this person might have had his bellyful of powder and lead, and steel, if his taste had been seriously inclined to those articles. So at Glasgow, on the 6th and 7th of March, of this present year 1848, the newspapers say he was there on the green of Glasgow, haranguing on revolution; gunsmiths' shops were broken open; a barricade erected; the people arrayed against the military, and some of them shot;—but *he*, —where was *he!*

Once upon a time, says a little book, there was a monkey and a pussey sitting by the fire, the monkey roasting chestnuts. Said monkey to pussey, "Give me your paw, little pussey, to draw the chestnuts from the fire; for I am your friend, innocent little kitten." And the pussey-cat being innocent, and simple, gave the monkey her paw to draw his chestnuts from the fire; and her paw was burned.

Youths of Nottingham from fourteen to twenty! beware of the monkey who would make cats'-paws of you! Those who are so fond of a revolution for its after-consequences, cannot afford to give their own lives for it. They must live until it be accomplished. What good would dying be to them?

Of all wrong done by governments to their own people, and to mankind, the greatest wrong is the permanent withdrawal from industry of large numbers of the population, to eat food, wear clothes, and be lodged and armed at the expense of taxes paid by the rest. International jealousies, more taxes, and armaments, on the part of our neighbours across the seas, with whom we should be peaceably buying, selling, shaking hands, confiding; more war-taxes with them, and more with us; more jealousies and less trade; such are the results of arming large numbers to live unproductively at the expense of the rest.

But if this be the greatest wrong done by governments to their people, and to mankind, can we overlook the fact, that the chief argument in

favour of a large British army being distributed through the nation, is, that it is required to support the civil power in preserving order, in protecting the industrious man from being preyed upon, by the idleness or violence of others; that soldiers are required to preserve life and property. Can I, as an expounder of Political Economy, omit to rebuke those public men whose political position has been won by reiterated complaint against excessive military expenditure, and who are now, one after another, nearly all of them, talking on platforms or through the press in favour of the French republic? Cannot they see that, logically, British military forces must be augmented to prevent the contagion of revolution from laying hold of Britain? A fearful responsibility rests on those of our liberal politicians who are sympathizers with revolutions abroad.

The *moderation* of the people of Paris is spoken of in their *late* revolution, when the excesses of English, or Scottish, or Irish mobs are referred to. When the *late* revolution in Paris is over, it will be time enough to speak of the *moderation* of the Parisian multitude. The revolution of France in 1848, has only begun. Grievous as the taxation in France was to keep up the armies of royalty, the Provisional Republic goes beyond royalty in its number of warlike men. Who are to ay them? who, but the *workers?*

CHAPTER XXV.

Sent from London to attend Kilkenny Assizes, July 1843, to discover why the district was "disturbed" and under military occupation. What Sir Robert Peel, as Prime Minister, said and did on reading the author's Report. What Lord John Russull said. What Daniel O'Connell said. Facts of a "disturbed district." A Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland issued.

Pardon me, man and woman of Canada, if I appeal to your sympathy and trespass on your patience in this painful chapter.

I had an intimate connection with the circumstances under which the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Laws and Customs of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland, was appointed, under the Earl of Devon, in 1844. The evidence then collected has been productive of many benefits to Ireland. The Earl of Devon honoured me with his correspondence on several occasions afterwards; and it is not assuming too much, though I am in this book assuming a great deal, that it was to my persistency in the pursuit of realties almost amounting to fanaticism, that Sir Robert Peel advised Her Majesty to issue the Commission. To me the result was a very considerable influence in Ireland as a writer on economic questions, which influence was used, as the reader has partly discovered, in the service of public safety, by assisting to detach the peasantry from such movements as that of Smith O'Brien in 1848.

Lord John Russell, House of Commons 14th February 1844: "Government have appointed a Commission for farther inquiry into the subject. I doubt whether farther evidence be necessary, seeing how much evidence we already have upon it, and see statements in the book, *A Cry from Ireland* (Mr. Somerville's), of a heart-rending kind; statements which I would not venture to refer to unless they were fully ascertained to the true; statements which show, that, with the powers of the law and with the name of the law, some landlords in Ireland are exercising a fearful and dreadful power."

The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in the same debate: "The noble lord referred to a book called *A Cry from Ireland*. Sir, I have read that work, and I should think it is impossible for any man whatever to read it without being shocked with the manner in which landlords, as there described, have in many cases perverted their powers for harsh purposes."

And the late Daniel O'Connell, who held more of the confidence of his Catholic countrymen than any other indvidual, said this, among other things, at a public meeting in Dublin, and repeated it with but slight variation in Manchester and London:—

"The impartial, manly, vivid descriptions of suffering and of the wrongs of Irish industry, written by Alexander Somerville, are all the more emphatic that he is neither an Irishman, a repealer, nor a Catholic. To him, more than to any individual, we owe the Commission of Inquiry into the operation of the Laws of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland. This little work of Mr. Somerville which I hold in my hand will be read by generations of Irishmen yet unborn."

Here also is the testimony of a very humble and grateful man, Patrick Ring, one of seventy and odd tenant farmers for whom I obtained redress.

"BENNET'S BRIDGE, KILKENNY,
October 8th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of writing to you, as I know I am welcome, hoping to find you and your dear mistress, my best friend on earth, well, as this leaves me and all my family at present, thank God and you for it. Them all is recovered from the fever, and you next to God was the means of it, you and your dear mistress."

Patrick Ring gave evidence before the Devon Commission, 4th Oct. 1844. See Devon Commission Blue Books, Report to both Houses of Parliament, Vol. III., p. 363. I quote a passage:—

"Then there was a gentleman came over to Ireland of the name of Somerville. He had heard of my case and how I was persecuted, and he hired a car and went out to Bennet's Bridge, and got up to the place, and saw my mother out in the ruins with an infant in her arms, after she had come out from the mother [his wife], striving to mind the mother and to mind the child. They [and his family of other children] were in a famishing way; and he saw her and left her —— [a sum of money was named but is misprinted]. He brought me into Kilkenny and he kept me at Flude's Hotel, taking down my case two days and a night. I told him I was going to Dublin, and he gave me money and clothes, and then he took me with him to Dublin, and he got my case put in the *Morning Chronicle* in London, and he laid it also before Mr. O'Connell," &c.

I gave Ring £54 to redeem possession of his land, full £20 of which was my own money, besides what I gave his family. I printed and circulated 2,500 copies of a "*Cry from Ireland*," giving every member of both Houses of Parliament one, as already stated.

In relating some portion of these cases, I do so as a political economist. To Catholics I say nothing beyond what Daniel O'Connell said for me. To "Young Irelanders" I say, look at this Celtic Irishman whom I am about to depict,—the lord of Bennet's Bridge, who drove the people of his estate mad in the years 1841, 1842, 1843. In your projected war to expel the Saxon and to give "Ireland to the Irish," you would have been burdened with the duty of retaining this notable persecutor of his tenantry; he was descended from your oldest Celtic chiefs. To Protestants I say, you should thank me for relieving Protestantism from the odium of having such a man clinging to the skirts of a church which he dishonoured. He may have been a political, but was not a religious Protestant.

One day, in July 1843, a wealthy stockbroker of London, Sir John Easthope, Baronet, M.P. for Leicester, sent for me to meet him at the office of the Morning Chronicle, of which journal he was then the proprietor. I attended, and he spoke nearly as follows:—

"Mr. Somerville, your letters from the rural districts of England, published within the last two years, have placed the Corn-Law question on new ground,—entirely new ground. Every one with whom I speak says so. I am frequently asked in the House of Commons who the writer, calling himself "One who has Whistled at the plough," is. Of course I preserve your incognito.

"There is an absence of asperity and a presence of earnest reasoning in your writings bearing towards a harmony of classes. It is the good effect lying in that direction, which leads me to ask if you will go to Ireland for a few months. What do you say? We want somebody to travel in that country as you have been doing in England, looking into and describing the minutest things. We want to know, for instance, what is the cause of agrarian disturbance in the county of Kilkenny. Within a few years the garrison there has been augmented over and over; now there are additional cavalry, artillery, and infantry assembling, besides a great increase of the Irish constabulary, which is also an armed force. The gaols are said to be full of prisoners, and the number implicated in charges of murder, or as being accessory in some degree to murder, is frightful,—quite frightful,—twenty or more persons to be tried at the ensuing Kilkenny assizes on such charges.

"What do you think of going over quietly and sitting in the Assize Court to listen. You need not write openly. You may take your wife with you and appear to be on a pleasure tour, and live about Kilkenny for a time. Send us reports of what you see and hear. Don't you mind whether we publish them all or not. Get at the truth of things. Send me facts. How much do you want for expenses?"

The amount of money was sufficiently liberal. I started next day, taking my wife with me.

I arranged with some non-political journals on which I was a writer to send contributions for them, and also to continue a private correspondence with Mr. Cobden, supplying him, as I had done for eighteen months, with facts and suggestions for his speeches,—these less or more elaborated by me as they might seem to be new and applicable.

Thus I was in receipt of ample income for the conflict into which I plunged at Kilkenny. Sir John Easthope soon tired of it, so did the Manchester men; but I remainded as long as I had a guinea left; returned to England and earned more, and, with recruited funds, returned to the rescue of the Kilkenny tenantry, and yielded not in any possible effort until I found the Prime Minister and the Royal Commission working with me.

At Kilkenny, I had not long to wait for an introduction to the "causes of disturbance." On the morning after arrival, being in the Provincial Bank, to get cash for a check, I there heard an altercation between two well-dressed men. One called the other "villain," "liar," and added profane oaths to the term "liar." The assailed party asked the bank clerks to remark what had been said, and bear witness. He also asked me, as the only other witness there, to oblige him by carrying the fact in my recollection, that he "the sheriff of the county, her Majesty's officer of justice, had been called villain and liar by that person who was fast driving the whole county of Kilkenny into a state of rebellion."

Here was what I came from London to discover: there stood the turbulent landlord before me. There stood the sheriff of the county, who had at last refused to call out cavalry and infantry to execute this man's vengeance on his tenantry. Pat Ring was to have been evicted that day. The sheriff urged forbearance on the ground that Ring's family were ill of fever. The landlord rejoined that it was all pretence, that a combination was formed against him. The sheriff again asserted that the family were ill of fever. Then the landlord called him by the approbrious terms already named. The sheriff, to secure himself in law, sent two physicians from the city to report on the health of the family. As soon as I ascertained the direction of the locality I followed. It was my visit of which Ring spoke in his evidence before the royal commission:—"Then there was a gentlemen came over to Ireland of the name of Somerville. He had heard of my case and how I was persecuted, and he hired a car and went out to Bennett's Bridge," &c. &c.

With this introduction, the reader may now peruse the narrative on which Sir Robert Peel acted in advising Her Majesty to appoint commissioners to inquire into the whole laws and usages of landlord and tenant

in Ireland. In parts the original narrative is abridged, but in no part is anything added.

Three of the rivers of Ireland, the Barrow, the Nore, and the Suir, after devious courses through valleys unsurpassed in beauty and fertility in any country where summers are green and harvests yellow, unite together, and form the vast breadth of water that sweeps majestically to the sea abreast of Waterford. If advancing to Tipperary, we go westward, taking the river which branches on the left, the Suir; if going eastward or north-east into the county of Carlow, enjoying by the way the borders of Wexford and Kilkenny, we keep to the right-hand river, the Barrow; and if advancing into the heart of Kilkenny, we take the banks of the Nore.

The Nore is a river of clear water, of a size similar to the Tweed at Kelso, the Clyde at Glasgow, the Thames at Oxford, the Trent at Newark. In conducting the reader up the Nore, I will not waste his time farther than to let him see that he is in Ireland. If we look only at the noble trees which overshadow the road and occasionally conceal the river; and again at the gentle eminences, now wooded, now crowned with corn, luxuriant and green,—eminences that give beauty and variety to our journey, we see what is met with in the river valleys of England, and which, when seen in England, call forth so many praises and visitors. Looking narrowly at the soil and its products, we may still conclude we are in Britain; save, indeed, that the fertility of soil and the luxuriance of crops surpass what we have hitherto seen, except in the finest districts of Scotland or England. . . . .

It is already evident that in beauty and variety of landscape, fertility of soil, and luxuriance of crops, there is everything to be pleased with. But amid this beauty and fertility, there is what there never was in any other country of the world. How is it that we see a field of eight or ten acres, or sometimes three or four fields together of as many acres each, lying without a crop save the rank weeds, while others around are cultivated and full of bountiful promise for the coming harvest? How is it that we see houses in ruins, the substantial stone walls (for here are no mud-cabins, all are good stone-and-mortar houses)—how is it that these are roofless and deserted, while the stone and mortar of the walls tell that decay had never taken hold of them, that their age was not more than from twelve to twenty years? How is it that in some nook of the road, under shelter of a tree or beneath a hedge, a family of six or seven or more persons, from the aged grandmother to the sucking infant, are sitting houseless and hopeless, and yet within half an hour's journey of the spot where they were born, and of land a lease of which was their

legal inheritance? Why do we meet on every mile of road, constables with carbines, bayonets, and ball-cartridge? How is it, that, with so much mineral wealth, Kilkenny has no trading communication with the sea,—neither by river, which is navigable half way between the town and Waterford, nor by canal, nor by railway? [Now there is a railway to Waterford.] Why, in a district so rich above ground and below, occupying one of the finest positions ever occupied by an inland town, has Kilkenny no trade? Why do able-bodied men assemble each morning by sunrise from the country many miles round, in the market place, to the number of hundreds, and go home again unemployed and penniless and hungry, though willing and eager to work at sixpence a-day? Why do the streets resound with the hoofs of cavalry and mounted police? the barracks with the ceaseless din of drilling and of mounting guards? Why are town houses fortified for troops that the barracks cannot contain, and the barracks loop-holed for defence, and provided with ammunition and stores as if for a siege?

Let some recent occurrences of agrarian "outrage" reply.

Patrick Ring of Bennet's Bridge held three small fields, about eighteen acres. He had a lease of thirty-one years and his own life. He succeeded his father in the occupancy of the farm, who had been on the estate many years. Ring's mother, an aged woman, bordering on eighty, was born on the farm so long held by her husband and son. Thus there was a strong attachment to the place. Previous to the accession of the present landlord, in 1839–40, they had been on the best of terms with those to whom they paid their rent; and having the land at a moderate rate, they had never fallen into arrears. But the ejection of Patrick Ring and many more was resolved upon.

As he owed no rent, and no possible reason for getting rid of him as a tenant could be assigned, nor was ever offered until long after proceedings had begun, a bold stroke was requisite, and was struck. The lease specified a certain day in May and in November as that on which the half-yearly rent became due. Those days had been strictly adhered to, and no one knew this better than the landlord. But in 1841 he obtained a warrant of distraint, and seized on Ring on the 26th of March for rent alleged to be due on the 25th. It might have been a hard enough misfortune to be distrained on the day following that of the rent being due in any case, especially in spring, when the cattle and implements of labour, as also the seed-corn and potatoes, the articles distrained, were required for the duties of seed-time. But when such a distraint was made on such articles so indispensable in their uses even for a day, to say nothing of weeks, and no rent nor debt of any kind owing, the case was peculiarly a hard one.

Ring entered a replevin with the sheriff, that is, gave security that he would pay the rent, if rent were due, as soon as a trial at quarter-sessions or assizes could be had, that he might in the meantime get the use of the property upon which the distraint lay. At the trial he proved by his lease that he owed nothing,—that no rent was due until May. But before that was done, May had come and the rent was due. He paid it punctually, and proceeded against the landlord for damages, or rather for the costs to which he had been exposed at the trial. This, he being opposed, occupied much time; and before it was settled, the landlord once more distrained for rent, alleged to be due on the 29th of September. Again Ring replevined, and proved his rent-day to be in November and May, and not in September and March. The case of the costs and second trespass came to trial in respect of both seizures, and was decided in Ring's favour. Thus a jury and a judge had certified twice by their decision that the tenant was right and the landlord wrong. The damages awarded were very moderate, only £12 and costs; but the tenant looked on the verdict as chiefly important in setting, as he thought, the validity of his lease and the period of his rent-days at rest. That the damages were too moderate as regarded the landlord was manifest from the fact, that he again distrained in March for rent not due until May.

He now, it being seed-time, took a more effectual way of crippling the tenant than before. He seized on the farm-property, of which the dung-hill was in his eyes the most important. He had it, without legal sale, carried to his own farm-yard, even to the rakings and sweepings of the road and the yard near which it lay. This he did that Ring might have no manure for his potato ground, knowing that the crop of such land would not easily afford the rent; and that, when no rent was forth-coming, an ejectment would follow. Other things, a plough and a horse and some furniture, were sold, and Ring was once more involved in litigation. These were bought in with his own money, save the dung-heap, which the landlord would not give him a chance of buying in; and thus Ring was obliged to pay his rent before it was due, with all the expenses of a distraint and sale,—the most expensively conducted of any distraints and sales under the British crown. He thought to recover damages, but he was not able to pay his rent in addition to all this when it became due.

It would be too tedious to give a detailed account of every law-suit that now followed; but from that time, summer of 1842, up to the summer assizes of 1843, the landlord proceeded in the courts for a warrant of ejectment against Ring nine times. On the first eight cases he was defeated, but succeeded on the ninth. He had thirteen other lawsuits of various kinds with the same defendant, during which he sold his

furniture five times and his horse twice. In all, he had twenty sales by auction previous to midsummer of that year. Part of the furniture was in several instances bought back by the agent, Mr. James Coyne, who handed money privately to Ring to pay for it.

The crop of 1842 was seized on and sold at seven different times. It was much more than sufficient to pay the rent, even though the manure was carried away in the spring by the landlord; but those seven different sales, with a number of men receiving at each of the seven seizures 2s. 4d. a day as keepers to watch the crop from the day of distraint to the day of sale,—those seven seizures on a crop which might have been all seized and sold at one time, with only one set of expenses,—resulted, as they were intended to do, in nearly doubling the rent. Moreover, the crop being distrained while growing, was cut down by people whom the landlord employed, although the tenant and his family were standing unemployed; and to such work-people the landlord can give any wages he chooses, to be deducted from the tenant, up to 2s. 6d. a-day! even though the harvest wages of the district be 8d. or 10d a-day! even though the tenant, who is thus not allowed to give his own labour to his own farm, may, to avoid starvation, be compelled to work for another employer at the fourth part, to wit, 7½d. a day, of what the law obliges him to pay for workmen on his own farm.

It may be some proof of the exertions made by the tenant to pay his way, when I state, that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary expenses of the seizures, and of the protracted and complicated litigation, the rent was paid by the autumn of 1842. There was nothing owing by Ring save a sum of £1 and odds, connected with the expenses of a summons which had been decided against him on some technical point of law.

For the recovery of this £1, a decree was obtained against Ring, and orders given by the landlord to arrest and put him in gaol. This, Ring endeavoured to avoid by keeping out of the reach of the officers, which he did successfully a month and some odd days. The reason why he was averse to go to gaol, and why the landlord desired to have him lodged there, is worth relating at length, as it is characteristic of certain customs in Ireland altogether unknown on the British side of the Channel.

It is a rare thing to find a landlord in Ireland building houses or farm-offices for a tenant: the tenant builds them himself. Hence so many mean houses exist in that country; and hence also the desperate tenacity with which the Irish peasant or farmer holds to his house when an ejectment comes upon him. If his lease has expired, or if he is to be ejected for the non-fulfilment of some condition of his lease, he must leave the house and barn and stable which he built, the doors and gates

he erected, without receiving anything for them. To live in a house which we have ourselves built, or which our father or grandfather built at no expense to a landlord, is to live in a house which we are naturally inclined to consider our own, though in law it may not be ours. It is thus we see so many houses in every part of Ireland in ruins; that we see in the county of Kilkenny the walls of stone and lime, substantial and undecayed, but roofless and marked with violence, because the landlords, not having built the houses, nor having any fear of being obliged to rebuild them, hesitate not to unroof a house in order to eject a tenant. It is a remarkable fact, exemplified on almost every estate where the clearing away of a tenantry has been practised, that wherever an ejectment takes place the legality of which is doubtful, the landlord, or the agent who acts for him, levels the house and farm buildings with the ground the moment the holder is forced out, lest he should come in again.

This was done on the estate where the unfortunate Pat Ring held his farm; and Ring had seen that the landlord did not always wait for an ejectment of the tenant before he pulled down the house. In one case, that of a tenant named Bushe, the landlord resolved on ejectment; but Bushe owing no rent, he could only proceed as he had done against Ring, or by some other process of a like kind. He took a shorter one. Bushe had paid his rent in order to keep the house above his head,—a good dwelling it had been, to judge from the size and worth of the substantial walls, which, in part, were still standing when I was there,—but he had not paid every man in the county to whom he was indebted. He owed one person, residing at a distance, money, more, as it soon appeared, than he could pay at once. This man the landlord found, through some of his agents appointed for such purposes, and purchased from him the debt which Bushe owed. The account being legally conveyed, the landlord proceeded against the debtor, threw him into prison, and, as soon as he had him there, took the roof off his house, turning out his wife and six young children upon the open highway. There they remained without shelter and without food until people in the adjoining village assisted them. The father was in prison, and could neither resist the spoliation of the house which he himself had built, nor do anything, by work or otherwise, for his family's subsistence. In every respect, the proceding was illegal on the part of the landlord; but, though lawyers urged Bushe to prosecute, and assured him of ultimate success, he was too far gone to listen to them. He was heart-broken. He had no confidence in law: he had seen the landlord set law at defiance, and the ruin of his roofless house—every piece of timber from which, and every handful of thatch, also the doors and windows, had been carried away by orders of the landlord, and by the assistance of the armed

constabularly who are located on the estate at the express request of the landlord and by sanction of government—the ruin of his roofless house, and the utter beggary of himself and family overwhelmed Bushe: he would trust nothing more to law. He was heart-broken, and, rather than stay among people who had known him happy in mind and comfortable in circumstances, he chose to leave the country, and be a beggar, now that he was compelled to be one, where he was not known. A less sensitive man than he, might have done differently. There have been cases in Ireland, many, and in that county, even in that district of the county, where fathers of families treated in that manner, have taken the law of vengeance into their own hands, and have afforded the newspapers and the police *Hue-and-Cry* the materials for publishing to the world paragraphs and advertisements of offered rewards, headed "Frightful state of Kilkenny!"

Such paragraphs are by no means rare; and people in England believe that Tipperary and Kilkenny are filled with criminals who take a savage delight in assaulting landlords and land-agents without provocation. Others, who do not believe that every assault is so entirely "*un*provoked," have an opinion that the Irish do not allow the oppressor to escape with impunity; but the case of Bushe is one of the many, of the vast majority of such cases, that prove the contrary. We hear of those tenants, who, feeling or fancying a grievous wrong, avenge themselves and their starving families; but we do not hear of the many—the far greater number—who submit to die in the ditches and highways quietly; or who, like the spirit-stricken Bushe, wander away with their wretched families, to famish in the Irish towns, or to Liverpool, Manchester London, or Glasgow.

Now, it was the knowledge which Ring had of such cases of house-demolition by order of landlords when a tenant was out of the way,—lodged safely in prison,—that made him fearful of the officers, who had a decree on which to arrest him for the non-payment of costs of £1, due to the landlord by one of the many cases then pending, having been decided in the landlord's favour. The amount was not great; but the frequent seizures, with costs of lawsuits and rent, had reduced him to less then his last penny. He had potatoes, a part of the feeble crop grown on the land which in the spring had been defrauded of its manure, and, though there were less of them in his possession than would keep his family over winter, even without feeding a pig, he might have sold some to pay this bill of costs rather than go to gaol, where he could do nothing either for his family or his farm. But, though the potatoes were distrained upon, the object of the landlord was not so much the payment of the small debt of costs as the confinement of the tenant in

For more than a month Ring avoided the officers by crossing walls and ditches and fields whenever he got notice of their approach. He slept in the fields as well, and in the shelter of limekilns and ruined houses,—houses ruined as he feared his would be, and as he feared but too truly. The case came at last to a crisis, thus :—

He was seen to enter his house. The bailiffs followed, but found the door fastened, and therefore could not legally enter. They kept watch outside, to prevent his escape. They received orders, that, if he did not surrender, they were to remain there night and day, and prevent the introduction of any article into the house, food or water. The potato-store being in the field, and no supply in the house, and the water being also outside, it was expected the family would soon be starved, and that Ring must capitulate. In thus laying siege to the house, the bailiffs might not be acting according to the law of the land, but they were acting according to the law of the landlord, which, on that estate as on many others in Ireland, is above the law of the land.

Before the first day of the siege was over, there was neither food nor drink in the house; and shut up in it were father, mother, and five young children. Next day the children cried for food and for drink, but got none. Neighbours and relatives of Ring would have supplied them; but were sternly told, that, if they attempted to do so, they would not only be prevented, but that the landlord would cause them to regret it. Again and again, through night and through day, did the cry for water come from that famishing family. The mother had a sucking infant, and, in her attempt to save all her children from starvation by admitting them to the privilege of infancy, she but augmented their distress and her own. She saw her infant famishing; for, when she would have divided her own milk, there was none to divide. She was herself starving, and to her infant she was without nourishment.

It was the third day, and hunger and thirst in the house were so manifest to the bailiffs outside, by the pitiful cries of the children, and the wailings of the mother,—who begged for water from their own well, and for potatoes from their own store,—that hopes were entertained of a speedy surrender. Reports of the symptoms of extremity were conveyed at intervals to the landlord, who, as he heard of the increasing cries for water and food, gave orders afresh to the bailiffs to presevere, to keep watch and prevent all supplies from getting in; being assured, that, as the pangs of hunger and thirst became more poignant, the sooner would the beleagured family capitulate.

Mrs. Dormer, sister of Ring, went many times to the beleagured house to offer relief, but was not permitted to approach it with anything in her hand. She was allowed to approach the window when she carried

nothing, that she might hear the sufferings within, and urge her brother to surrender.

She listened to the sickly wailings of the mother and children, and at last, on the fourth day, heard the horrible fact from the mother, that the children, maddened by thirst, had drank their own urine. Then she seized a dish which lay in the yard, and, filling it quickly from a pool of stagnant water, broke the window before she could be prevented by the officers, and gave the unwholesome water to the family, which they drank greedily. Perhaps she would have now done more, but was compelled by the officers to desist. The landlord was informed, and he promised that she would live to repent it. The crop of Dormer rotting in the field in November, and potatoes poor and meagre for the want of manure, because he was not allowed a road to his field, (of which more anon,) told whether the landlord forgot his promises. [Note, 1859.—This poor woman was in Manchester in 1850, and nursed my wife at Vine Cottage, Cheetwood, when she gave birth to our fourth child, Alexander.]

The sufferings of the family and of himself now worked on the father until he could hold out no longer. He opened the door, a pitchfork in his hand. He showed it to the bailiffs. He bade them keep off; said he would not touch them if they did not touch him; but that the hunger of himself and family had made him desperate,—that he had potatoes in his store in the field, and potatoes he would have. Let them prevent him at their peril.

They did not prevent him. They waited until they saw him take the potatoes, and then informed the landlord. On that instant a criminal warrant was sent for from Kilkenny. It arrived; so did also a party of soldiers and armed constabulary who occupy the barrack built by the landlord on the estate. The door was forced, and Pat Ring was taken to gaol on a charge of robbery accompanied with threats of violence. He had stolen his own potataes, they being under distraint, and he was in due course of time tried at Kilkenny for the felony. The jury refused to convict for a crime committed under such circumstances, and he was acquitted.

The landlord by this time (winter of 1842 and spring of 1843) was in a labyrinth of litigation with his tenants; and it would seem, that, impatient of the law, he took another course. One tenant, the widow Dowling, owed 30s. and 7s. 11d. costs. He had a decree against her, and she, to avoid being taken to prison, shut herself up in her house. The landlord sent four bailifs to take her, with orders not to waste time as they had done with Pat Ring, but carry her off at once. They accordingly forced her door, and took her. For this they were prosecuted and found guilty. One of them was sentenced to four months' imprison-

ment, the others to three months. The landlord, however, by whose orders they broke into the house, escaped punishment: the law could not reach him. The widow Dowling, though thus taken illegally to prison, was kept there. She had been five months incarcerated when I was in the country, and there was no hope at that time of her liberation.

By this defiance of law, and escape from the consequences, and by the ill-feeling now raised over many miles of country, the landlord had few friends on the estate, and many enemies. On Sunday morning, 19th March 1843, between the hours of ten and eleven, when driving in his car to Kilkenny from his own residence, he was shot at from behind the pillar of a gate, but not injured. With the facility which the law in Ireland gives a landlord, he at once threw those tenants into gaol, every one, with whom he had been involved in litigation. Consequently, before they could prosecute for damages, or before they could be witnesses in other cases, they had themselves to be tried for attempted murder!

[Thus arose the frightful calender which Sir John Easthope spoke of when sending me to Kilkenny.]

Patrick Ring was one of those arrested; and though hundreds of people, some of them gentlemen of rank and property, knew that he had been in the Catholic chapel for an hour before and an hour after the time the shot was alleged to have been fired, and that at the distance of two miles, yet he was kept in prison, in solitary confinement, not allowed to see any friend, not even a lawyer, for several weeks. He was not even examinated before a magistrate. This last fact in the administration of the law is, I believe, peculiar to Ireland. In England we bring accused and accuser face to face before a magistrate at the earliest opportunity. But in this case the landlord (and I am told such a thing is quite common in all such cases) put Ring in prison, kept him three weeks in close confinement, apart even from a legal adviser, and then allowed him to go out without taking him before a magistrate, or offering any evidence against him.

We may easily conceive circumstances which would warrant the landlord to suspect this man, to have him taken, and which might ultimately turn out to be too weak as evidence. Had the landlord merely put Ring in prison, and let him out after finding, through a period of three weeks, that he could get no evidence against him, there would be little to complain of, save that the law does not compel the magistrates to bring the accused up for examination or that the prison authorities should not let the prisoner see a legal adviser; but the landlord did much more. While Ring was in gaol, he sent men and made a wreck of his house and farm; took the roof, thatch, and wood off the barn, stable, and dwelling-house, save in one small portion of the latter, and every

handful of the thatch and wood was carried to the landlord's own premises. The doors and windows he also carried away; pulled down the gates of the farm-yard and the garden wall. The gates were iron, and had been erected by the tenant a few years before at considerable expense. The houses were also built by him. The thatch and timber of the roof, carried away by the landlord, were Pat Ring's own property. All was taken away, and the place wrecked without any warrant whatever for so doing; without any right whatever, save the right which, by the laxity of law and the dominancy of a faction, a landlord belonging to that dominant faction may create for himself, without any authority whatever save the power of his own high hand, against which the law is powerless.

Patrick Ring, after being imprisoned three weeks, apart from every friend and adviser, was liberated, and went joyfully home; but when he went there, his house was a ruin.

This and the former imprisonment, and the continual expenses of defending himself at law, operated to prevent the proper cultivation of his land this year, 1843,—only one field, about one third of the farm, being ploughed and sown; and that was done by the assistance of his neighbours. On the day that the neighbours came to help in this work, the landlord, on horseback, hovered about the outskirts of the field to discover who they were that thus dared to brave his power in helping a tenant with whom he was at war. Several were people from other estates, but three were tenants of his own. He has not failed to let the unhappy three feel that they did not consult their own interests in doing what they did.

When one third only of the farm was under a crop this year, and the seed for that crop was only obtained by a loan of £4 from the solicitor in Kilkenny who had conducted Pat Ring's cases,—the solicitor having no hope of repayment until some of the actions against the landlord in which Ring was plaintiff might be decided in plaintiff's favour, and the damages recovered,—it is little wonder that the rent was not paid. That damages would be recovered there was then no doubt; but the law, while it falls with the force and rapidity of a stone from a precipice against a poor man, moves like a snail up the front of the same precipice when a rich man is to be pursued. He can avoid the damages for years, during which time, in Ireland, it is no matter of surprise if the pursuer be transported or hanged at the instance of persons not beyond the landlord's influence. Damages were never recovered.

The narrative of Patrick Ring has now reached the month of July 1843. At that time he was once more in prison for non-payment of costs incurred in defending himself against the landlord.

These were paid, and a new decree for other costs was got against him.

There was also a warrant for his ejectment obtained. At this time his family were ill of typhus fever, and had been for several weeks. The sheriff refused to execute the ejectment while they were ill. The landlord was desirous to eject as early as possible; because a tenant, though ejected, may recover possession: the law says he may redeem within six months. Now, Ring had an action for damages pending against the landlord, a very simple action, which could have been easily tried, and in which a jury could not have hesitated to award ample damages. To this, at the summer assizes, the landlord, through his law agents, pleaded that he was not ready to go to trial; consequently it was put off until next assizes, to wit, 1844. If, therefore, Ring could have been ejected in July, or early in August 1843, the six months in which he could redeem possession of his land would have expired before the trial of the case postponed to March 1844,—a case which promised to put Ring in a condition to redeem his land by payment of his debt to the landlord.

But the sheriff would not eject while the family were prostrated by fever. The landlord, however, was determined to compel him. They met on the day after I arrived at Kilkenny, namely, Monday the 31st of July. Accident brought them together in the Provincial Bank. I was present. It was about eleven in the forenoon. The landlord demanded to know why the sheriff did not execute the ejectment. The sheriff replied, he would not do so while the family were in the fever. The landlord asserted it to be all a pretence; and added, with oaths, that the sheriff was in collusion with the tenantry, and would not do his duty because he wanted to thwart him, the landlord. The sheriff thereupon called the clerks of the bank, and myself, to witness the slander, as I have already told.

It has already been stated, that the crop of the only field sown in 1843 was seized and sold by the landlord for £17 odd shillings; the expenses of seizure being £6 10s. At the time I was there, the early potatoes in the garden were about ready for use; but a distraint had been put upon them, though the family were literally starving of hunger.

Note.—It is to what I did on finding them in that condition that Ring refers in his evidence before Lord Devon. At the time of giving that evidence he was not aware, however, how much, nor if I had anything to do with providing a further sum of money of £54 to redeem possession of his farm,—to vindicate right against might. I think it now due to the memory of Daniel O'Connell to say, that he contributed £40 of that money, but requested me to keep the fact secret. There was no difficulty in obtaining the sum required, to make up what I had initiated, except the difficulty of his being satisfied that no human being was to know that he paid any part of it. The obligation to secrecy need not

now, I think, prevent my saying that I believe Daniel O'Connell disposed of a great part of his income in like manner. By what I did for Ring and others then, by printing and distributing pamphlets, I was out of pocket £80. Lost time and other expenses made it fully £100. My wife gave them money and bed-clothes, in place of such articles taken under distraint, the amount of which I never knew.

William Ring, a leaseholding tenant on the estate, was uncle to Patrick Ring. He was a man of substance, not known to owe any man a sixpence unreasonably. He had a lime-kiln on his farm. On one occasion the landlord had lime from him to the amount of £9. William Ring sent in his account; but the landlord, through his steward, taunted him with having assisted Patrick Ring to plough and sow his land at a time when the landlord had seized and carried off Patrick Ring's implements. The landlord refused to pay the £9 for the lime; saying, through the steward, that as William Ring had thought fit to set himself against him by helping Patrick Ring to plough and sow his fields, he, the landord, would set himself against William Ring: he would not pay the £9 for the lime.

William Ring might have let it remain to be deducted from rent, some one will say. That would not do in Ireland; at least with a landlord such as his, who hesitated not to distrain on tenants who owed nothing. He knew that an immediate seizure would be made on the day the rent was due if the sum of £9 was deducted from it, because it had become common on this estate to distrain on the day following term-day. Seizures in some cases had been made at one o'clock for rent due at twelve; and in one case, that of Matthew Dormer, brother-in-law of Patrick Ring, a distraint was made at ten o'clock of the rent-day: therefore William Ring did not let his claim for the price of his lime stand over to be deducted from the rent. He summoned the landlord, and in due course got a decree against him. The landlord had to pay; but on the same day he got a party of the armed constabulary, who are located on the estate for the purpose of protecting him in carrying on the war, and with them and a carpenter and his steward he proceeded to William Ring's farm. The farm-house and haggard (garden, &c.) were sheltered and ornamented by trees planted by the tenant and his forefathers, which were highly prized by the family. In law they were the property of the landlord. The carpenter, the steward, and the police cut them down, and carried them to the landlord's residence.

Mathew Dormer, whose wife, Patrick Ring's sister, relieved the family when besieged and famishing, is a leaseholding tenant, but holds only a small field of about three acres. The other farms are from twenty to seventy acres. Dormer does not depend on his land farther than for potatoes to his family and for keep to his horse, with which and a cart

he does jobbing work. He had assisted Patrick Ring in time of trouble, and thus incensed the enemy. His field can only be approached by either of two roads through other farms from the village. Having paid all rent, the landlord had no power on him but by shutting him out of his field. The tenants who occupied land through which Dormer had to pass were served with notice that if they allowed him ingress with a cart or horse they would be prosecuted. I saw the field, and was told by Dormer and his neighbours the whole case. He had planted his potatoes without manure, because not allowed to carry it, of which he had abundance, to his land. He was told by the lawyers that he had a good case, and would be sure to gain a suit at law; but while that is pending, the potato season has passed over with almost no crop, and winter has come without a potato for his family. Worst of all, his barley, which occupied, I think, about two thirds of his ground, (I saw it when nearly ripe in August,) and from which he hoped to pay his rent and get provender for his horse, was still in the field rotting at the middle of November. Thus Mathew Dormer will be unable to pay his November rent, and a process of ejectment will of course issue and take effect.

On the 15th of November, Dormer made a gap in a stone wall to get out his barley. For making this gap, three actions were brought against him by the landlord, and two by persons whom the landlord put forward as prosecutors. At the petty sessions of the 18th November, at Kilkenny, out of ten cases which occupied the attention of the court, seven were cases in which this landlord was concerned; of these, five were instituted by him against Dormer. One, for malicious trespass, was thus reported:—

The steward of the landlord called. " Deposed that he saw the defendant levelling a wall, the property of the plaintiff; he was making a gap in it."

Cross-examined: " The defendant said he would not be prevented till the law prevented him, and that he must get a passage; *and that if he got a passage, he would built up the gap at his own expense.* There was no other passage to his field than that. There was formerly a passage to the farm through a field of another tenant; but Dormer was since prevented."

The attorney for the defence then addressed the bench; stated that Matthew Dormer owed nothing to the landlord, and had a legal right to a road to his farm. He had followed the way which had been formerly used, namely, through another tenant's ground; but, at the instance of the landlord, that tenant had been compelled to prosecute, and Dormer had been fined for trespass by this bench. He then attempted to make this gap and have a passage, as complained of to-day, through a field in the occupation of his landlord, who was bound to give him a passage to that farm, the rent of which Dormer would be compelled to pay as soon

as it became due. What, therefore, could the poor man do? His corn was rotting in the field at that time.

To which the magistrate, in giving his decision, replied, "It was a hard case; but he thought Matthew Dormer had no right to break the wall or commit the trespass. It certainly was not malicious, and if Mr. Quin (the defendant's attorney) insisted on it, the bench must dismiss the summons; but another summons might be brought for common trespass, and the case would have to be heard *de novo*. Why did not Dormer bring his action?"

The Attorney: "And so he will."

"The magistrate, after some farther discussion, agreed to dismiss the complaint; Mr. Quin undertaking to prove, should another summons be brought for common traspass, that Dormer had a right to break the gap."

The point, of all others, which the British public should look at here, is the question of the magistrate, "Why does not Dormer bring his action?" The magistrate knows well that in this case Dormer would succeed in an action against the landlord; that is to say, if the jury should not be entirely a landlord's jury. But the action cannot be tried before next spring or summer assizes; and the landlord may, as he has done in similar cases already, make affidavit that he is not ready to go to trial even then. And if this be overruled, and the case proceeded with and decided against him, he may appeal to a higher court. Meantime, Dormer is ruined. "Why does not Dormer bring his action?" The magistrate who has fined him for going to his land without having first brought his action, which would occupy probably one or two years, asks this question on the 18th of November, knowing that Dormer's crop of barley is still rotting on the field, or had been so as late as the 15th, three days before! No doubt the magistrate administers the law as it stands; but it is the law as it stands of which such men as Dormer complain. The object of the landlord is to render the payment of rent impossible, and a consequent ejectment, a higher rent, and a fine or premium for a new lease, certain. This is the policy by which a leasholder is overcome in Ireland.

The next case was brought by a man employed by the landlord, who had stood by when Dormer made the gap, putting himself into every possible situation where a stone was likely to fall on his toes! that a case of assault might be got up at the same time as malicious trespass. This summons was dismissed, on the ground that the man was not hurt, and that he put himself in the way of the stones, were it true that some did touch him.

The attorney: "On your solemn oath, did Mr. — (the landlord) say he would give you anything in the world if you would transport Dormer?'

"The witness," says the *Kilkenny Journal*, "was silent amidst the sensation of the court; and the question was again and again repeated, and he was still silent. At length he muttered an evasive answer."

Dormer was then, had been, and is now (in Manchester) a man of irreproachable character. The phrase, "I'll transport you," or, "I'll hang you," is a common threat in those disputes about Irish land, and there is too much reason to believe that the threats are sometimes carried out. But into a consideration of those phases of law and morals it is not necessary to enter now.

Another plaintiff against Dormer was the tenant of the land on which the gap in the wall was made. The gap was made on the 15th; a lease signed on the 16th was put in as evidence of plaintiff's tenantcy and right to prosecute, and Dormer was fined a shilling and costs.

Next came plaints against him to recover costs. These costs are worthy of special notice. While the wages of a working man in the district is 8d. a day, with many not able to get employment even at that, the expense of doing work for which the law allows payment is fully as high, in some cases much higher, than similar work in England. The expense of building up the gap which Dormer made (not being allowed to build it himself) was 10s. It was only a *dry* stone wall, between three and four feet high. Now, supposing the gap wide enough to admit a cart, any labouring man might have rebuilt it in three hours.

In the matter of seizures the charges are similar. In England, a broker who distrains can put only one man in possession, and charge for him 2s. 6d. a day. In Ireland, a land-owner puts any number of men he chooses in possession, and charges for them from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a day. The landlord now spoken of, has, as law-papers proved when I inspected them, seized on a man's potatoes who was working for 8d. a day, the current wages, and put two men on as "keepers" for a week, and charged for them (the law allows him to do so) 2s. 4d. a day each.

The following extract of a letter from Patrick Ring, who wrote the facts to me in October, 1843, exemplifies this point:—

"I got my crop valued by two farmers, and they valued it at £30. He [the landlord] then takes and puts three keepers on it to run up expenses, and canted it [sold it] for £17 10s., and out of that keepers' fees and expenses were £6 10s."

It may also be stated, that a landlord in Ireland can call on any one of his servants or labourers to act as auctioneer. If he want to buy a bargain himself, or to ruin the tenant to have him ejected, he gives this domestic auctioneer orders to knock an article down at a price far below its value.

Let me now write of John Ryan, contractor for the repair of the

county roads between Kilkenny and Thomastown. He was a tenant on the Bennet's Bridge estate, occupying the farm of Ballycomin, containing sixty-five Irish acres. Ryan was a man of substance, and had built a homestead entirely at his own cost, trusting to the validity of his lease. The house contained seven rooms and a dairy; its roof was foreign timber and slates brought from Waterford. Some of his friends were his sureties as contractor for the roads, and his own honesty and known substance were looked on as satisfactory security to his friends.

But when the new landlord ruled at Bennet's Bridge, he determined to "break Ryan out of the land." Probably he reckoned on a premium, as well as on augmented rent, in re-leting Ryan's land. The landlord brought an action against Ryan for an unreal debt, using the name of an unreal creditor. The person named knowing nothing of the matter, and repudiating the action, the landlord, through his attorney, promised to withdraw the plaint. But he went on, got judgment against Ryan, and lodged him in prison. While there indignantly refusing to pay, the contract for the road was in some respect neglected, and the workmen's wages not duly paid. The persecutor purchased from the workmen this title to sue Ryan for wages, got judgment against him, and also induced the County Treasurer to withhold payment to Ryan for work done, on the allegation that he had not fulfilled his contract. To save his sureties, Ryan parted with his property to pay the penalties of an unfulfilled contract, and was then liberated from prison by judgment of the Insolvent Court. All that then remained to him was the lease of Ballycomin and the buildings on the farm erected by himself.

On leaving the debtor's prison, he brought an action against the landlord for false imprisonment. It stood for trial at the July assizes of 1843; to attend which I went from London, to watch the cases tried with a view to ascertain why such large forces of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and armed constabulary were concentrated at Kilkenny, at the expense of the British tax-payer. As soon as the landlord found Ryan coming against him, he proceeded against Ryan; swore, and found others to swear informations, that Ryan was engaged in a conspiracy to murder him. From that time Ryan was "leg-bolted" (chained), and lodged in a criminal's cell; no friend allowed to see him for three months. There he remained until placed in the dock for trial. I was present. Not a tittle of evidence was adduced, and the jury at once acquitted him. "What an atrocity! to have imprisoned the poor man for three months in the absence of any evidence of guilt!" Thus I, a stranger to Irish landlordism, spoke to Ryan's attorney. "Come to the Civil Court to-morrow," he replied, "and you will learn why this criminal charge was brought against my client." I went and listened to the trial of "Ryan

vs. Shea," the action for false imprisonment. All the facts came out. A verdict was given for Ryan, damages £100. Loud applause followed, which the judge did not check; and in which I, a stranger, a Scotchman, and not a Catholic, was very nearly constrained by sympathy to join. Did the victorious Ryan obtain the hundred pounds and the costs? No, not so fast. An Irish tenant already half ruined, yet still retaining his lease of sixty-five acres of land, thirty years unexpired; his well-built house and homestead; all which, including his neck and leg-bolted body, were yesterday within the clutch of the hangman,—such a tenant escapes not the gallows or the hulks to enjoy the solace of £100 damages. This amount was wholly inadequate; but against even that the landlord entered an appeal, and carried the case to Dublin to the higher court; in hopes that the tenant might not have means to follow, or that meanwhile new incidents might send Ryan again to gaol on a criminal charge.

What happened? This happened. These trials occurred in July. The appeal could not be heard in Dublin until sometime in November. The half-year's gale of rent fell due in September. Ryan could not meet it; and the result was as told me in a letter from another tenant: "At the hour the rent was due he canted [sold by distraint] John Ryan to the potatoes, and did not leave his family one bit that would eat." At the criminal trial, it was proved by the Crown prosecutor, (as a reason why Ryan might have animosity and motive for killing his landlord,) that the latter had declared,—I quote the exact words of a witness,—"he would break Ryan out of the land; he would put fifteen keepers on him; and that by G— he would cant and re-cant him, but he would break him out of the land."

Picture to yourself, reader, the audacity of a prosecutor sending a witness into court to prove malice against the accused tenant, on the ground that he, the landlord, had thus threatened the tenant! Yet such was the effrontery of that Irish landlord.

But what was the meaning of putting "fifteen keepers on him?" What are "keepers?" In England, if a distraint be made on a tenant's property, the officers can only charge for one man left in possession, 2s. 6d. per day. In Ireland the charge is 2s. 4d. for each of any number of men (generally two, three, or four) which may be placed as "keepers" of the property. The lord of Bennett's Bridge fixed on *fifteen* as a number whose expenses of 2s. 4d. a day for many weeks or months together, while watching Ryan's corn and growing potatoes, would materially aid in "breaking him out of the land." And he was broken out of the land; and with his family went out of the land, "without a bit of potato that would eat," as Pat Ring said, and without consolation or hope. I heard they reached America. I had many letters from Ryan and his friends urging me

to do for him in London what I had done for Pat Ring and his relatives; but my own limited means, and the number of my friends whom I could move to breeches-pocket sympathy being few indeed, I could not save him from eviction, as I had for a time saved Ring and others. Perhaps this may meet Ryan's eye if he be still alive and in America. If so, he will confirm this narrative. The narrative, however, is incomplete until I relate what befel Mr. James Coyne in consequence of the evidence he gave in Ryan's behalf.

Mr. Coyne was a farmer and miller, and, for the first three years of those atrocities, acted as land-agent in their perpetration. At last, disgusted, and perhaps alarmed, he surrendered his agency. He proved the instructions given in Ryan's case, and the disavowal of the unreal creditor. What was the result to Mr. Coyne? He was distrained upon four times when owing nothing. He rented a farm under this distinguished landowner, and in the autumn of 1842 had some of it sown with wheat for the season of 1843. The landlord found no means then of annoying Mr. Coyne, otherwise than by riding some hours daily through this field of wheat. Observing it trodden down, Mr. Coyne inquired of his "care-taker" (head farm-servant), a man named Cormack, what the cause was; and on being told, ordered him to get a chain and padlock and fasten the gate.

Cormack did as ordered; and was in the act of fastening the gate when the landlord rode up and demanded admission into the field. The man said that his master had ordered the gate to be fastened. Upon which the landlord struck him a heavy blow over the head with the handle of a riding-whip.

For that assault the landlord was prosecuted at the sessions, and fined £6 and costs. He and his legal adviser, being astonished at this result,—new in those parts of Ireland,—appealed against the sentence. The appeal came on for trial at Quarter Sessions, and was decided against the landlord. The presiding barrister, Sergeant Warren, in giving judgment, said, "that he regretted the first sentence had not been heavier; for, if it had, he would have confirmed it." He also, in alluding to the trials in the criminal court at the assizes, where the landlord was prosecutor for an attempt upon his life, said "that the people had a very bad example set before them when a gentleman of rank and property thus misconducted himself."

I have declined to name the landlord; not that he is now feared in the matter of libel, all those facts and many more having become matters of history, and he himself being "where the wicked cease from troubling." He is not named, because it is the law, and not the man,—the abuse of the law,—which has led to this review of those great oppressions, those

monstrous economic errors, which, under the abused term, "*the rights of property*," have made much of Ireland a wilderness, her people paupers, and have loaded British industry with taxes to maintain an army of occupation in that country.

Before 1840 the district of Kilkenny was peaceable. At Bennet's Bridge there was no constabulary, nor need of them. In three years after coming to the estate, that landlord had two hundred and fifty and odd, lawsuits with the tenantry. He caused expense to the general taxation of the kingdom by a constabulary barrack and a party of that armed force located on the estate; also the expense of a permanent augmentation of military, horse and foot. [The following estimate was made and published in 1850.]

From 1840 to 1850 the cost of a permanently augmented force, the law expenses falling on the public, the relief to the poor who had been reduced to pauperism by this man's violation of human rights and legal rights, he being aided in that by some of his neighbours, amounted for the district of Kilkenny to not less than £120,000, equal to the building, machinery, and fitting out of two Atlantic steam-ships, or two Lancashire cotton-factories.

Of much correspondence referring to this subject, I can only occupy space with a note from Sir John Easthope, written when I sent the first reports to London :—

"LONDON, Grafton Street,
Wednesday.

"DEAR SIR,—After much consideration, we thought it best to give your letter to Sir James Graham [then Secretary of State, Home Department], who was very thankful. He has promised to inquire into the statement. By the next session of parliament something must be done with the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland.

"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN EASTHOPE."

The Devon Commission was issued. And, resulting from it, came the Act to sell incumbered estates and give a parliamentary title. Other benefits have followed that.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Author again in Ireland. Industrial Resources. Water Power, Shannon River. Other Obstacles to Industrial Progress than Bad Landlords. Usury. Litigation. Model Landlords. Marquis of Downshire. Earl of Rosse.

After reading the foregoing chapter, some one may ask, why bring the memory of those offences out of the stream of time? I reply, that only a selection of the cases in which I was concerned in Ireland, vindicating the weak against the strong, has been presented in this narrative: the rest are allowed to drift to the dead sea, or, if there already, to remain there. The cases related are reproduced in this volume to enable me to say that three years after their occurrence, on my return to Ireland to examine into the extent of the famine, and to trace the courses of that pestilence which was sister to famine and death, some newspapers and many clergymen, Protestant as well as Catholic, hailed my presence in Ireland earnestly and warmly. Mr. Bianconi, whose travelling cars occupied the turnpike roads of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, offered me free conveyance in all directions. So also did the Shannon Navigation Company, where their river or canal vessels served my object. On my sending to England reports of villages or districts which were specially distressed, benevolent persons forwarded money to clergymen and others whom I named as proper persons to be entrusted with special funds for the relief of the perishing people.

After that year of suffering, came the insurrectionary movements of 1848. Through the influence obtained in those efforts to help the weak in 1843–44, and to relieve the perishing in 1846–47, I obtained in Ireland many willing and influential distributors for my Expositions of Political Economy. I can only now adduce a very few passages from those expositions and their illustrative facts. But I claim a right to assert at this day, that those expositions, distributed and recommended to the Catholic peasantry and tenant-farmers as they were by the Catholic clergy, took effect where no writer without such antecedent sympathies for the people and the rights of industry, could have obtained a hearing or a reading. I was able to urge that the action of the government taken on my reports in 1843–44, proved a ready disposition of imperial authority to inquire into and redress practical grievances; that in consequence of the evidence collected by the Royal Commission under Lord Devon, amel-

iorative legislation was in progress, which the threatened insurrection might indefinitely postpone.

Extract from Somerville's National Wealth Tracts (Irish Series), 1848:

WATER POWER OF IRELAND; RIVER SHANNON.

In all there are one hundred and seventy-two distinct rivers affording a water-power, which, after deducting floods, and allowing for unavailable currents, also for loss of time in droughts, also for Sundays and holidays, when all the water would run waste, are equal to considerably more than *three millions of horse-power.* But the greatest of those rivers we have not yet named. Like some of the others, it combines an expansive power for navigation, with that for moving machinery. This is the Shannon, draining 4,544 square miles, washing the shores of twelve counties.

Whether to be oppressed by the sadness of reflection, or elated by the buoyancy of imagination, in seeing this gigantic stream issue from the mountains of Cavan and Leitrim, where the earth bursts with iron-ore and fuel, but where all is solitude and desolation, not a foot moving but that of the lonely traveller, or that of the starving, shoeless, shirtless man, made after the image of God, and the holeful of naked, fevered, hungered beings also designed to be after God's own image, but helpless earth-worms all, in the dread season of want and woe. Whether to be elated with hope and fancy, in contemplating what treasures of iron-ore might come out of that mountain's side, what engines of production to clothe, comfort, and dignify men might be constructed there, or whether to be oppressed by sadness to see all a waste, and the noble river spreading itself in Lough Allen, the broad mirror to a wilderness, I could not determine. When there, in the hunger of 1847, I was depressed with gloom, and elated with hope, by turns. But the gloom prevailed. Attempts had been made to extract the iron from the mountain, and convert it into wealth; but the combinations of workmen, and the assassinations and personal violence committed by them, when combined against the parties who had adventured to risk capital there, on the one hand, and the ruthless lawyers, who, seeing capital to fasten upon, got up lawsuits between parties who were taught to believe that they had interests in the minerals, on the other hand,—through these persons, the iron works, like all other enterprises, which in Ireland require the application of large capital and undoubted security for the capital, soon ceased to move.

The locality, which might soon have been a Wolverhampton, or a Merthyr, or an Airdrie, reverted to desolation; the capitalists withdrew to England, the workmen returned to their earth-holes, to live as I saw them, or to die of starvation, as they assured me some had done; and the

lawyers, chiefest of the agents of Irish ruin, betook themselves to other mischief, or starved, until other mischief gave them power to make their country poorer, its industry more powerless, its productive capitalists still less secure.

The Shannon issues from the bosom of Ireland, above Lough Allen, large enough to be a great river without other nursing. Flowing through that lake, 10 miles long, it has afterwards a course of 234 miles to the sea, collecting the streams of Cavan, Sligo, Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, Roscommon, King's County, Galway, Tipperary, Clare, Limerick, and Kerry.

At Lough Allen it is only 146 feet above the level of the sea. Nor does it fall more than is sufficient to carry its gigantic stream along for the next 150 miles. In that space it gently rolls through Lough Ree, 20 miles long, studded with islands, and meets the steam-vessels from Killaloe at Athlone, which vessels might be navigated to the iron shores of Lough Allen, were there anything for them to go for that would pay the expense. Confined to the dimensions of a river from Lough Ree, with the level meadows, rare in fertility, of Westmeath and King's County on the south-east, and Roscommon on the north-west, it flows to Lough Derg. There for 25 miles it widens, until, standing on the deck of the steamers, you cannot always see the shores. And thus it reaches Killaloe, where it again gathers its broad waters into its own channel, and prepares for its rapid descent to Limerick. To avoid the rapids, the navigation is carried on a canal with locks. The traffic might be, were there enough of it, between Killaloe and Limerick, carried on a railway.

The river is now unbridled, and during the next 15 miles spends the mechanical power of half a million horses; spends that power on nothing but itself, as the population on its shores spend their strengh in vexing one another,—wave upon wave in the river, man upon man on the shore, —a power which, if led out in water-courses, might move machinery to the amount of five hundred thousand horses. If the Thames, the Trent, the Tweed, and the Clyde were embodied in one volume of water, they would be but barely equal to that volume which rolls down the falls of Castleconnell upon Limerick, amazing your eyes with the sight of a sea breaking out of prison, astounding your ears with the roar of an insurgent ocean.

And such woodlands, such fertile soils uncropped, such unemployed numbers of men waiting by the wayside to beg, or on their land, (when I was there in March and April 1847,) the highest and the lowest in the social ranks, standing beside the uncultivated fields, to *wait* and see what the government would do, save two or three vigorous farmers and millers

about Castleconnell and O'Brien's Bridge, each of whom was employing more than the average number of workmen, at more than the average wages; each of whom had rendered the desert bogs into garden-fields and luxuriant meadows; none of whom had been long enough resident in Limerick, or Clare, to entitle them to be spared in a war of "Ireland for the Irish"; more than one of whom had already been sacrificed by the cupidity of the ancient owner of Castleconnell, and the ingenuity of the lawyers of Limerick and Dublin, who, in concert with him, had fastened on "a flaw in the lease,"—one of whom, Mr. James McNab, had just at that time got notice that his lease would be disputed.

From Limerick, the Shannon has a course of 70 miles to the sea, and is deep enough to bring ships of 1,000 tons burthen within sight of the city, broad enough to form the noblest estuary of the British Islands.

Inquirer.—You have given us an outline of the country, its rivers, and some of its resources, and have given us a glimpse of the people. Must we be compelled to believe that the Irish people are doomed to be always the unsecured occupiers of ill-cultivated land?

No. At what time their present wretchedness will terminate, no human tongue can tell. But it *may* disappear, and be supplaced by industry, order, comfort, and enjoyment. The natural characteristics of the Celtic Irishman are, fidelity to olden chiefs, to traditions, and an aptitude to be a follower. These are not vices: under wise direction, they are virtues. So is his frugal contentedness with a meagre diet a virtue in the abstract. It becomes a misfortune, if not a vice, when allied with other social circumstances peculiar to Ireland. But, though I may at some other time review the penal laws enacted against Catholics, by which three fifths of the population were for several generations doomed to a compulsory life of unthrift, and enmity to the sacred rights of private property, I shall not do so now. Those laws ceased to exist so long as eighty years ago. Nor shall I at present dwell on other circumstances which have more recently affected the industry of the Irish people to their detriment, and which might have been removed.

At present there is a Lord-lieutenant in Ireland, Clarendon, who, understanding the fundamental principle of all national well-being, that it is the duty of a government, not to feed and clothe a people, but to incite them to the industrial effort to feed and clothe themselves, to remove hindrances to that highest privilege of free men, took practical measures to have the occupiers of the soil taught how to raise the best crops, and put them to the best advantage. Yet it is against him that the fiercest denunciations of persons calling themselves the patriots of Ireland, have been hurled.

Lord Downshire.—There are in Ireland many owners of land

who have not done their duty to their property, their tenantry, or themselves. But there are also many exceptions. There is the Marquis of Downshire, in the north, who has made his large estate an agricultural school; who, though allied to the Tories in parliament, has studied to make the Catholic and the Protestant, the extreme politicians of both creeds, unite together in honourable rivalry to sink politics and factiousness; to grow forty bushels of wheat per acre where twenty could hardly grow before; to grow thirty tons of Swedish turnips to fatten the finest breeds of cattle, where thistles or rushes grew, and wild ducks or plovers fed, before. His mission has been to make his fellow-men feel that they have a country, not to fight about, but to cultivate; that they can have good food to eat, good clothes to wear, good houses to live in, with a hearty fellowship and a good-will for all men, and the enjoyment of their religion and politics unmolested, if they devote themselves to a reproductive industry and cease to molest others about their religion or their politics.

Two years ago, to secure the best seed-corn, the best turnip, parsnip, carrot, and other seeds of root-crops, so that his small tenantry might not be again subjected to the misfortunes of the uncertain potato, or the uncertainty of any single crop, the Marquis of Downshire expended £4,000 of private income. I have the fact from Mr. Skirving of Liverpool who supplied the seeds. Yet, let the rebellion which is now ripe, burst upon poor Ireland, and this real patriot, who would make it a rich Ireland, would be one of the first victims, because he is of Saxon lineage.

Others of humbler social rank, but of virtue similarly excellent in the north, might be named.

Earl of Rosse.—There is in King's County, in the centre of Ireland, the Earl of Rosse, who, while making himself and Ireland illustrious in science, penetrating farther into the boundless heavens than any other mortal, is devoting the closest attention to the minutest and the humblest things of earth, the preparation of manures, the application of them to soils, and is, by his own superintendence and by paying for a skilful agriculturist to reside among the people to direct them, teaching the peasant tenantry, without regard to whose tenants they may be, to become the benefactors of their country. And is he not a benefactor,—an honour to Ireland and to mankind? Yet he is of the Saxon race, and his wife is a lady from Yorkshire. The rebels, led by men who never enunced a practical idea, would seize upon him and his family, and the fertile soil that he is retrieving from the worthless Bog of Allen, to feed them, because he is not an ancient Irishman.

Recalling to mind the information derived by personal visits to Ireland, and by referring to the Blue Books of the Commission, which,

under the Earl of Devon, inquired into the occupation of land in Ireland, in 1844, I am enabled to show, that, in the event of a rebellion "after the harvest," which means at a time when the occupying tenant would have the corn, and the landlord would not have the rent, the loss would fall much less upon landlords than it would upon another class of persons,—the money-lenders,—who abound in Ireland, who are generally native Irishmen, and who are the creditors of almost every small farmer. [Here followed an account of the money-lending system so prevalent, and so disastrous to the tenantry, in Ireland.]

From these cases, which are but a sample of the evidence on money-lending in every county in Ireland, it will be seen that the *rent* of land is less a burden than the borrowing of capital to cultivate the land. As no effort is made to produce more from the soil than will sustain life and satisfy the stern necessities of sheriff's officers, no capital accumulates, except among tenants like those of the Marquis of Downshire, who are taught to produce crops, and how to accumulate capital. A revolution might punish the money-lenders who take excessive interest; but they only take excessive interest because capital is scarce, and the security of the borrower is bad. A revolution would neither add to the existing capital nor improve the security. Both would be deteriorated by rebellion and civil war; and the ultimate loser would be the peasant-farmer, who would have no seed to put in the ground next spring, no food for next summer, but by borrowing money at a rate of interest far exceeding the present rates.

In Mayo, Roscommon, and other western counties, the man who supplies capital is called a "gombeen man." He goes to the market town with a bag of corn, which may be of the value of 16s. The needy borrower purchases this corn for 32s., and gives an I O U note for it. As soon as the note is signed and witnessed, and passed to the possession of him who sold the corn, the corn is re-sold to him for 12s. 14s. or 16s., as the case may be. This price is paid in ready cash, which the borrower puts in his pocket, and proceeds with to the transaction of other business, and the corn is again and again sold in like manner.

Edward Deane, Esq., of Carragown, near Swineford, in Mayo, stated:—"I know a poor man residing near Swineford who bought a bag of oats for 30s. The party bought back the same bag of oats from him for 12s., and the poor man took his 12s. with him, having passed his I O U for 30s. This is not a rare instance. Another man came in then and bought the same bag of oats again at the same price, and sold it back again to the same person for 12s. And again the process went on, so that the bag of oats was sold fifteen or twenty times."

County of Tipperary.—O'Brien Dillon, Esq., solicitor, Nenagh:—

"The small tenant depends much upon the local usurer. From what comes before me in my professional employment, I hear they charge generally about fifty per cent *for three months.*" "Not one fourth of fifty per cent per annum?" "No: it is at the rate of fifty per cent upon the money lent for three months. The class of persons who generally do it are shopkeepers, who sell goods, and who have a profit on the goods besides. Many of those cases come before the assistant-barrister (at quarter sessions), and before the insolvent commissioner."

All the witnesses deposed to the prodigious amount of litigation going on, always arising, always deepening in complication, out of bill transactions among the peasantry and farmers.

County of Kilkenny.—Mr. Maxwell, proprietor of the *Kilkenny Journal,* a repeal newspaper, after relating how the small tenantry join in bills to pay each other's rent, and in giving security for money borrowed at enormous interest, made this appalling statement as to the results in litigation: "If you will allow me to illustrate what I now speak of, I will refer to a document I have in my hand, *which I have just got from the Clerk of the Peace of the County.* It will direct your attention to the number of processes issued in this county, taking the last three quarter-sessions. There are two divisions in this county,—one the Thomas Town, the other the Kilkenny division. I find, in referring to the Clerk of the Peace's book, that for the divisions of Thomas Town, for the January, Easter, and Summer Quarter Sessions, 1844, [the witness was speaking on the 5th of October, 1844; his evidence is applicable to any subsequent year,] there were *three thousand six hundred and twenty* processes entered; and according to the general scale, or proportion, that exists between the processes entered and processes served, the number entered being about one sixth of what is served, the number issued during that period for the division of Thomas Town was *twenty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty.* This is the calculation made by the Clerk of the Peace, and it bears pretty closely upon a return I saw some time ago, founded upon the oaths of the process-servers, who are bound to keep books, and produce them at each sessions before the barrister. For the division of Kilkenny, there were entered within the same space of time, *two thousand four hundred and thirteen;* and, according to that proportion, the number issued was *fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty.* The result is, that thirty-six thousand processes were issued for the county of Kilkenny at three quarter-sessions. The same proportion for the remaining quarter of the year, makes the processes for this county, fo twelve months, *forty-five thousand two hundred and fifty!*"

If we take the number of days lost to the people in going to get those 45,250 summonses, and in going to answer them, in going as witnesses,

or as onlookers, or listeners, in some of which capacities half the population is always moving, we may find no difficulty in accounting for some of the neglected agriculture.

Postscript.—The author of these *National Wealth Tracts*, since writing the foregoing, has proceeded to Ireland to be an eyewitness of the insurrectionary movements. Future Tracts will be written at the place of greatest interest. [They were written, but need not be quoted here.]

From Somerville's School of Political Economy, 1850.

The Useful, Utile, Utilitarian.—"No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities," said Mr. Dickens in his opening number, "will give a harsh tone to our Household Worlds." And a standing motto in *The Leader* London newspaper, from Goethe, says, "We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself."

Whether may I assume that Dickens, Goethe, and the hundreds of writers who, like them, set limits to the useful, divorcing it from the beautiful, have never reflected on what they write and say; or that, reflecting, they have deliberately concluded that the beautiful, the ideal, the symmetrical, the graceful, the harmonious in form, colour, sound; that the rich fancy, the pathos, humour, ever-pervading ideality of Dickens, the lofty thoughts of Goethe, Shakespeare, and the true poets, are not useful? We are reduced to one of these assumptions. If to the last, it carries us much farther: the Creator has *uselessly* implanted in us the faculties which perceive and are delighted with symmetry of form, harmony of colour or of sound, the hue of flowers, the song of birds, the spiritual language of music, hope and its cheerfulness, wit and its mirthfulness, ideality—the soul's wing—rising to poetry, which in its grandest soaring is adoration; and still farther, that it is *useless, inutile, inutilitarian*, to cultivate those faculties which exalt civilization above barbarism, the man above the brute! *useless, inutile, inutilitarian*, that all nature is beautiful! What height of blasphemy, what depth of absurdity, is like unto this? And yet it is a logical deduction from the language of Goethe, Dickens, and all else whose language divorces the useful and the beautiful. Rather than assume that which I know could not have entered nor been conceived in such minds,—from the contemplation of which they must have revolted,—I must conclude that they have depreciated utility and utilitarianism, not thinking of what they did.

Political Economy and Ethics.—It is objected that I assume too much in Somerville's *Manchester School* in saying, that "the wealth of a community comprises personal numbers, health, food, clothing, housing, furniture; industrial education, books and the other *accessories of intellectual*

enjoyment; the ministrations which exalt man's spiritual being, and the instruments of production, such as tools, machinery, locomotion, exchanges, money; that security from enemies is an element requisite to the production of national wealth, and that security includes freedom to produce, to possess, to enjoy, to buy, to sell,—freedom from the foreign invader, from the domestic monopolist, from unfair taxation." The objection is doubtless suggested by "intellectual enjoyment," and the exaltation of "man's spiritual being." If I attempted to decide the kind of moral teaching, or the theological doctrine which I believed to exalt man's spiritual or moral nature; or attempted to define what the spiritual nature is, where the physical ends and the metaphysical begins, I should then be plunging into depths beyond the confines of political or social economy. But if I allege that British commerce and industrial development owe something, owe much, to the moral integrity of our merchants, as well as to their enterprise; that bills of exchange drawn by and upon parties many thousands of miles asunder, these bills purchased by others who know nothing of the personal worth of the parties named on the bills, it is hardly necessary to say that the national character for probity will affect the mercantite value of those bills. So when a cargo of manufactured goods is consigned to agents ten thousand miles away, the moral honour of the consignees affects the mercantile value of the cargo, even before it goes upon the voyage. So does the moral fitness, as well as the nautical skill, of the mariners in the ship. So in the case of manufactures and handicrafts,—of men entrusted with contracts or materials. So with co-partners, assistants, clerks, domestic servants,—all maintain or depreciate the value of material wealth by their moral worth, as well as by their assiduity and skill. What if some are dishonest? It is but an argument that "the ministrations which exalt man's spiritual being" (*moral* being, if any understand the ambiguous term better) are accessories to the increase of material wealth, and the diffusion of that happiness of which material wealth is the indispensable foundation.

SOMERVILLE ON THE INTERNAL ENEMIES OF BRITAIN, 1853.

YOUNG MAN OF BRITAIN!

You are son of the palace, son of the cottage, offspring of every social degree between.

No rank is too exalted, no home too humble, to give birth and growth to manliness.

Every corner of the island, and each island of the British group, owns you; your mother-soil is Britain, eldest daughter of Freedom, and still the freest, most stable, industrious, trustworthy, dignified, and, in her sons, the most chivalric of all the nations of the earth. You are guardian of her honour; your duty and fidelity are her life.

The only danger which besets your inherent faith and fidelity to Britain, —and therein lieth her greatest peril,—is your being seduced from natural duty by teachers of sedition.

Sedition, like other errors which encompass the feet of youth, captivates the unreflecting, the ardent, the generous, by a deceptive charm of object or fluent falsity of tongue.

If to this phase of sedition be added its successful appeals to blind avarice, or to one-eyed selfishness, venerable by age and clothed in the Christian virtues of humility and peace (this clothing honestly or dishonestly come by, we may not determine,—though, *certes*, the humility is proudly worn, and the peace is somewhat disputatious and aggressive),—such sedition is a more dangerous poison to be diffused through the bone and sinew of the state, than if it appealed only to the ear of unlettered, or half-lettered drudging toil, or to the ardour of passionate youth.

The sedition of the self-styled "Peace" Society contains such elements of unwholesomeness. The Society is a political graft on a religious root, —the apple of discord on that eccentric stump Quakerism, which, when solely a religious growth,—its members only attracting notice by their proud humility,—was tolerated to bear its fruit, few beyond its pale caring whether the produce were crab or pippin.

Quakerism is not now a religion: it is one of the entangled creepers of a political jungle. It is not content with freedom to its tender conscince. It has emerged from its silent meetings, and united with the political fents of the worn-out Anti-Corn-Law League; it puts its men upon platforms, and its women upon printing-presses in propagandist bazaars.

This new alliance has become a new party in domestic and foreign politics. It has a widely-organized system of publication and lecture, with lecturers and Parliamentary leaders of no mean ability. It has an exchequer filled by wealthy men, who dream of success to its objects. Its objects are of the grandest dimensions ever contemplated by ambition. It aspires to abolish all the treaties and alliances of nations; re-construct the forms of their intercourse, and much of their principle and detail of internal government. It is, when it can, to abolish the "barbaric splendour" of courts and camps, and substitute "homely men," in "homely senates," for the titled and the crowned. No institution is too venerable to be assailed,—no rank too illustrious, nor honour too pure, to be sneered at and slandered. No refugee, fleeing from his own revolutions, is too sanguinary to be an honoured guest and brother, if he has been sufficiently distinguished as the enemy of crowns and of crowned heads.

Revolutions and instability abroad, sympathised with by the Peace Society, and "fraternal democracy" at home, lately induced the entire

sound sense of Britain to decide that a militia force and augmentation of the coast defences were adjuncts to a discreet domestic policy.

The Legislature, in 1852, confirmed this national opinion, and enacted that there should be a militia; to be recruited by voluntary enlistment, if possible,—by a compulsory ballot, if volunteers did not offer in sufficient number.

You, Young Man of Britain, as a son of the workshop and the plough, read the invitation to volunteer. But you also read the publications of the Peace Society contemporaneously issued. You saw the pictures drawn by the men of peace, showing, by the figure of a soldier being flogged, the treatment which, they said, should one day, and many a day, be yours in the Militia, if you had the weakness or wickedness to join that service.

Ten thousand pounds, if they say truly, have been subscribed since the middle of 1852. Ten hundred thousand publications, tracts, or placards, with and without the figure of the flogged soldier, have been sold, posted up, or given away, to prevent the ranks of the militia from being filled with volunteers,—to compel Government to resort to a compulsory ballot,—to incite the nation against the authority of Crown and Government by making the defensive service of the country seem to you odious in any form.

Ten hundred thousand and more papers, all especially printed for that end, have been addressed to you, intended, if you were ignorant and of weak judgment, to mislead you; if moral, and intellectually educated, to shock you with the assurance that brutal vice would be your daily and nightly associate; if naturally amiable and trustful of human kind, thinking no evil of your neighbour, to infuse into you distrust and enmity to all men connected with the military service; if non-political, to incite you to be a sharer in political discord; if religious, to adulterate your faith with a dogma affirmative of the sin of armed national defences, alike unscriptual and irrational; if inclined to share in the duties of a patriot, in defence of Christian civilisation, peaceful commerce, and a political constitution at once the freest, most noble, most stable, and most ancient on earth, to teach you that your aspirations are prompted, not by the virtuous ambition which best beseems the Christian and the loyal citizen, but by the evil spirit of perdition; if inclined to be disloyal, to give you a houseful of sedition, with enough to ferment among your neighbours.

You have seen those "peace" placards; your father saw them, so did your mother and timid sister. Your bolder brother, who lives from home, and visited the family six times in six months, saw them, on each journey, posted on the pillars of gateways, on the stumps of wayside trees,

on the bridge, on the stile, down the meadow, up the hill, on the corner house of the village, and had them thrust into his hand by the village Peacist, to take home for the special troubling of your own domestic circle.

Nay, you have heard this village man of peace, like his brethren in cities and in country towns, descant in quarrelsome argument; quote Mr. Cobden's mis-statement of history, and his personal invective, affirming the folly of adequate defensiveness, and the dishonourable profession of national defenders.

You have heard him read the letter of good Friend Fry from the newspapers, who, as chief secretary of the Peace Society, rushed to the press when the first Militiaman fell into the hands of the police; rejoicing over one man that had fallen, rather than over the rectitude of fifty thousand who had committed no fault.

"*I say unto you, that joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.*"—St. Luke xv. 7.

Such are the gracious words of the Saviour. But the disputatious men of peace—who, forsooth, are more scriptural in spirit and outward life than ordinary men and women—shout for joy over the one Militiaman who goes wrong at Hammersmith, but are mute over the good behaviour of fifty thousand, there and elsewhere.

You have heard that the Government of the Earl of Derby ordered the placards to be defaced by the county police throughout England, and the Society to be prosecuted for sedition. But you were, perhaps for a time, in doubt if Government or the Society were in the right. The Peacist told you, and quoted the *Herald of Peace* (odd name for one of the most snarling scraps of paper known in periodical literature), that Government was despotic, was afraid of free discussion; that the prosecutions were withdrawn by Lord Aberdeen's Government, not, as Lord Palmerston intimated, because the good sense of the country had rendered the Society harmless, but that Government did not dare to prosecute; that the men of peace defied prosecution, and had not sought to avoid it; that they had been prepared with the first forensic talent at the bar to maintain the right of posting such placards, to maintain freedom of discussion against tyrannical despotism.

You have read, or heard others read, all this. You are wholly uninformed of the responsibilities of statesmen in office, and not particularly learned in the idiosyncrasy of the man of peace. You, being yet a youth, do not know that he has been all his life against something,—anti-this, anti-that,—sometimes right, oftener wrong, and, by his self-satisfied pride, must continue to be disputatious and quarrelsome,—the logical consequence of that spiritual arrogance which assume *his* inter-

pretation of Scripture to be infallible, *his* moral conduct to be exalted above that of all men and women around him.

You can know but little of national troubles of the past; you are uninformed of present exigencies, as known to ministers of state, who are responsible for the integrity of the nation to posterity, as well as to a reigning queen and living people.

If you have sopped your youthful bread and butter in the cup of politics, and are, therefore, competent, as you may think, to pass judgment on ministries, you may be dissatisfied that they govern and legislate (or endeavour to legislate) for the general good, and not exclusively to keep one section, that of your adopted party, in good humour; or, seeing the self-satisfied Peacist opposing all governments and all political alliances (he knowing that on the question of armed defences it is cheaply popular and safe to be in opposition, for an army and navy of adequate strength *will* be maintained, his property *will* be protected, in common with all other property), seeing the constancy, hearing the loudness, of his opposition, you may admire his boldness. If so, his pugnacity passes with you and your neighbours for patriotism.

In broadest contradiction to that spirit of concession which is to lead, through these, and such like men of peace, to a universal arbitration in the settlement of the differences of nations and hostile races, they conduct their opposition to inhabitants of their own town and parish. They would succeed, so they tell you, (if Government, as a preliminary step, would disband army, navy, and militia,) in reasoning with the Mediterranean pirate, the Moslem fanatic, and irreconcileable Greek creedist,—each to yield a little and yet a little more, until their differences disappear and their wars cease. The infidel Tartar, or Affghan, or Sikh, or the Bornean pirate,—traitors to all faith, all truth, all mankind,—they would invite to an arbitration of differences with the English Saxon; the infidel barbarian with his poisoned dagger under his garment, the Saxon armed only with a sentiment. They are apostles of conciliation in respect of all human discord occurring beyond the sphere of their influence or power of control; but within that range, what are they?

Mr. Bright, if he have a political principle at all,—if any one of his desultory and impulsive antagonisms may be called principle,—is consistent in his hostility to the House of Lords, and in his advocacy of predominance to the commercial, the manufacturing, share-jobbing, and money-jobbing classes, over the senators of hereditary independence. This, too, is Mr. Cobden's "homely legislature" of "homely men." Working men! you have been duped, and will be again; but the worst day you shall know on this side of the grave, will be that, if it ever come, which sees the delegates of new and old Rochdales on the Treasury

benches, a "man of peace" at the Horse Guards, a "lock-out" at the House of Lords, the key in the pocket of some John Bright, with a "homely man" of a "homely legislature" stripping the court of its "barbaric pomp," and England of her chivalry and honour.

But to return to the illustration of freedom of opinion, as tolerated by these men of universal brotherhood, in reference to the Militia. They promised you a flogging if you joined the Militia, and placarded me and my punishment as an example. In learning why I was flogged, you will, I trust, derive a lesson from it, to be impressed on the tablet of your heart so long as you are in the military service of the country; and, after that, as long as you live.

The Peace Society, on the passing of the Militia Act in 1852, placarded me from Christchurch to Carlisle; from Bangor Bay to Boston Deeps; in city, borough, village, hamlet, and in the bye-ways of the country, without my consent,—utterly without my knowledge. I heard of it only when the newspapers informed me, in a literary solitude, that the police were ordered to deface the placards, and that the persons who exposed them were to be prosecuted for sedition. Not only did they do this without my consent or knowledge, but their purpose was one upon which I diametrically differed from them, and they knew it.

They quoted a book written by me, in such a manner as to leave the impression on the reader that I was the author of their Anti-Militia placards, or, at least, the principal person addressing future militiamen to dissuade them from the service. They did not name the book, nor afford any clue to the context of the quotation, to show either why I was flogged, or why the book was written.

The book was written, not to dissuade men from entering the army or other defensive service of the country, but to warn soldiers not to lend themselves to the emissaries of political intrigue, as I had unfortunately done; to warn young men in civil life not to be misled by the blockheads who plotted, or talked approvingly of the plots of "physical force," as the means to effect their political ends.

No man, woman, nor youth, who could read,—no being above the capacity of an idiot,—could mistake the purpose of the book,—that it was put forth as an antidote to the sedition so prevalent in 1847–48 in Ireland, England, and Scotland, in imitation of the revolutionary nations of Europe. In 1848, it was quoted by the gravest writers of the time as an instructive exponent of the Physical-Forcists, and others of whom better might have been expected, who then dallied with sedition.

As soon as I saw the offensive placards, and knew the discreditable use to which the book was turned, I caused all which I observed in

London to be withdrawn, and wrote to the secretary of the Peace Society, and to Mr. Samuel Gurney, its most prominent member in the city of London, in terms of justifiable complaint; and also to Lord Palmerston, as follows:

"To the Right Honourable Lord Palmerston.

"My Lord,—I observe in the newspapers that Mr. Hindley is to ask a question about the Anti-Militia placards of the Peace Society. I have written by this post a letter to Mr. Hindley, of which I annex a copy. Should that gentleman not read nor notice my letter, I trust your lordship will do so, and set me right with the public. I am more interested in those offensive placards than any other person. I am a literary man, earning bread for self and family by my pen, and the favour of the public who buy my productions. As your lordship will perceive, the Peace Society, by placarding me all over the kingdom, have placed me in a false and odious position.

"Alexander Somerville.

"February 17, 1853."

His lordship read the copy of the letter to Mr. Hindley. Its chief points were a protest against the placards:—

"1. Because my own opinion is decidedly in favour of filling the Militia regiments by voluntary enlistment.

"2. Because I do not believe that militiamen are likely to be flogged, unless they commit crimes which they may easily avoid. (Cries of "Hear! hear!" as this was read.)

"3. Because my book was intended to be, what every page of it proves,—a warning to young men entering the army, and to soldiers already there, not to connect themselves with politics and regimental politicians, as I unfortunately did. Also to dissuade civilians from connecting themselves with physical-force movements.

"4. Because a quotation is prominently made from my book without their naming it, or explaining why I was flogged; but, on the contrary, leading, or leaving, any one not acquainted with me to infer that I was some malefactor, guilty, probably, of some vile crime against morals, which soldiers are usually guilty of before receiving such punishment. (Loud cries of "Hear! hear!")

"5. Because my consent to have my name published on those placards was not asked.

"6. If it had, I should have emphatically said No."

On conclusion, Lord Palmerston was good enough to say, "I think that letter does the writer great credit," to which the House assented by a cheer. His lordship stated that the prosecutions had been with-

drawn; for, "whatever had been the intentions of the parties who had caused those placards and pictorial representations to be printed, they had failed. The good sense and patriotic feelings of the British people had induced them to treat those invitations to abandon the cause of their country with contempt." In conclusion, his lordship commented humorously on the "pugnacity" of people "too amiable to be entrusted with the defence of the country, and such like political functions in this wicked world."

The House of Commons laughed. Not so the Peacist champions of freedom of opinion: they meditated vengeance. This incident occurred in Westminster, on the evening of the 21st of February. At Manchester, the mails of the 22nd which left in the evening carried forth printed missives of sectarian revenge, with white doves on the seals, dated "2nd M., 22," which had been written at an impromptu Peace conference, printed, folded, stamped, and posted subsequent to the arrival of the London mails of that day. At first those circulars were anonymously sent out. Subsequently others, with a name to them, were addressed to all persons subscribing, or likely to subscribe, for the purchase of certain literary property belonging to me,—copyrights, books, manuscripts, and the like,—then advertised for sale. . . . . [The result has been told in a previous chapter.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

Scientific Studies interrupted. The Stranger from Australia.

It is a common thing to read, as we did lately in a magazine standing at the head of British periodical literature, "that no one having any pretension to education believed now-a-days in witchcraft," or words to that effect. Then followed a narrative of an old assize trial in Hertfordshire, in proof that witchcraft was "in its day" all imposture and superstitions delusion.

Instead of saying that no one pretending to be educated believed now-a-days in witchcraft, I would prefer to say, that if witchcraft and the imposture associated with it had never been heard of, yet the phenomena included in the wide term "animal magnetism" being familiarly known, and the disposition of the human being to make profit out of the ignorance of his fellow-man being also admitted, it would almost present itself as an irresistible thesis to an educated man, to be propounded in some such terms as these (the place being London):

"Seeing that the milkman adulterates our milk, the baker our bread, the grocer our sugar, the manufacturer our cloth, and the chemist our

medicine ; seeing that our bank-checks are forged, our literature of original inquiry and thought pirated and perverted, and that even our religion is alloyed with the dross of human perversity, how is it that the phenomena of ' animal magnetism ' has never been alloyed by any imposture ? Why has the world never heard of such a thing as witchcraft ?"

Such, I say, might be an inquiry suggested to an educated mind, on discovering that imposture and fraud attaches to everything else within the compass of human influence.

With the records and traditions of the phenomena included in such terms as "witchcraft," "second sight," "evil eye," coming to us from deepest time, remotest countries, and diverse races of mankind, it requires a boldness in scepticism which only an irrefragable scientific negative can give, to deny "witchcraft" as a fact in nature.

Scientific investigation does not discover that negative.

To disentangle the imposture connected with witchcraft from its realities, had been with me a task involving much research in many parts of Britain where witchery is said to prevail, or were its legends remain with the peasantry. The research also involved an application to many old county histories, assize trials, and other books printed and in manuscript in the British Museum in London ; and to collections of records in other English cities. Occasionally, I found noblemen and heads of old county families willing to open their collections; such as the late Earl Spencer at Althorpe Park, Northamptonshire, when I was in pursuit of certain curious facts about witch-magnetism which I had traced in the town and county of Northampton.

In the autumn of 1856, I left London with my family to live in Edinburgh. I had in view the use of that rich treasury of unexplored criminal trials, unexplored in the direction of my studies, the Advocates' Library. Also at Edinburgh I looked to the facility of visiting localities where mesmeric magnetism, and other phenomena of witchcraft, second sight, evil eye, and like manifestations, formerly called "supernatural," and, by the scientific scepticism of our age, massed together as "imposture," are said to be still developed. I knew that among the fishermen on the sea-coast of Lothian and Berwickshire, and shepherds of the Lammermuir Hills, with whom I associated in boyhood and in youth, some of the things attributed to superstition were believed by persons whose virtuous lives, earnest piety, and quick intelligence denied that they were either impostors or persons easily deceived. I knew that in certain families a supposed second sight, and in others the magnetic influences, once called witchcraft, remained,—influences, which, when remembered in presence of manifestations of mesmerism which I saw in London and elsewhere, seemed to belong to the same

category of super-explicable phenomena. But I also knew in boyhood that those people shrank from their supposed "gifts" being popularly exposed. They feared alike the ignorant prejudice which called them "super-natural," and the erudite presumption which called such "gifts" imposture. While engaged on agricultural inquiries, I had pursued the phenomena and traditions of witchery in many parts of England, also in Ireland. In Ireland, however, I had less success, not being master of the vernacular tongue of the Irish peasantry, by which to gain their confidence and hold familiar conversation.

If it be asked "what use" would a solution of such doubtful phenomena be at this day, I rejoin by asking "what is the use" of investigating anything around which we observe clouds of darkness? We cannot estimate the value of the knowledge of natural laws which may lie concealed, until they be discovered and disentangled from ignorant superstition on the one side, and from a semi-scientific scepticism on the other.

A precise knowledge of the laws of "animal magnetism" might perhaps dis-associate hysteria and religion in the phenomena of what are called "revivals." A like knowledge of the electric currents, the flux and reflux of the electric tides, as they may be termed, might enable the physician to change the position of his patient, giving ease and repose where now there is pain and exhaustion. Possibly too we might sift the true from the false in the mysteries of old astrology.

The hour of death, in one large class of diseases, seems to have an intimate relation to the ebb and flow of the electric tides. Those tides have been guaged and timed at Kew Gardens, near London.

I have reason to believe that the iron bedsteads in the barracks of the Foot Guards, in tiers above one another, and transversely as well as longitudinally in the rooms, have an intimate relation, through magnetic or electric currents, to the rheumatic pains of the men sleeping in them. Every inhabitant of the eastern coasts of England and Scotland knows that "east winds" and the "rheumatics" are interchangeable terms. So they seem to be in Lower Canada. The men of the Foot Guards are not affected with their peculiar rheumatism in all beds alike. This inquiry I submit to the medical profession. Had I not been too often in late years harassed by the cares of daily bread, I would have collected facts over large areas of experience on those topics. Soldiers disclose their sensations to such as I more freely, than to the regimental physician. Indeed they generally avoid him. In London, soldiers are liable to a peculiar disease, which, with after-symptoms and medicine, with other matters incidental to military duty and barrack society, induces nervous susceptibility,—a bad condition of military life. The electric currents,

and the magnetism of their iron bedsteads, especially the position of the bedsteads, become important elements in military health and energy.

In my researches in magnetism, I had in view a practical result lying in the direction of security to wealthy men's wealth as well as the safety of human life. While a solution of "witchcraft," "second sight," "evil eye," "clairvoyance," and kindred phenomena was sought in animal magnetism, I sought a solution in terrestrial magnetism, or rather in the magnetic relations manifested between the atmosphere and certain hills, headlands, islands, or insular rocks, to ascertain a cause for the frequent swerving of iron steamships from their proper courses. The Birkenhead at the Cape of Good Hope with her freight of heroes,—a regiment of British soldiers, who, with their noble officers, handed out the children, the women, and the feeble, and, immovably loyal to their obedience, sank into the waves themselves with the parting ship,—that was one suggestive case. The Great Britain going astray towards the headlands of Dundrum Bay, was another. The alleged negligence of Captain Hoskins and his crew was only the after-thought of public bewilderment. The sudden swerving of the Orion at Port Partrick while enveloped in a *thin fog*, (mark the words,) by which many passengers going from Liverpool to Glasgow were drowned, was another case. Accused of culpable "negligence," the mate and some seamen were prosecuted before a criminal court. That was the case which more especially led me to investigate the magnetic relations of headlands and the atmosphere, the travelling "thin fog" bringing to my recollection the "haar" which I had watched as a strange mystery when a boy herding cattle near elevated ground were I had a full view of the sea, and of bold headlands and distant islands; and afterwards on the sea-shore hills and ocean bays in the North of Spain. Many other cases of sudden swerving, or of unaccountable diversion from a proper course, have occurred since the misfortune of the Great Britain and the Orion. The Canadian in the St. Lawrence may be named; also the Ava near Trincomalee, from Calcutta to Ceylon. In conversing with professionals like Mr. Gray of Liverpool, whose business is the adjustment of ship's compasses, or with literary gentlemen of the same place, as I did some years ago, I was only met by derision, or something like it.

When opportunity served, I moved from London to Scotland to pursue those investigations, and to work up a large amount of various materials relating directly or collaterally to Economic and Social Science. My collection of matter about local agricultural customs in England, about trade strikes, trade wages, and history of wages, and also about banks and commercial panics, was perhaps unique. In contributing some articles to an Edinburgh daily newspaper, I was, greatly against my desire and

much to my disadvantage, drawn for a time into its editorial chair. Its proprietor, whom I had never seen, was absent, but promised, from time to time, to come and retrieve the establishment from the chaos in which I found it. He did not come. It was not the first time in my life, that, by extending a helping hand good-naturedly to persons in difficulties, I surrounded myself with animosities. Although a Scotchman, I was wholly ignorant of the petty local squabbles called "politics" in "Modern Athens"; as also of the literary factions of that city. Nor did I seek to know them. I had not desired such uncongenial employment; yet soon found myself involved in performing a labour of from fifteen to twenty hours in the day and night of twenty-four, almost without an assistant for three or four months, and but poorly paid, and as poorly thanked, for the voluntary task of keeping an old, the oldest journal in Britain, alive, until some one turned up to take it off my hands.

I made time, however, when other men slept, to write and publish the pamphlet before spoken of,—*Bowring, Cobden, and China*. Many newspapers re-printed it in England, wholly or in part. At last, handing over my editorial charge to a successor, Mr. James Robie from Belfast, a gentleman, I take pleasure in saying, who is qualified to preside over any of the greatest London newspapers, consequently my superior, out of all comparison, in any and every part of the business of a political daily journal,—giving the burthen of my charge to him, I reverted to the more quiet literature and the studies in which I delighted. That occurred in June 1857.

About the end of February, or on some day early in March 1858, a stranger came to my house in Edinburgh, saying he had been in California and Australia. He had read, he said, one of my books in California; that he had just seen my "Working Man's Witness" against the Infidels as Leaders of the People, and that, having heard that I had relatives in Australia, whence he had recently come, he felt a desire to make my acquaintance. My wife told him that her mother, three sisters, and a brother were resident in Victoria Province, besides other family connections of mine. He soon ascertained that we had intended to follow them in 1853, but were prevented through insufficiency of funds to move so large a family as ours.

On another day he asked me to meet him at his lodgings to breakfast, and he would submit certain proposals to me. I met him. He proposed to engage me for two years to assist in agricultural experiments and to expound Political Economy in Australia; that he would find us an immediate home on one of his landed estates, and place me in a position far above anxiety about the subsistence of my family in the future

I explained the circumstances in which I then stood at Edinburgh:

to the effect, that, during the previous twenty years of active investigation, I had collected a large amount of materials for books which remained to be worked up; that I was then engaged on one of the physical laws of nature relating to mental phenomena; and also on the mysteries of the electric currents, which I supposed to be at certain times manifested between headlands and islands and the atmosphere, as affecting iron-built ships; that, in fact, I had come from London to live in Scotland chiefly with the object of being constantly within sight of the friths (estuaries of the sea), the headlands, islands, and hills, to pursue the investigation, and that I was then inventing a means by which the electric or magnetic currents might be indicated, and their sudden variations, with local disturbances, be measured and determined,—possibly foreseen, and provided against in practical navigation.

To his inquiry, how did I live meanwhile, I explained that I was obliged to lay Scientific and Political Economic subjects aside at times to write tales for periodicals, and contributions to newspapers; for which I received payment, not large in amount, but sufficient for a family which lived so frugally as we. I added, that I was then engaged on a novel for which I had the promise, though not the certainty, of £200.

He saw in none of these things a reason why I should not go to Australia. On my remarking, that, if I abandoned all my literary works, scattered as they were through many periodicals and desultory volumes and tracts, during twenty years, and the far greater amount of materials for an "Industrial History" of Britain, and for a continuation of a "Biographic History of the Pioneers of Freedom of Opinion" still lying unused, I should do myself great injustice; that it would be like the sacrifice of half a life-time if I did not arrange these works, some for re-publication, others for printing the first time. The materials for a "History of Trade-Strikes and of Wages" had alone cost a great deal of labour and research. So had my "Industrial Wonders of Lancashire." So also "Wonderful Workshops," and "Remarkable Farms," which were only partially known to the public. Here I may introduce an imperfect list of my published or partly published works; from which it will be seen that many of the subjects are, unfortunately, such as an author may become poor upon, rather than popular and well remunerated:

"The Whistler at the Plough" (selections of Rural Letters), "Free Trade and the League," "Biographic History of the Pioneers of Freedom of Opinion, of Commerce and Civilisation" (three large vols. published, others prepared), "Autobiography of a Working Man," "Paul Swanston of Lammermoor," "Narrative of the British Legion in Spain," "Industrial Wonders of Manchester and Forty Miles Around," "Somerville's School of Political Economy," "History and Romance of the

Fiscal System and of the National Debt," "Liverpool Financial Reform Tracts" (of vol. 1 only, and not of Nos. 1 and 2 of that vol.), "National Wealth Tracts," "Safeguards against Commercial Panics," "Roger Mowbray, Merchant Prince of England," "Popular Fallacies about the Aristocracy of the Army; the House of Commons falling into the occupation of Commercial Companies, the House of Lords Protecting the People,—Recent Instances," "Free Sea; England on the Rock of Gibraltar Justified," "Cobdenic Policy, the Internal Enemy of Britain," "Bowering, Cobden, and China," "Comets and Earthquakes," an inquiry; "Eden Green, Garden of Dreams," "The Whistler's Fairy Tales," "Enchanted Children of the Sylvan Groves, &c.," "Tom Robinson, the British Grenadier," "Fallacies of Feargus O'Connor," "Rural Life of England; Visits to Remarkable Farms," "Legend of the London Penny-a-Liners," "Street Warfare; a Warning to the Physical-Force Chartists," "Memoir of William Pitt, in reference to Free Trade between England and Ireland," "Memoir of William Huskisson," "Poulett Thomson (Lord Sydenham); his Tariff Reforms in England and Union of the Canadas," "Speculative Memoir of Saint Dunstan, as an Eminent English Blacksmith," "Apologues in Political Economy," "Problems in Military Strategy," "Operation of the Navigation Laws, in reference to the Revolt of the American Colonies, now the United States," "Letters from Ireland in the year of Famine," "A Cry from Ireland in 1843"; Tales, Essays, and Reviews, contributed to Literary Periodicals; also, Leading Articles for Newspapers, Speeches for Members of Parliament, "Temperance Tracts," "The Working Man's Witness against the London Literary Atheists," &c. &c.

On my wife hearing what the stranger had proposed, she urged my acceptance of the offer. I at once announced that my "Working Man's Witness" would be concluded in twelve Numbers; adding that it was, "preparatory to the Author's departure for Australia, to be taken with him, and also left behind, as a testimony in favour of the Christian institutions of the beloved land he was about to leave forever."

I next addressed myself to a small work on Political Economy to take to Australia with me. The introduction I reprint here from the proof-sheets sent to me by my Edinburgh printer, in whose hands the manuscript remains. It concerns my reputation that this be carefully perused and borne in mind. A reference to the aristocracy of Britain, and to an attempt to form a new aristocracy in Australia, which I print in *Italics*, will be seen to agree with the tone of the present volume, as with the whole tenor of my relations to British politics and public safety.

Author invited to Australia, March 1858.

"Australians! Some of you are digging and toiling, others planning and laying the foundation of new states after the models of the old. They are at present colonies. At a future time, in the prudent economy of the parent country, they may be given away, set up in independence as a wedded princess is given away with a blessing, or they may separate from home in revolt and convulsion. In either case, your colonies are destined to form parts of a great Australasian nation; its language Brito-Saxon, its religion Christian, its institutions and laws the best which the wisdom of a free people can devise.

"But you may aspire or be impelled to seek independence too soon, and, breaking from the mother country, may tempt the cupidity of some less trustworthy European power, against whose invading forces your paucity of personal numbers will not, in the absence of a fleet and coast defences, protect you. What are the grounds for supposing a desire for a too early independence probable? These:—

"In the logical order of cause and effect, that territorial fraction of your population which now controls your legislative and governing majorities; which trusts to the territorial sympathies of the home government to sustain it in self-interested error; which persists in laying your state foundations on the permanent degradation of industry,—planning the social fabric to accommodate a new order of territorial and money-mongering upper classes; all labour and human rights to be subordinate to their dominating interests,—that mad mistake may soon involve you perilously in all the old-country calamities. *You will not pay respect to this aristocracy, which has no chivalric antiquity, no historical public service, to recommend it to consideration.* It and its money-mongering alliances will consign the mass of your population to chronic poverty; to the periodical recurrence of commercial panics, with all the speculating-class fraud and working-class misery of the old country; to political discontent and sedition; ultimately to rebellion and revolution. They who, in the colony of Victoria, are blindly working in your institutional foundations to rear a spurious aristocracy, are unwittingly preparing a baptism of blood and fire for a young, a too young, Australian republic.

"Some of you, students of first principles, and logical reasoners, whose present property and future hopes are involved in the well-being of the Victorian colony, have asked me, as a writer on Economic Science, to take my family to your country, to yoke the plough, whistle in the furrow, sow corn, and assist in teaching the Australian people the true principles of Political Economy; those logical and absolute axioms, which, if violated, as we see them in old nations, involve wasted public wealth, legalized

fraud, commercial panics, and all the social ills whose appalling aspects are so horridly familiar. I have accepted the invitation; and purpose to leave the port of Liverpool some time in the summer of 1858, or as soon as I can pay for a working-man's passage of self, wife, five boys, and one girl, all under fourteen years of age. Meanwhile, I reprint primary chapters of those politico-economic and other writings which have attracted notice in Australia, though sufficiently neglected at home to have caused much pecuniary loss and personal sorrow,—indeed, I may say popular odium, for odium is inseparable from an author whose *National Wealth* publications have yielded no profit, have eaten up other earnings, consumed his health, and all but deprived his children of bread."

To comprehend more clearly the application of the work to which the foregoing was the introduction, let me state, on the authority of the Stranger and of various printed papers which he laid before me, that the "digger" population are said to entertain sentiments of hostility to the territorialists. The latter occupy districts of country many thousand acres each man, for a sheep or cattle "run"; while small parcels of land for investment or cultivation cannot be purchased at all, except in very limited districts. "Fifty voters" in some pastoral counties, the voters constrained by a still smaller number of the territorialists, termed, in Australian slang, "sheep kings," are said to send to the Victorian Parliament as many representatives as do "thirty thousand" of the hard-handed and fiercely adventurous "diggers."

The antagonism of the two orders of men is so deeply marked, and the lines of hostility so sharply drawn, as to leave no possible alternative in the future but sanguinary discord or an early change of system. The diggers have recollections of bitterness against the armed police and military dating from the time, in 1855, when some of their number were shot in the disputes about licenses to dig for gold. Secret societies were then originated, which have been extending ever since. The animosities of that year have been embittered by new grievances. Roving Californians and other Americans abound in the secret societies. Every man with a personal grievance becomes a propagandist of hostility to the British rule. The Stranger had his personal grievances, and they were of no ordinary kind. He had been ill-treated, if his account, published in a desultory pamphlet which he carried with him, might be wholly credited. It bore the semblance of truth. The burning hatred of the man against Australian executive power, which occasionally broke forth in conversation, confirmed its statement. Dr. L——, another leader of the British sections of discontent, had seen his son, a promising young man holding a confidential position in a bank, accused of fraud or forgery, and consigned for five years to the gangs of chained

felons working on the public roads. Truly or falsely, the father, who was before that a violent opponent of British connection, had succeeded in making a large number of people believe that his son was wholly innocent, and a victim of executive power,—the son sacrificed for the father's prominence as a political antagonist of government.

These, and superficial matters like these, were talked of by the Stranger at our earlier interviews. Very different disclosures followed at another time.

It was on such ground-work as the grievances of the gold-digging population, and traders, who, acquiring money by labour and luck in the gold fields or in traffic, were debarred from purchasing small properties in land, that I proceeded to write the Economic Treatise.

The Australian land-system, with its uninhabited masses of territory, is the opposite of that of Canada. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, late Colonial Minister, spoke pointedly, so we read in the newspapers last year, to some Australian colonists with whom he publicly dined in London, of the great advantage which Australia derives by gentlemen of birth and education settling in it and giving a tone of refinement to its society. I can readily applaud that remark; but it does not apply to the great flockmasters as a body. From all quarters we have testimony, that many of them live idle and dissolute lives, few of them being married; that they come, with exceptions of course, from the interior, when the whim leads them, to partake of the gambling excitement of the towns, and assist in spreading moral corruption and ruin among the female emigrants who arrive from the old country. When living on their cattle "runs," they assemble together and consume such quantities of bottled liquors, that they build towers of bottles as land-marks and monuments of debauch. Only a very few, if indeed any, of these men were "gentlemen of birth and education" in the mother country.

But, apart from their moral or social characteristics, here stands the fact with which Political Economy is concerned: they are appropriating the soil in masses of wilderness, and relying on a military force to be supplied and augmented from Britain, which has sufficient occupation for her army elsewhere; the military and the law to restrain the vast majority of the people, the men of laborious and adventurous lives, from acquiring landed property of that limited extent, which, with moderate capital, they might transform to homes of comfort and domestic virtue. The families of such small proprietors would become the born gentlemen and gentlewomen of the province in the next generation.

While writing my work in advocacy of such a foundation for the future prosperity, the present peace and contentment of Australia, and in bringing my other publications to a premature conclusion, it was a

cheerful and happy time. My poor wife, at the prospect of joining her mother and sisters in Australia, we knowing that the sisters were all married and comfortably settled, plied her needle in joyous vivacity to prepare our children's outfit. When I took brief snatches of recreation with my children, one was on my back, another on my head, and one on each shoulder, with others pulling at my skirts,—all delighted at the happy fortune which had at last come to us. We talked of Australia, and of going to their grandmother and aunts, first thing at dawn of day and at the latest hour at night. So often disappointed as we had been, my wife did sometimes say, musingly, "Can this be all true, or is it only a dream!"

To such observations I rejoined, "Yes, I think this is true. Our stranger is evidently a man of strong prejudices, but he seems truthful."

"It looks so like romance," my wife continued, "that a stranger who knows nothing of us, should come with such offers of future ease and comfortable independence for us,—to you, who have toiled so thanklessly; and yet, as you say, he does look and speak like a truthtful man."

Having put my work in the printer's hands, I proceeded to London in the middle of April to dispose of others, printed and in manuscript, and to make final arrangements for a passage to Australia; leaving my family in Edinburgh. I was to return for them and settle all remaining affairs about my publications in Scotland; I being then uncertain whether we might sail from Liverpool or from London.

At the Stranger's request, I had given him a letter of introduction to General Perronet Thompson, M.P. He desired to become acquainted with some of the "liberal" members of parliament. Let me anticipate in this place what General Thompson said to me, just as I quitted London to come to Canada, the Stranger having by that time developed his proportions. He said:—

"Mr. Somerville, be thankful you have escaped: that Australian is either a lunatic or the most dangerously sane man that I ever met. Had you gone to Australia with that man or in complicity with him, you would have run great risk of being hanged within your first fortnight."

What was this man, who had caused me to break up my home and all business connections?

He was the agent of the Australian secret societies. When I showed him the proof-sheets of the work prepared at Edinburgh to introduce me as a Political Economist, the opening paragraphs of which have just been given, he exclaimed "This will never do!"

What would not do? Was it my deprecation of the new territorialism and the hazards of civil war attending it? No: it was my depre-

cation of any insurrectionary effort at Australian "independence." The plans of revolt were all laid, I now discovered. There were unlimited funds at command. The rank and file of the soldiers were to be secured by the unlimited funds. I was expected to become an assistant agent in disbursing it and seducing them. The officers were allotted to assassins. Nor was assassination to be confined to them: any man, myself included, who might disclose the secrets of conspiracy, were to be despatched. Revolvers, poison, murder, were distinctive elements and agencies of the intended revolution. The executive government at Melbourne had already seized arms which had been imported from the United States; but stores of arms existed in the colony, and more might be obtained. They relied less, however, on arms than on the effect to be obtained by subverting the military, and surprising the officers by assassination.

In my indignation and vehemence of reproach, I cursed him. In the name of God, who knew how cruelly and monstrously he had deceived me, I covered him with the reproach of one distracted. He rushed to his revolvers to shoot me. (This occurred in the house No. 30 Euston Road, London, we being quite alone.) I was lame at the time, having injured my left leg by the rolling of luggage during the sea-passage from Scotland. As I flew at him to prevent his action, the bandages on my leg gave way, and, a vein being then ruptured, blood ran from me freely. I was too old a soldier to allow him the chance of shooting me before my face. What he or other agents of the atrocious conspiracy may do behind my back, is a remaining mischance which I leave to the over-ruling Providence in which I trust.

During the night ensuing, I was taken to one of the hospitals in a state of distraction. After being soothed there for a space of ten days, and observing that the physician who attended me was likely to mistake the cause of the nervous depression under which I suffered, I wrote a statement saying why it was that I had left my family in Edinburgh, and why I was so grievously distressed about them. We had given up our house, and, if they did not at once come away, they had no where to live. I had parted with books and manuscripts almost for nothing in my joy at going to Australia under the hopeful circumstances which the Stranger had represented. The revulsion was now unbearable. The physician, a very eminent gentleman, suggested that it was my duty to make the circumstances known to government. I gave him permission to use the paper which he now, as a medical gentleman, held in his hand, in any way he thought proper. He gave it to the Colonial Office. The authorities there sent for me. But they sent three several times before I went. I plead guilty to having been coward enough to fear the vengeance of that Australian agent or his emissaries. After a few days,

I obtained a detective policeman to watch him while I went to the Colonial Office.

As to what passed there, I may only now say, that the solicitor with whom I conferred, was, by professional habit and official discretion, reserved, and possibly sceptical. Lord Stanley, who had just then taken office as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and whom I did not see, in answer to my request to have it certified that I had no mercenary negotiations with the authorities, sent a courteous message, to the effect that he believed that I had spoken in perfect good faith and from a sense of honour in that affair, but that they attached to it but small importance.

I, however, attached such importance to it that I dared not take a passage, though it was paid for, to Australia, feeling assured that my life would not he worth many days' insurance after landing there. The objection to attach importance to the danger seemed to rest on the assumed absence of all agitation, or desire, or motive, among the gold-digging population for any revolutionary project. It was not for me to argue and contend that there were such desires and motives: the secresy of the societies concealed their movements. But since then, as will presently appear, collateral proof has reached me, by way of the United States, that there was a movement for Australian "independence" in contemplation then.

A person who professed either more friendship than he could give effect to, or who used words to which he attached no meaning, seeing the condition, almost of mental paralysis, to which I was reduced by the infamous deception which had led me to sacrifice my home and all business relations, suggested that I should take my family to Canada. We came accordingly, sailing from Liverpool July 2nd, 1858; but I have not heard another word from him, directly or indirectly.

I now come to the second phase of that Australian conspiracy, so far as it relates to me and the ruin of my house and hopes.

"GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Toronto, 20th Dec. 1858.

"SIR,—I am directed by His Excellency the Governor General to transmit to you the annexed extract of a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the subject of a letter addressed by you to Sir E. B. Lytton on the 14th of October last.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"R. T. PENNEFATHER.

"Mr. A. Somerville,
Care of A. C. Buchanan, Esq.,
Quebec."

Extract of a Despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to Sir E. Head, dated 27th November, 1858.

"You will see that his object in addressing me is to procure such testimony as may be sufficient to correct what he represents to be a prevalent impression in Canada as to complicity on his part in the insurrectionary movement to which he alludes in Australia.

"You are, therefore, authorized to assure Somerville, that he was not supposed by the Government to have had any improper participation in the alleged circumstances to which he now refers as having been brought under the notice of this department, and that they were only so brought through the medium of his own communications.

"You may also add, that, so far as I know, Somerville evinced a laudable desire to afford to my predecessor information which he (Somerville) believed to be of an important character.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed,) "E. B. LYTTON.

One person, at least, who has seen that letter, finds in it such a meaning as this:

That at the Colonial Office the officials had not heard of any secret political societies in Australia, or of danger to British authority, until I made the communication; and that they did not then believe that my information was founded on facts.

I may add to this view of the case my first impression; namely, that, while they were pleased to say that they had perfect confidence that I believed what I told them, they doubted its existence on the ground that no agitation for Australian revolution had been heard of by them, and no motive seemed to exist for any such movement. It was not for me to state motives and sustain them by argument: I declined to do so. I did not even refer to the grievances about land, which are glanced at in this chapter. But for my own vindication, I produced collateral proofs of the very few allegations made to show that I at least had grounds for what I believed. To me individually it was immaterial whether they believed, in June 1858, all or nothing of what I felt it my duty, in conformity with the conservative instincts of my whole life, to communicate; but at, or soon after, the 27th of November, when Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote the despatch to the Governor General of Canada from which an extract was given me, he must have known that the *public* agitation for Australian "independence" was initiated on the 28th of August 1858 at Melbourne, and as quickly suppressed through the quiet operations of the Colonial Government there.

Soon after I received the letter in Quebec, a paragraph of Australian

news—founded, as was said, on a private letter received at Boston—took the round of the American journals, to the effect that a public meeting, "largely attended and enthusiastic, had been held in favour of Australian independence."

Now, the collateral proof which I adduced in London on seeing, or fancying that I saw, the gravity of my information to be discredited, was this: that two years before, in May 1856 (I give the date only from memory), one or more adventurers from Boston had been landing fire-arms at Melbourne under such circumstances, though their importation was nominally legal, as led to their seizure by executive authority. Mr. Thomson, printer, of 4 Milne's Square, Edinburgh, who had been printing for the Stranger, will sustain me in saying, that, with the matters related thereto, he had set an account of the incident in type; that, with other concomitants, he feared to print the matter as it stood; that, on my going to his office, at the Stranger's written request sent from Aberdeen, I counselled Mr. Thomson not to run the hazard of printing that "additional matter" for the Stranger's pamphlet; but, in case of its being printed, I deleted some portions of it referring to some reviewer, whom I supposed to be myself. Here, in passing, I may observe, that the editor of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, with whom I never had any correspondence, directly or indirectly, will probably state, should any one inquire, what he thought and said about the Stranger.

For myself, I had written an opinion to the effect, that his personal narrative, as set forth in that pamphlet and related verbally to me, carried with it an air of veracity, and was "deeply interesting." The pamphlet was otherwise, as the Aberdeen *Free Press* had termed it, rubbish.

The Stranger's position as a mere individual was nothing; but he was the agent of the Australian secret societies, whose object was revolution. Those societies are largely impregnated with the American gold-digger element, and have their agencies in the United States.

The chief speaker at the *public* assemblage on the 28th of August 1858 at Melbourne, was the gentleman who has the strong personal grievance—as well as an old political antagonism to government—of seeing his son, believed by him to be innocent, working in the chained gang of felons on the public works. I saw the Stranger post letters at Edinburgh to that gentleman, and knew that they informed him that I, with others, was engaged to sail for Australia. He did not show me what else the letters contained; but he showed that much to give assurance that he was in earnest in contracting with me to go to Australia. Ships leaving Britain about the time when I and others and himself, and the "things"

that were to have been taken as luggage, were to have sailed, might have been expected to be near Australia at the end of August 1858. The *public* agitation of "independence" was then begun; and *private* letters brought the intelligence to Boston in the United States.

The arguments of the agitator at Melbourne were represented in the Boston paper to have been founded on the danger which might arise to Australia should a rupture occur between England and France, because "France had been, for many months, fortifying positions and constructing a naval harbour in the adjacent islands of New Caledonia." In relation to this argument, which was identical with a portion of Stranger's suggestions when he talked with me before fully disclosing his purposes, I refer to my work on Political Economy written for Australia, and set in type at Edinburgh in April 1858,—the proof-sheets of which, when seen by Stranger in London, drew from him the emphatic declaration, "*This will never do!*" And why would it not do? Because it contained a warning that Australians might expose themselves to pillage and conquest by seeking independence. The conclusion of the pamphlet was much more emphatic in its remonstrance.

Some who knew the man, and his offensive familiarity with revolvers, which he carried about with him, and his common phrases of being as ready to shoot a man as take his breakfast, may wonder why I did not revolt from him sooner. The explanation is this: he had been resident some years in California before going to Australia, and he had been, when in Australia, the associate of the "Californian element" so widely scattered there. His reference to "secret deposits" led me for a time to infer, that, on his Australian property, he knew of some gold nugget too large to lift, and needed the assistance of those who must be sworn to secrecy.

In parting from the Australian incident of my life, I have only this to add, that the agents of the secret societies are bound by oath to avenge the disclosure of their schemes on me. Had I said not a word in this book about the affair, they would have known it, as indeed they already know it, all the same. Assassins have not the manliness to meet their victims face to face. In that only lies my apprehension. My wife has been, indirectly, the victim of that most heartless and cruel imposition on me,—the engagement by which I sacrificed my all to go to Australia. To Canada I have given her wasted dust. The memory of her sweet life remains only to me.

When I wrote to London asking the Colonial Secretary to certify that I had no complicity with the Australian plot, it was not that such a report already "prevailed in Canada," but that some persons to whom I had spoken of the disastrous results of the Australian engagement, on

the passage across the Atlantic, had, after landing in Canada, mentioned it in a manner likely to cause such a prejudice to spread as soon as I might become well enough known to make it worth any one's waste of words to accuse me. The hostile criticism at Quebec, alluded to in former chapters, proved that the apprehension was not unfounded.

I am told by private friends who have seen the reference to that criticism since the earlier chapters of this volume were printed off, "that I will bring the whole newspaper press of Canada on my head for attacking one of their number as I have done."

I do not believe it, though I admit that my reference to him is a blemish to this book. The reference to his work on the "Position of the British Inhabitants of Lower Canada" may be thought wholly impertinent. I neglected to say in the proper place why I was affected by that work. Mr. G. T. Cary, responsible editor and publisher of the newspaper in question, had kindly given me a copy to be used in a correspondence which I was about to open with some English newspapers. I extracted and sent to England portions of that work, relying on their accuracy, solely because they had first appeared as "leading articles" in the newspaper which professed to be the organ of the English Church and high conservative party at Quebec. The Italian War filled the English journals, and delayed the publication of my letters. When I found that the person on whose assumed accuracy I depended for statements affecting Canada, was capable of—I shall not say of an "inexact" inference about Lord John Russell and General Sir Charles Napier, but of leaving his readers to believe that I had said—in the correspondence which he did not publish—that those eminent persons were in guilty complicity for revolutionary objects in 1832, when I had said not a word nor anything which could bear such a construction,—not having referred to Lord John Russell at all, nor to 1832 in connection with General Napier, but only to the General as having had command of the midland district of England during the Chartist crisis of 1839, when I circulated "*Dissuasive Warnings to the People on Street Warfare*," which publications General Napier had seen and approved;—finding my Quebec critic so "inexact" as to add that to other insinuations about me, still more "inexact," all written while his editor and publisher daily apologized for their appearance in his paper, I wrote by the next mail to England, recalling my correspondence from the party who had it in charge.

With such pretensions as I have put forth in the volume, I must lay my account to be sharply criticised. At home, a former accusation—false in any of its parts, false in its whole—may possibly be reproduced: that I, one of the most frugal of men, am poor because of my expensive

habits; that I, who in application to work have been led as if work were a passion, am idle; that I, who never took drink habitually, who for years together have abstained from stimulants, not however proclaiming the fact of my abstinence to the world, but in that respect despising outward pretences,—that I am or have been a drunkard. The nature of my inquiries into the condition of the people and of agriculture, on which were founded papers which thousands of readers perused daily and weekly over ten years,—many of the readers of all ranks professing to have been delighted and instructed,—those inquiries led me to take up quarters in the inns of villages and market towns, in preference to private houses, to which I was sometimes invited. When my pen was found useful to any party, say the men of Manchester, I was an amiable person, "frugal, sober, and industrious," as may be seen in Chapter VI. When I refused to be trailed through the dirt of their anti-national politics, I was (so I presume they must have told Sir William Hayter at some time, and so I know they wrote to Lord Kinnaird) a frequenter of public houses.

Three times, while living in London, did an impetuous aptitude at serving others forgetful of personal consequences, lead to paragraphs in newspapers not complimentary to me. But in each of those cases I vindicated the weak against ruffian strength, or against fraud; and the "penny-a-line" fraternity, who distorted the facts, knew it.

I have not at any time made pretension to be endowed with all, or even with any large share, of the excellencies and high attributes of humanity. On the contrary, though this volume may be offensively pretentious, few people ever heard me talk of what I have done. The ruling impulse has been to accomplish something worthy which none else had attempted, or seemed to have the power of executing. I have been ever looking forward, not back. It is only now, stricken with grief and paralysed in my literary life by an accumulation of disappointments, that I look back and tell the world what I see scattered upon my track.

Recapitulation.—Soldiers were tampered with in Birmingham at a crisis of fearful peril,—May 1832. I knew the citizens of Birmingham who were subverting the dragoons, and know some of them still. But malice itself has not dared to impute a corrupt complicity to me. Col. Wyndham's evidence proves, that, before any whisper was heard about me, the regiment was talked of as "Unionists." What did I do? I warned the authorities in London that the dragoons at Birmingham were being seduced by the agents of the "political unions." Subsequently, in a letter which found its way to the newspapers, I re-asserted the fact. The soldiers who were then implicated, know that I vehemently opposed their complicity with the Unionists in Birmingham.

But the conversation with the Colonel, what of that? you ask. I answer this: That conversation was forced upon me. I was drawn into it, as the Colonel himself testified, while a prisoner before him on another charge.

Was I wrong in withholding the names of the soldiers who had, according to Colonel Wyndham's own phrase, brought on the regiment the reproach of being "Unionists"? I repeat, that, by disclosing their names and the names of the persons who corrupted them, I might have escaped the lash, and have seen those soldiers flogged instead. I had given my word of honour not to disclose their names, and that word of honour I adhered to at all risks.

As to disclosures made to government subsequently, I did not seek the secrets confided to me either in 1834 or in 1858; but neither have I sought to bring punishment on guilty men for my private advantage. The celebrity of the case in the Scots Greys, and the published account of my subsequent military service, brought those persons to me. And there is this other fact: while that case gave me a position of influence over the many thinking men who were provincial leaders of Chartism, I restraining through them the Physical-Force Chartists very materially, the fact of my having been *flogged* has been a bar to my rise in life. It prevented my going to India in 1849, as commissioner for the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, at a salary of £2,000 a year. It has kept me out of other public employment. It has been thrown in my face as a reproach by every demagogue and mountebank with whom I have come into conflict during twenty-seven intervening years. But the most heartless and cruel, and to me disastrous form of reproach in which that event has come up, was my being associated in the public mind with the seditious placards of the Peace Society in 1852–3. The general public were offended by those placards, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Peace-Society people turned on me almost with ferocity because I resented what they had done. The combined results—what were they? That I could not sell my literary works, but at a great sacrifice. A London publisher, who was about to give me £200 for a manuscript, declined to take it on the ground of those placards. He said that, after them, the book would not sell among his customers. What redress? None. The public is an entity that may be offended, but it is a nonentity in responsibilities.

Have I done well to follow the instincts and logic of Conservatism in seasons of public peril, or should I have cared all for myself, and nothing for public interests? That alternative was impossible. With me, Conservatism is a logical necessity. The natural bent, as well as the acquired habit, of my mind, is to investigate deeper than the ruffled surfaces. Yet

I cannot be insensible to the great pecuniary success of men who have flattered every folly of the multitude, and have taken advantage of every recurrence of public danger to enlarge their newspaper profits by inflaming the populace against the higher classes and the revered institutions of Britain.

I refer to the Preface for an indication of the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST;—its theme, the agriculture, soils, scenery, market-towns, townships, local taxes, homesteads, rivers, canals, roads, forest lands, and industrial enterprises of Canada; its object, to make this noble Province better known to persons seeking practical information.

Any correspondence relating to the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, or on other subjects, may be addressed to the Author, care of Mr. Lovell, Publisher, Montreal.

NOTE.—*Iron Ships Magnetized.*—In the first portion of Chapter XXVII. the magnetizing of iron ships is briefly mentioned. I have ascertained that a prominent headland, or such a hill as Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, detaches a portion from a travelling mass of "haar" distant ten miles, and attracts it across the Firth of Forth at a right angle with the direction in which the mass is travelling. I have no doubt that this fact being ascertained as I assert it to have been ascertained by me, the time and conditions of an iron ship swerving from its course can be discovered by a new adaptation of a compass on board the vessel. I am not at present prepared to publish all that I have discovered in the analogy of the iron ship and the magnetized vapor; but if no one else attains to the desired result, I feel confident that I shall do so at no very distant day. That is to say, that I shall enable the mariner to know when the iron ship is magnetized, and in what direction she is swerving from her course. The phenomena of the "haar" is also manifested on some occasions at Quebec; but nowhere have I observed it so distintively sharp in its angles of motion as at St. Sebastian in Spain.

The *Autobiography* (from which extracts are taken in this volume) and some others of the author's works, are sold by Mr. Hardwick, Duke Street, Piccadilly, London.

Roger Mowbray is sold by Mr. Darton, Holborn Hill, London.

The *Whistler at the Plough*, and *Biographic History of the Pioneers* (containing several hundreds of Original Memoirs), and *Free Trade and the League*, are sold by Mr. Ainsworth, Manchester.

Most of the author's other works are out of print.

THE END.

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